



«English tales»



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BAMPFYLDE MOORE CAREW.

THE LIFE
OF
Bampfylde Moore Carew,
SOMETIME
King of the Beggars;
CONTAINING
AN ACCURATE HISTORY
OF HIS
TRAVELS, VOYAGES, AND ADVENTURES,
FROM THE TIME OF HIS LEAVING SCHOOL,
AND ENTERING INTO THE SOCIETY OF THE GIPSIES:
ALSO,
A Description of the Origin, Government, Laws,
and Customs of the Gipsies; the Method of elect-
ing their King; and an Account of the Characters
assumed by the Author to practise his Deceptions.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A DICTIONARY
OF THE
MENDICANTS' CANT PHRASES.

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THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW.

MR. Bampfylde Moore Carew descended from an antient family of the Carews, son of the Rev. Mr. Theodore Carew, of the parish of Bickley, near Tiverton, in the county of Devon, of which parish he was many years rector, very much esteemed while living, and at his death universally lamented. Mr. Carew was born in the month of July, 1693; and never was there known a more splendid appearance at any baptism in the west of England, than at his; the Hon. Hugh Bampfylde, Esq. and the Hon. Major Moore, were his illustrious godfathers, both of whose names he bears; who some time contended who should be the precedent, the affair was determined by throwing up a piece of money, which was won by Mr. Bampfylde; who, upon this account, presented a piece of plate, whereon was engraved, in large letters, BAMPFYLDE-MOORE CAREW.

As he increased in years he grew majestic, his limbs strong and well proportioned, his features regular, his countenance open and ingenuous, bearing all those characteristic marks which physiognomists assert denote an honest and good-natured mind.

The Rev. Mr. Carew had several other children, sons and daughters, besides Bampfylde, all of whom

he educated in a tender and pious manner ; Bampfylde, at the age of twelve, was sent to Tiverton school, where he contracted an intimate acquaintance with young gentlemen of the first rank in Somersetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, and Dorsetshire.

During the first four years of his continuance at Tiverton school, his close application and delight in his studies, gave his friends great hopes that he might one day make a good figure in that honourable profession which his father became so well, and for which he was designed.

He attained, for his age, a very considerable knowledge in the Latin and Greek tongues ; but soon a new exercise engaged all his attention ; this was hunting, in which he soon made a surprising progress ; for, besides that agility and courage requisite for leaping, &c. by indefatigable study and application, added to it a remarkable cheering halloo to the dogs, and which we believe was peculiar to himself ; and, besides this, found out a secret, hitherto unknown but to himself, of enticing any dog to follow him.

The Tiverton scholars had at this time the command of a fine cry of hounds, whereby he had frequent opportunities of gratifying his inclinations in that diversion. It was then that he entered into a very strict friendship and familiarity with John Martin, Thomas Coleman, John Escott, and other young gentlemen of the best rank and fortune.

It happened that a farmer, living in the country adjacent to Tiverton, who was a great sportsman, and used to hunt with the Tiverton scholars, acquainted them of a fine deer which he had seen, with a collar about its neck, in the fields about his farm, which he supposed to be the favourite deer of some gentleman not far off : this was very agreeable news to the Tiver-

ton scholars, who went in a great body to hunt it : this happened a short time before harvest ; the chase was very hot, and they ran the deer many miles, which did great damage, the corn being almost ripe. Upon the death of the deer, and examination of the collar, it was found to belong to Colonel Nutcombe, of the parish of Clayhanger. Those farmers and gentlemen that sustained the great damage, complained very heavily to Mr. Rayner, the schoolmaster, of the havock made in their fields, which occasioned strict inquiry to be made concerning the ringleaders, who proving to be our hero and his companions, who on being severely threatened, absented themselves from school, and the next evening fell into company with a society of gipsies, who were feasting and carousing at the Brick-house, near Tiverton. This society consisted of seventeen or eighteen persons of both sexes, who met with a full purpose of merriment and jollity ; and after a plentiful meal upon fowls, ducks, and other dainty dishes, the flowing cups of October cyder, &c. went cheerfully round, and merry songs and country-dances crowned the jovial banquet : in short, so great an air of freedom, mirth, and pleasure, appeared in the faces and gestures of this society, that our youngsters from that time conceived a sudden inclination to enlist into their company ; which when they communicated to the gipsies, they considering their appearance, behaviour, and education, regarded it as only spoken in jest ; but as they tarried there all night in their company, and continued in the same resolution the next morning, they were at length induced to believe them to be serious, and accordingly encouraged them, and admitted them into their number ; the requisite ceremonials being first gone through, and the proper oaths being administered.

The reader may perhaps be surprised at the men

tion of oaths administered, and ceremonials used at the entrance of these young gentlemen ; but his surprise will lessen, when we inform him that these people are subject to a form of government and laws peculiar to themselves, and all pay obedience to one who is styled their king (to which great honour we shall hereafter see our hero arrive, having first proved himself worthy of it, by a great number of necessary achievements).

There are, perhaps, no people so completely happy as these are, or enjoy so great a share of liberty. Their king is elective by the whole people, but none are allowed to stand as candidates for that honour, but such as have been long in their society, and perfectly studied the nature of it ; they must likewise have given repeated proofs of their personal courage and capacity ; they have no temptation to make choice of any but the most worthy, as their king has no titles nor lucrative employments to bestow, which might influence or corrupt their judgment.

The advantage the king enjoys is, that he is supplied with necessaries from the contribution of his people ; whilst he, in return, directs all his care to the defending and protecting them, in contriving and planning whatever is most likely to promote their welfare and happiness, in seeing a due regard paid to their laws, in registering their memorable actions, and making a due report of all these things at their general assemblies ; so that, perhaps, at this time, it is amongst these people only, that the office of a king is the same as it was at the first institution ; viz. a father and protector of his people.

Their laws are few and simple, but exactly and punctually observed ; the fundamental of which is, that strong love and mutual regard for each member in particular, and for the whole community in gene-

ral, which is inculcated into them from their earliest infancy ; so that this whole community is connected by stronger bands of love and harmony, than oftentimes subsist even in private families under other governments ; this naturally prevents all oppressions, fraud, and over-reaching of one another, so common amongst other people ; and totally extinguishes that bitter passion of mind (the source, perhaps, of most other vices) envy ; for it is a great and certain truth, that love worketh no evil.

Their general meetings at stated times, which they are all obliged to be present at, is a very strong cement of their love, and indeed of all their other virtues ; for as the general registers of their actions, which we have before spoken of, is read at these meetings, those who have deserved well of the community, are honoured by some token or distinction in the sight of all the rest ; and those who have done any thing against their fundamental laws, have some mark of ignominy put upon them ; for they have no high sense of pecuniary rewards, and they think the punishing the body of little service towards amending the mind : experience has shewn them, that by keeping up this nice sense of honour and shame, they are enabled to keep their community in better order than the most severe corporal punishments have been able to effect in other governments.

But what has still more tended to preserve their happiness, is, that they know no other use of riches than the enjoyment of them ; but as the word is liable to be misconstrued by many of our readers, we think it necessary to inform them, we do not mean by it that sordid enjoyment which the miser feels when he bolts up his money in a well-secured iron chest, or that delicious pleasure he is sensible of when he counts over his

hoarded stores, and finds them increased ; nor do we mean that enjoyment which the well-known Mr. T——* the man-eater feels, when he draws out his money from his bags to discount the good bills of some honest, but distressed tradesman, at ten or fifteen per cent.

The people we are speaking of are happily ignorant of such enjoyment of money, for they know no other use of it, except the promoting mirth and good humour with it, for which end they generously bring their gains into a common stock, whereby they whose gains are small, have an equal share of enjoyment with those whose profits are larger, excepting that a mark of ignominy is affixed to those who do not contribute to the common stock, proportionably to their abilities and opportunities they have of gain ; this being the source of their uninterrupted happiness ; they have no griping usurer to grind them, no lordly possessor to trample on them, nor any envyings to torment them : they have no settled habitations, but remove from place to place, as often as their conveniency or pleasure require it, which renders life a perpetual scene of variety.

By what we have said above, and much more that we could add of the happiness of these people, we may account for what has been matter of such surprise to the friends of our hero, viz. His strong attachment, for the space of about forty years, to this community, and his refusing the large offers that have

* As it has been long a dispute among the learned and travellers, whether or no there are cannibals or man-eaters existing, it may be something strange that we should assert, there is beyond all doubt, one of that species often seen lurking near St. Paul's, in the city of London, and other parts of that city, seeking whom he may devour.

been made him, to engage him to quit their society : but to return to our history.

Thus was Mr. Carew initiated into the mysteries of a society, which for antiquity needs give place to none, as it is evident from the name, which in Latin is called *Egyptus*, and in French *Ægyptienne*, that they derive their original from the Egyptians, one of the most antient and learned people in the world ; and that they were persons of more than common learning, who travelled to communicate their knowledge to mankind. Mr. Carew did not continue long in it without being consulted in important matters : particularly Madam Musgrove, of Monkton, near Taunton, hearing of his fame, sent for him to consult in an affair of difficulty ; when he was come she informed him that she suspected a large quantity of money was buried somewhere about her house, and if he would acquaint her with the particular place, should handsomely reward him.

Our hero consulted the secrets of his art upon this occasion, and, after long toil and study, informed the lady, that under a laurel tree in the garden lay the treasure she sought for, but that her planet of good fortune did not reign till such a day and hour, till which time she should desist from searching for it : the good lady rewarded him very generously with twenty guineas for his discovery : we cannot tell whether at this time our hero was sufficiently initiated in the art, or the lady mistook her lucky hour, but the strict regard we pay to truth, obliges us to confess, that the lady dug below the roots of the laurel tree without finding the hidden treasure.

In the mean time his worthy parents sorrowed for him, as one that was no more, not being able to get the least tidings of him, though they publicly advertised him, and sent messengers to every part ; till at

the expiration of a year and a half, having repeated accounts of the great sorrow and trouble his parents were in, his heart melted with tenderness, and he repaired to his father's house at Bickley, in Devonshire. Disguised both in habit and countenance, he was not at first known by his parents; but when he discovered himself, joy gushed out in full streams, stopping the power of speech; they bedewed his cheeks with tears, and imprinted them with their kisses. The good heart and tender parent will feel much better than we can describe. In the whole neighbourhood, particularly the two parishes of Cadley and Bickley, there was nothing for some time but ringing of bells, with public feastings, and other marks of festive joy.

Mr. Carew's parents did every thing possible to render home agreeable to him; every day he was engaged in some party of pleasure or other, and all his friends strove who should most entertain him, so that there seemed nothing wanting to his happiness. But the uncommon pleasure he had enjoyed in the community he had left, the freedom of their government, the simplicity and sincerity of their manners, the frequent change of their habitation, the perpetual mirth and good humour that reigned amongst them, and perhaps some secret presages of that high honour which he has since arrived at, all these made too deep an impression to be effaced by any other ideas; his pleasures therefore grew every day more and more tasteless, and he relished none of those entertainments which his friends daily provided for him.

For some time these unsatisfied longings after the community of gipsies preyed upon his mind, his heart being too good to think of leaving his fond parents again, without reluctance; long did filial piety and his inclinations struggle for the victory: at length the

last prevailed, but not till his health had visibly suffered by these inward commotions. One day, therefore, without taking leave of any of his friends, he directs his steps towards Brick-house, at Tiverton, where he had first entered into the community of the gipsies ; and finding some of them there, he joined their company, to the great satisfaction of them, as well as of himself, they rejoicing greatly at having regained one who was likely to be so useful a member.

We are now entering into the busy part of our hero's life, where we shall find him acting in various characters, and performing all with propriety, dignity, and decorum. We shall therefore rather choose to account for some of the actions of our hero, by desiring the reader to keep in mind the principles of the Algerines, and other states of Barbary, in a perpetual state of hostility, with most other people ; so that whatsoever stratagems or deceits they can over-reach them by, are not only allowed by their laws, but considered as praiseworthy ; and, as the Algerines are looked upon as a very honest people by those who are in alliance with them, though they plunder the rest of mankind, and, as most other governments have thought they might very honestly and justly attack any weaker neighbouring state, whenever it was convenient for them, and murder forty or fifty thousand of the human species, we hope to the unprejudiced eye of reason, the government of the gipsies, in general, and our hero as a member of it, will not appear in so disadvantageous a light, for exercising a few stratagems to over-reach their enemies, especially when it is considered they never (like other states) do any harm to the persons of their enemies, and not considerable to their fortunes.

Being again admitted, at the first general assembly

of the gipsies, and having taken the proper oaths of allegiance to the sovereign, was soon after sent out by him on a cruize upon their enemies. Our hero's wit was now set at work, by what stratagems he might best succeed ; the first that occurred to his thoughts, was the equipping of himself with an old pair of trowsers, enough of a jacket to cover his nakedness, stockings such as nature gave, shoes (or rather the body of shoes, for soles they had none), which had leaks enough to sink a first rate man of war, and a woollen cap, so black, that one might more safely swear it had not been washed since Noah's flood, than many electors can, that they receive no bribes. Being thus attired, our hero changed his manners with his dress ; he forgot entirely his family, education, and politeness, and became now nothing more nor less than an unfortunate shipwrecked seaman.

In his first excursion he gained a very considerable booty, having likewise ingeniously imitated the passes and certificates that were necessary for him to travel unmolested. After about a month's travel, he accidentally, at King-bridge, in Devonshire, met with Coleman, his school-fellow, one of those who had entered with him into the community as before related, but had, after a year and a half abode with them, left them and returned to his friends ; but not finding that satisfaction amongst them, as with the gipsies, had again joined that people ; great was the joy, therefore, of these two friends at their meeting, and they soon agreed to travel together for some time, and accordingly proceeded to Totness, and from thence to the city of Exeter ; entering that city, they raised a contribution there in one day, amounting to several pounds.

Having obtained all he could desire from this stra-

tagem, his faithful invention soon hinted another. He now became the plain, honest country farmer, who, living in the Isle of Sheppey, in Kent, had the misfortune to have his grounds overflowed, and all his cattle drowned. His habit was now neat, but rustic ; his air and behaviour simple and inoffensive ; his speech in the Kentish dialect ; his countenance dejected, his tale pitiful ; his wife and seven tender helpless infants being partakers of his misfortunes : in short, never did actor personate any character more just ; so that if his former stratagem answered his wishes, this still did more so, he now getting seldom less than a guinea a day.

Having raised a very considerable booty, he made the best of his way towards Stratton, in Devonshire, where was soon to be held a general assembly of the gipsies : here he was received with great applause, on account of the successful stratagems he had executed, and he had the honourable mark of distinction bestowed upon him, in being seated near the king.

Though our hero, by means of these stratagems, abounded in all the pleasure he could desire, yet, he began now to reflect within himself on that grand and noble maxim of life, that we are not born for ourselves only, but are indebted to all mankind, to be of as great use and service to them as our capacities and abilities will enable us to be : he, therefore, gave a handsome gratuity to an expert and famous rat-catcher, (who assumed the honour of being rat-catcher to the king) and produced a patent for the free exercise of his art, to be initiated into that, and the still more useful secret of curing madness in dogs or cattle.

Our hero, by his close application, soon attained so considerable a knowledge in his profession, that he practised with much success and applause, to the great

advantage of the public in general, not confining the good effects of his knowledge to his own community only, but extending them universally to all sorts of people, wheresoever they were wanted ; for, though we have before observed, the medicants are in a constant state of hostility with all other people, and Mr. Carew was as alert as any one in laying all manner of schemes and stratagems for carrying off a booty from them, yet he thought, as a member of the grand society of mankind, he was obliged to do them all the good in his power, when it was not opposite to the interest of that particular community of which he was a member.

His invention being never at a loss, he now formed a new stratagem, to execute which, he exchanged his habit, shirt, and all, for only an old blanket ; shoes and stockings he laid aside, because they did not suit his present purpose. Being thus accoutred, or rather unaccoutred, he was now no more than, “ Poor Mad Tom, whom the foul fiend has led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire, that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew, set ratsbane by his porridge, made him proud at heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor ; who eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall newt, and the water newt : that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, swallows the old rat and ditch dog, drinks the green mantle of the standing pool :

And mice and rats, and such small geer,

Have been Tom’s food for seven long year.

O do, de, do de do de ; bless thee from whirlwind, star-blasting, and taking : do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes ; there could I have him now, and there and here again, and there : through the

sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind, Tom's a cold : who gives any thing to poor Tom?"—In this character, and with such like expressions, he entered the houses of both great and small, claiming kindred to them, and committing all manner of frantic actions, such as beating himself, offering to eat coals of fire, running against the wall, and tearing to pieces whatever garment was given to him to cover his nakedness ; by which means he raised very considerable contributions.

But these different habits and characters were still of further use to our hero, for by their means he had a fairer opportunity of seeing the world than most of our youths who make the grand tour ; for he had none of those pretty amusements and raree shews, that so much divert our young gentlemen abroad, to engage his attention ; it was wholly applied to the study of mankind, their various passions and inclinations ; and he made the greater improvement in this study, as in many of his characters they acted before him without reserve or disguise. He saw in little and plain houses, hospitality, charity, and compassion, the children of frugality ; and found under gilded and spacious roofs, littleness, uncharitableness, and inhumanity, the offspring of luxury and riot : he saw servants waste their master's substance, and that there was no greater nor more crafty thief than the domestic one ; and met with masters who roared out for liberty abroad, acting the arbitrary tyrant in their own houses ; he saw ignorance and passion exercise the rod of justice ; oppression the handmaid of power ; self-interest out-weighting friendship, and honesty in the opposite scale ; pride and envy spurning and trampling on what was more worthy than themselves : he saw the pure white robes of truth sullied with the black hue of hypocrisy and dissimulation : he met sometimes too with riches unattended

by pomp or pride, but diffusing themselves in numberless unexhausted streams, conducted by the hands of two lovely servants, goodness and beneficence; and he saw honesty, integrity, and greatness of mind, inhabitants of the humble cot of poverty.

All these observations afforded him no little pleasure, but he felt a much greater in the indulgence of the emotions of filial piety, paying his parents frequent visits, unknown to them, in different disguises; at which time the tenderness he saw them express for him in their inquiries after him (it being their constant custom so to do of all travellers) always melted him into real tears.

It has been remarked, that curiosity or the desire of knowledge, is that which most distinguishes man from the brute, and the greater the mind is, the more insatiable is that passion: we may, without flattery, say, no man had a more boundless one than our hero; for not satisfied with the observations he had made in England and Wales (which we are well assured were many more than are usually made by gentlemen before they travel into foreign parts) he now resolved to see other countries and manners. He was the more inclined to this, as he imagined it would enable him to be of greater service to the community of which he was a member, by rendering him capable of executing some of his stratagems with much greater success. He communicated his design to his schoolfellow Escot, one of those who commenced a Gipsy with him, (for neither of the four wholly quitted that community.) Escot very readily agreed to accompany him in his travels, and there being a ship ready to sail for Newfoundland, lying at Dartmouth, where they then were, they agreed to embark on board her, being called the *Mansail*, commanded by Capt. Holdsworth. Nothing

remarkable happened in their passage which relates to our hero : we shall therefore pass by it, and land him safe in Newfoundland.

This large island was discovered by Sebastian Cabot, who was sent to America by Henry VII. King of England, in the year 1497, to make discoveries. It is of a triangular figure, as big as Ireland, of about 300 leagues in circuit, separated from Canada, or New France, on the Continent to the north, and from New Scotland to the south, by a channel of much the same breadth as that between Dover and Calais. It lies between 46 and 50 degrees of north latitude. 'Tis not above 1800 miles distant from the land's-end of England. It has many commodious bays along the coast, some of them running into the land towards one another 20 leagues. The climate is very hot in summer, and cold in winter—the snow lying upon the ground four or five months in the year ; the soil is very barren, bearing little or no corn, being full of mountains and impracticable forests ; its meadows are like heath, and covered with a sort of moss, instead of grass.

Our hero, nevertheless, did not spend his time useless, or even without entertainment in this uncomfortable country ; for an inquisitive and active mind will find more use and entertainment amongst barren rocks and mountains, than the indolent person can amongst all the magnificence and beauties of Versailles : he therefore visited Torbay, Kittaway, Carboneer, Brigas Bay, Bay of Bulls, Petty Harbour, Cape Broil, Bonavist, and all the other settlements, both English and French, accurately making himself fully acquainted with the names, circumstances, and characters, of all the inhabitants of any note : he likewise visited the great Bank of Newfoundland, which is a mountain of sand, lying under the sea, about 450 miles in length,

and in some places 150 in breadth, lying on the east side of the island : the sea that runs over it, when it is flood, is 200 fathoms deep on all sides, so that at that time the largest ships may venture upon it without fear of striking, but at ebb it is dry in some places : he likewise visited the other lesser banks ; viz. Vert Bank, about 240 miles long, and 120 miles over ; the Banquero Bank, lying in the shape of a shoe, about the bigness of the other : but the greatest entertainment, and what seemed most worthy his observation, was, the great cod-fishery which is carried on about the great and other banks near the coast ; for which purpose, during his stay there, he saw several hundred ships come in from different parts, both of America and Europe, so that he had an opportunity of gaining some knowledge of a considerable part of the world by his inquiries, he missing no opportunity of conversing with the sailors of different countries : several of these ships carried away 30,000 fish a-piece ; and though this yearly consumption has been made for this two centuries past, yet the same plenty of fish continues, without any diminution.

He observed that there were two sorts of salt cod, the one called green or white, the other dried or cured ; but they are both the same fish, only differently prepared. The best and fattest cod are those taken on the south side of the great bank ; and the best season is from the beginning of February to the end of April, for then the cod, which during the winter had retired to the deepest parts of the sea, return to the bank and grow fat. Those caught from March to June keep well enough ; which cannot be said of those taken in July, August, and September. An experienced fisherman, though he only takes one fish at a time, will catch three hundred and fifty, or four hun-

dred in a day, but not often so many ; for it is very fatiguing work, both on account of the weight of the fish, and the cold that reigns about the bank. When the heads of the fish are cut off, their bellies opened, and the guts taken out, the salter (on whose ability and care the success of the voyage chiefly depends) ranges them in the bottom of the vessel, and having made a layer thereof, a fathom or two square, he covers it with salt ; over this he lays another, and covers it as before ; and thus disposes all the fish of one day, taking care not to mix the fish of different days together. When the cod has thus laid to drain for three or four days, they are removed into another part of the vessel, and salted a second time ; and this is all the preparation these green fish undergo.

The principal fishery for cod intended to be dried, is along the southern coast of Newfoundland, where there are several commodious ports to carry the fish ashore ; and though the fish are smaller here than at the bank, on that account they are fitter to keep, and the salt penetrates them the better. As cod are only to be dried in the sun, the European vessels are obliged to put to sea in March or April, in order to have the benefit of the summer for drying. Some vessels, indeed, are sent in June and July, but those only purchase fish already prepared by the English settled in Newfoundland, giving them meal, brandy, biscuit, pulse, linen, &c. in exchange.—When the ships arrive in the spring, and have fixed upon a station, some of the crew build a stage or scaffold on shore, whilst the rest are fishing ; and as fast as they catch their fish, they land them, open them, and salt them on moveable benches ; but the main salting is performed on the scaffold. As soon as the fish have taken salt, they

wash them, and then lay them in piles to drain. When drained, they range them on hurdles, head to tail; and whilst they lie thus, they turn them four times every twenty-four hours. As they begin to dry, they lay them in heaps of ten or twelve a-piece, and continue to enlarge the heaps every day, till they are double their first bulk. At length they join two of these heaps together, and turned as before. Lastly, they salt them over again, and then lay them in large piles as big as haystacks. Thus they remain till they are carried on shipboard, where they are laid on branches of trees, disposed for that purpose, at the bottom of the vessel, with mats all round, to prevent their contracting any moisture. Besides the fish itself, the tripes and tongues, which are salted at the same time with the fish, and put in barrels; the roes, or eggs, which being salted and barrellled up, are of use to cast into the sea, to draw fish together, particularly pilchards; and the oil, which is drawn from the livers, is used in dressing leather.

The fishing season being over, and our hero having made all the observations that he thought might be useful to him, returned again in the *Mansail* to Dartmouth, from whence he had first sailed, bringing with him a surprising fierce and large dog, which he had enticed to follow him, and made as gentle as a lamb, by an art peculiar to himself. Our hero was received with great joy by his fellow gipsies, and they were loud in his praises when they understood he had undertaken this voyage to enable him to deceive their enemies with the greater success. He, accordingly, in a few days, went in the character of a ship-wrecked seaman, homeward bound from Newfoundland, sometimes belonging to Pool, sometimes to other ports, and

under such or such commanders, according as the newspapers gave account of such melancholy accidents.

He now being able to give a very exact account of Newfoundland, the settlements, labours, fishery, and inhabitants thereof, he applied, with great confidence, to masters of vessels, and gentlemen well acquainted with those parts ; so that those whom before his prudence would not permit him to apply to, now became his greatest benefactors, as the perfect account he gave of the country engaged them to give credit to all he asserted, and made them very liberal in his favour.

It was about this time he became sensible of the power of love ; we mean of that sort, which has more of the mind than the body, and is tender, delicate, and constant, the object of which remains and constantly fixed in the mind, like the arrow in the wounded deer, and that will not admit of any partner with it. It was in Newcastle upon Tyne that he became enamoured with the daughter of Mr. G——y, an eminent apothecary and surgeon there. This young lady had charms sufficient to captivate the heart of any man, not unsusceptible of love, and they made so deep an impression upon him that they wholly effaced every object which before had created any desire in him, and never permitted any other to raise them afterwards ; for, wonderful to tell ! we have, after about thirty years enjoyment, seen him lament her occasional absence almost with tears, and talk of her with all the fondness of one who has been in love but three days. Our hero tried all love's soft persuasions with his fair one in an honourable way ; and as his person was very engaging, and his appearance genteel, he did not find her greatly averse to his proposals. As he was aware that his being of the community of the gipsies might pre-

judice her against him without examination, he passed with her for the mate of a collier's vessel, in which he was supported by Capt. L—n, of Dartmouth, an old acquaintance of his, who then commanded a vessel lying at Newcastle, and acknowledged him for his mate. These assertions satisfied the young lady, and she at length consented to exchange the tender care and love of a parent for that of a husband ; and he made use of such persuasive arguments, that she agreed to elope from her parents, and ventured to go with him on board Capt. L—n's vessel : they soon hoisted sail, and the very winds being willing to favour these happy lovers, they had an exceeding quick passage to Dartmouth, where they landed. In a few days they set out for Bath, where they lawfully solemnized their nuptials with great gaiety and splendor, but nobody at that time could conjecture who they were, which was the occasion of much speculation, and false surmises.

We cannot conclude on this head, but with the deserved praises of our hero, from whose mouth we have had repeated assurances, that during their voyage to Dartmouth, and their journey from thence to Bath, not the least indignity was offered to the innocence and modesty of his dear Miss G—y.

Our lovers began to be at length weary of the same repeated rounds of pleasures at Bath, they, therefore, paid a visit to the city of Bristol, where they stayed some time, and caused more speculation than they had done at Bath, and did as much damage to that city as the famous Lucullus did at Rome, on his return from his victorious expeditions ; for we have some reason to think they first introduced the love of dress and gaiety amongst those plain and frugal citizens. After some stay here, they made a tour through Somerset-

shire and Dorsetshire into Hampshire, where they paid a visit to an uncle of our hero's, living at Porchester, near Gosport, who was a clergyman of distinguished merit and character; here they were received with great politeness and hospitality, and staid a considerable time. His uncle took this opportunity of making use of every argument to persuade him to quit the community of the gipsies; but our hero was so thoroughly fixed in his principles, that even that argument which oftentimes convinces patriots in a few hours, that all they said and did before was wrong, that kings have a divine right to grind the faces of their subjects, and that power which lays its iron hand on Nabal's goodly vineyard, and says, this is mine for so I will, is preferable to heavenly liberty, which says to every man, possess what is thine own, reap what thou hast sown, gather what thou hast planted, eat, drink, and lie down secure: even this powerful argument had no effect upon our hero; for though his uncle made him very lucrative offers for the present, and future promises of making him heir to all his possessions, yet remembering his engagements with the gipsies, he rejected them all, and reflecting now that he had long lived useless to that community, he began to prepare for his departure from his uncle's, in order to make some excursions on the enemy: and to do this with more effect, he bethought himself of a new stratagem; he therefore equips himself in a black loose gown, puts on a band, a large white peruke, and a broad-brimmed hat: his whole deportment was agreeable to his dress; his pace was solemn and slow; his countenance thoughtful and grave, his eyes turned on the ground, but now and then raised in seeming ejaculations to heaven; in every look and action he betrayed his want, but at the same time seemed overwhelmed with

that shame which modest merit feels, when it is obliged to solicit the cold hand of charity : his behaviour excited the curiosity of many gentlemen, clergymen, &c. to inquire into the circumstances of his misfortunes ; but it was with difficulty they could engage him to relate them, it being with much seeming reluctance that he acquainted them with his having exercised for many years the sacred office of a clergyman at Abberustuth, in Wales, but that the government changing, he had preferred quitting his benefice (though he had a wife and several children) to taking an oath contrary to his principles and conscience. This relation he accompanied with frequent sighs, deep marks of admiration of the ways of Providence, and warm expressions of his firm trust and reliance in his goodness and faithfulness with high encomiums on the inward satisfaction of a good conscience, When he discoursed with any clergyman, or other person of literature, he would now and then introduce some Latin or Greek sentences, that were applicable to what he was talking of, which gave his hearers an high opinion of his learning : all this, and his thorough knowledge of those persons whom it was proper to apply to, made this stratagem succeed even beyond his own expectations

But now hearing of a vessel bound to Philadelphia, on board of which were many Quakers, being cast away on the coast of Ireland he laid aside his gown, cassock, and band, and cloathed himself in a plain suit, pulls the button from his hat, and flaps it on every side : his countenance was now demure, his language unadorned, and the words *you* and *Sir* he seemed to hold in abomination ; his hat was moved to none, for though under misfortunes, he would not think of bowing the knee to Baal.

With these qualifications he addressed himself to persons of that denomination with great success ; and hearing that there was to be a great meeting of them, from all parts, at a place called Thorncombe, in Devonshire, he makes the best of his way there, and with a demure look, and modest assurance, enters into the assembly, where making his case known, and satisfying them by his behaviour, of his being one of their sect, they made a very considerable contribution for his relief.

So active was his mind, that he was never happier than when engaged in some adventure or other ; therefore, when he had no opportunity of putting any great stratagem in execution, he would amuse himself with those which did not require so great a share of art and ingenuity : whenever he heard of any melancholy accident by fire, he immediately repaired to the place where it happened, and there remarking very accurately the spot, inquiring into the cause of it, and getting an exact information of the trades, characters, families, and circumstances of the unhappy sufferers, he immediately assumed the person and name of one of them, and burning some part of his coat or hat, as an ocular demonstration of his narrow escape, he made the best of his way to places at some distance, and there passed for one who had been burnt out ; and to gain the greater credit, shewed a paper signed with the names of several gentlemen in the neighbourhood of the place where the fire happened, recommending him as an honest unhappy sufferer ; by which he got considerable gains : Under this character he had once the boldness to address Justice Hull, of Exmouth, in Devon, the terror and professed enemy of every order of the gipsies ; however our hero so artfully managed, though he went through a strict examination, that he

at last convinced his worship that he was an honest miller, whose house, mill, and whole substance, had been consumed by fire, occasioned by the negligence of an apprentice boy, and was accordingly relieved as such by the justice. Coming one day to 'Squire Portman's, at Brinson, near Blandford, in the character of a rat-catcher, with a hair cap on his head, a buff girdle about his waist, and a tame rat in a little box by his side, he boldly marched up to the house in this disguise, though his person was well known by the family; and meeting in the court with Mr. Portman, the Rev. Mr. Bryant, and several other gentlemen whom he well knew, but did not suspect that he should be known by them, he accosted them as a rat-catcher, asking, if their honours had any rats to kill? "Do you understand your business well?" replies Mr. Portman, "Yes, and please your honour, I have been employed in his Majesty's yards and ships." "Well, go in and get something to eat, and after dinner we will try your abilities."

He was accordingly placed at the second table to dinner, and very handsomely entertained; after which he was called into a parlour, among a large company of gentlemen and ladies. "Well, honest rat-catcher," says Mr. Portman, "can you lay any scheme to kill the rats without hurting my dogs?" "Yes," replied Bampfylde, "I shall lay it where even the cats cannot climb to reach it." "And what countryman are you?" "A Devonshire man, please your honour." "What's your name?" Our hero now perceiving, by some smiles and whisperings of the gentlemen, that he was known, replied very composedly, "B,a,m,p,f,y,l,d,e-M,o,o,r,e C,a,r,e,w." This occasioned a good deal of mirth; and Bampfylde asking, what scabby sheep had infected the whole flock? was told,

Parson Bryant was the man who had discovered him, none of the other gentlemen knowing him under this disguise ; upon which, turning to the parson, he asked him, if he had forgot good King Charles's rules ? Mr. Pleydell, of St. Andrews's, Milbourn, expressed a pleasure at seeing the famous Bampfylde-Moore Carew, saying, he had never seen him before. " Yes, but you have," replies he, " and given me a suit of clothes ;" Mr. Pleydell testified some surprise at this, and desiring to know when it was, Mr. Carew asked him, if he did not remember a poor wretch met him one day at his stable-door, with an old stocking round his head, instead of a cap, and an old woman's ragged mantle on his shoulder, no shirt on his back, nor stockings on his legs, and scarce any shoes on his feet ; and that Mr. Pleydell asked him if he was mad ; He replied, no ; but a poor unfortunate man, cast away on the coast, and taken up, with eight others, by a Frenchman, the rest of the crew, sixteen in number, being all drowned ; and that Mr. Pleydell, having asked him what countryman he was, gave him a guinea and a suit of clothes. Mr. Pleydell said, he well remembered such a poor object ; " well," replied our hero, " that object was no other than the expert rat-catcher now before you," at which the company laughed very heartily. " Well," says Mr. Pleydell, " I will lay a guinea I shall know you again, come in what shape you will : " the same said Mr. Seymour, of Hanford. Some of the company asserting to the contrary of this, they desired our hero to try his ingenuity upon them, and then discover himself, to convince them of it.

This being agreed upon, and having received a handsome contribution of the company, he took his leave ; but Parson Bryant followed him out, and ac-

quainted him that the same company, and many more, would be at Mr. Pleydell's on such a day, and advised him to make use of that opportunity to deceive them altogether ; which our hero resolved to do. He therefore revolved in his mind what stratagem was likely to succeed : at length he fixed upon one, which he thought could not fail answering his purpose.

When the day was come, the barber was called in to make his face as smooth as his art could do, and a woman's gown and other female accoutrements of the largest size were provided for him : having jumped into his petticoats, pinned a large dowdy under his chin, and put a high crowned hat on his head, he made a figure so comical that even Hogarth's humour can scarcely parallel : yet our hero thought himself of something else to render his disguise more impenetrable : he therefore borrowed a little hump-back child of a tinker, and two more of some others of his community. There remained now only what situation to place the children in, and it was quickly resolved to tie two to his back, and to take the other in his arms.

Thus accoutred, and thus hung with helpless infants, he marched forwards for Mr. Pleydell's ; coming up to the door, he puts his hand behind him, and pinches one of the children, which set it a roaring ; this gave the alarm to the dogs, so that between their barking, and the child's crying, the whole family was sufficiently disturbed ; out comes the maid, crying, Carry away the children, old woman, they disturb the ladies. God bless their ladyships, I am the poor unfortunate grandmother of these poor helpless infants, whose dear mother and all they had was burnt at the dreadful fire at Kirton, and hoped the good ladies, for God's sake, would bestow something on the poor famished starving infants : this moving story was ac-

companied with tears ; upon which, in goes the maid to acquaint the ladies of this melancholy tale, while the good grandmother kept pinching one or other of the children, that they might play their parts to greater perfection : the maid soon returned with half-a-crown from the ladies, and some good broth, which he went into the court-yard to eat (understanding the gentlemen were not in the house), and got one of the under servants, whom he met, to give some to the children on his back. He had not been long there, before the gentlemen all came in together, who accosted him with, Where did you come from, old woman ? From Kirton, please your honours, where the poor unhappy mother of these helpless babes was burnt to death by the flames, and all they had consumed. Damn you, said one of the gentlemen (well known by the name of Worthy Sir, and particularly with Mr. Carew), there has been more money collected for Kirton, than ever Kirton was worth ; however, he gave this good old grandmother a shilling ; the other gentlemen likewise relieved her, commiserating her age, and her burthen of so many helpless infants, not one of them discovering our hero in the old woman, who received their alms very thankfully, and pretended to go away ; but the gentlemen were not got into the house, before their ears were saluted with a tantivee, tantivee, and a holloo to the dogs, upon which they turned about, supposing it to be some brother sportsman, but seeing nobody, Worthy Sir swore the old woman they had relieved was Carew ; a servant therefore was dispatched to bring the old woman back, and she was brought into the parlour among the gentlemen, where being examined, she confessed what she was, which made the gentlemen very merry, and they were now employed in unskewering

the children from his back, and observing the features and dress of this grandmother, which afforded them sufficient entertainment : they afterwards rewarded him for the mirth he had procured them.

In the same manner he raised a contribution of Mr. Jones, of Ashton, near Bristol, twice in one day, who had maintained with a gentleman of his acquaintance, that he could not be deceived. In the morning, with a sooty face, leather apron, a dejective countenance and a woollen cap, he was generously relieved as an unfortunate blacksmith, whose all had been consumed by fire ; in the afternoon he exchanged his legs for crutches ; his countenance was now pale and sickly, his gestures expressive of pain, his complaints lamentable, a poor unfortunate tinner, disabled from maintaining himself, a wife, and seven children, by the damps and hardships he had suffered in the mines ; and so well did he paint distress, that the disabled tinner was now as generously relieved as the unfortunate blacksmith who had been in the morning.

Being now near the city of Bath, where he had not long before made so great a figure with his new-married bride, he was resolved to visit it in a different shape and character : he therefore ties up one of his legs behind him, and supplies the place of it with a wooden one, and putting on a false beard, assumes the character of a poor old cripple. In this disguise he had an opportunity of entertaining himself with the different reception he had met with from every order of men now, from what he had done before in his fine clothes : the rich, who before saluted him with their hats and compliments, now spurned him out of their way ; the gamesters overlooked him, thinking he was no fish for their net ; the chairman, instead of please your honour, damn'd him ; and the pumpers who attentively

marked his nod before, now denied him a glass of water ; many of the clergy, those disciples of humility, looked upon him with a supercilious brow ; the ladies too, who had before strove who should be his partner at the balls, could not now bear the sight of so shocking a creature : thus contemptible, thus despised is poverty and rags. But notwithstanding this almost general contempt, he raised considerable contributions, for as some tossed him money out of pride, others to get rid of his importunity, and a few as above, out of a good heart, it amounted to no small sum by the end of the season.

It is almost unnecessary to inform the reader, that these successful stratagems gained him high applause and honour in the community of the gipsies : he soon became the favourite of their king (who was now very old and decrepid), and had always some honourable mark of distinction assigned him at their public assemblies. These honours and applauses were so many fresh spurs to his ingenuity and industry : so certain it is, that wherever these qualities are honoured, and publicly rewarded, though but by an oaken garland, there industry will out-work itself, and ingenuity will exceed the common bounds of art. Our hero, therefore, was continually planning new stratagems, and soon executed a very bold one on his Grace the Duke of Bolton : coming to his seat near Basingstoke, in Hampshire, he dressed himself in a sailor's ragged habit, and knocking at the gate, desired of the porter, with a composed and assured countenance, admittance to the duke, or at least that he would give his grace a paper which he held in his hand ; but as he did not apply in a proper manner to this great officer, and as he did not shew him that passport which can open every gate, pass by the sur-

liest porter, and gain admittance even to kings, neither himself nor paper could gain any entrance ; however, he was not disheartened with this, but waiting near the gate for some time, he at last saw a servant come out, whom he followed, and telling him that he was an unfortunate man, desired he would be so kind to introduce him where he might speak to his grace : as this servant had no interest in locking up his master (for that belonged to the porter only) he very readily complied with his request, as soon as the porter was off his stand ; which he accordingly did, introducing him into a hall, where the duke was to pass through : he had not been long there, before the duke came in, upon which he clapped his knee to the ground, and very graciously offered a paper to his hands for acceptance, which was a petition, setting forth, that the unfortunate petitioner, Bampfylde-Moore Carew, was supercargo of a vessel that was cast away coming from Sweden, in which were his whole effects, none of which he had been able to save. The duke seeing the name of Bampfylde-Moore Carew, and knowing those names to belong to families of the greatest worth and note in the West of England, inquired of what family he was, and how he came entitled to those honourable names ? he replied, they were those of his godfathers, the honourable Hugh Bampfylde and the honourable Major Moore. The duke then asked him several questions about his family and relations, all which he answered very fully : and the duke expressing some surprise that he should apply for relief in his misfortunes to any but his own family, who were so well able to assist him, he replied, he had disobliged them by some follies in youth, and had not seen them for some years, but was now returning to them. Many more questions did the duke and a lady who was pre-

sent ask him, all which he answered to their satisfaction.

As this was not a great while after his becoming a member of the community of the gipsies, the duke had never heard that any of the noble family of the Carews was become one of those people, and was very glad to have it in his power to oblige any of that family: he therefore treated him with respect, and called a servant to conduct him into an inner room, where the duke's barber waited on him to shave him; and presently after came in a footman, who brought in a good suit of trimmed clothes, a fine Holland shirt, and all other parts of dress suitable to these. As soon as he had finished dressing, he was introduced to the duke again, who complimented him on his genteel appearance, and not without reason, as few did more honour to dress: he was desired to sit down by the duke, with whom were many other persons of distinction, who were greatly taken with his person and behaviour, and very much condoled his misfortunes; so that a collection was soon made for him to the amount of ten guineas. The duke being engaged to go out in the afternoon, desired him to stay there that night, and gave orders that he should be handsomely entertained, leaving his gentleman to keep him company; but Mr. Carew, probably not liking his company so well as the duke's, took an opportunity, soon after the duke was gone, to set out unobserved towards Basingstoke, where he immediately went to a house which he knew was frequented by some of his community: the master of the house, who saw him enter the door, cried out, Here's the Duke of Bolton come; upon which there was no small hurry among the company: as soon as he entered, he ordered the wine to flow very plentifully at his private cost; and

discovering who it was, were greatly amazed at the appearance he made, so different from the usual custom of their order : but when he informed them of the bold stratagem he had executed, the whole place resounded with applause, and every one acknowledged he was worthy of succeeding their present good old king.

As our hero's thoughts were bent upon making still greater advantage of this stratagem, he did not stay long with his brethren, but went to a reputable inn, where he lodged, and set out the next morning for Salisbury : here he presented his petition to the mayor, bishop, and other gentlemen of great note and fortune, and acquainted them with the favours he had received from his grace the Duke of Bolton : the gentlemen having ocular demonstration of the duke's liberality, treated him with great complaisance and respect, and relieved him very generously, not presuming to offer any small alms to one whom the Duke of Bolton had thought so worthy of notice. In the same manner, and with the same success, he visited Lord Arundel. Sir Edward Bouverie, and many other gentlemen in the counties of Wilts, Dorset, and Somerset ; coming into Devonshire, his native county, he visited all his friends and most intimate acquaintance, and was relieved by them, not one of them discovering this unfortunate supercargo to be Bampfylde. Being one morning near the seat of his great friend, Sir Wm. Courtney, he resolved to pay him three visits that day : he therefore to a house frequented by his order, and took off his fine clothes, and puts on a parcel of his dress he moves towards Sir William's ; with a piteous moan, a dismal countenance, and a low voice, he got half-a-crown of that gentleman who had met with misfortune at sea :

at noon he puts on a leather apron, a coat which seemed scorched by the fire, and with a dejected countenance, applied again, and was then relieved as an unfortunate shoe-maker, who had been burnt out of his house, and lost all he had : in the afternoon he goes again in his trimmed clothes, and desiring admittance to Sir William, with a modest grace, and submissive eloquence, he repeats his misfortunes as a supercargo of a vessel which had been cast away, and his whole effects lost, at the same time mentioning the kindness he had received from his grace the Duke of Bolton. Sir William seeing his genteel appearance and behaviour, treated him with that respect which the truly great will always pay to those who supplicate their assistance, and generously relieved him, presenting him with a guinea at his departure. There happened to be at that time a great number of the neighbouring gentlemen and clergy at dinner with Sir William; not one of whom discovered who this supercargo was, except the Rev. Mr. Richards, who did not make it known 'till he was gone; upon which Sir William dispatched a servant after him, to desire him to come back : when he entered the room again Sir William and the rest of the company were very merry with him, and he was desired to sit down and give them an account by what stratagem he had got all his finery, and what success he had had with it, which he did; after which he asked Sir William if he had not bestowed half-a-crown that morning on a beggar, and about noon relieved a poor unfortunate shoemaker; I remember, replied Sir William, that I bestowed such alms on a poor ragged wretch : well, says Mr. Carew, that poor wragged wretch was no other than the supercargo now before you. Sir William scarcely crediting this, Mr. Carew withdrew, and putting on

the same rags, came again with the same piteous moan, the same dismal countenance, and the same deplorable tale as he had done in the morning, which fully convinced Sir William that he was the same man, and occasioned no little diversion to the company : he was introduced again, and seated amongst them in his rags ; but notwithstanding the success of this stratagem, our hero has always looked upon it as one of the most unfortunate of his whole life ; for after he had been at Sir William's, as above mentioned, coming to Stoke Gabriel, near Totness, on a Sunday, and having done that which discovered the nakedness of Noah, he went to the Rev, Mr. Osborn, the minister of the parish, and requested the thanksgiving of the church for a wonderful preservation of himself and ship's crew in the imminent danger of a violent tempest of thunder and lightning, which destroyed the vessel they were aboard of ; though Mr. Osborne knew Mr. Carew very well, yet he had no suspicion of its being him in disguise, therefore readily granted his request ; and not only so, but recommending him to his parishioners, a handsome collection was made for him by the congregation, which he had generosity enough to distribute amongst the poor of the parish, reserving but a very small part to himself : though this was bringing good out of evil, yet he speaks of this action with the greatest regret and compunction of mind ; for he is sensible that though he can deceive man, he cannot deceive God, whose eye penetrates into every place, and marks all our actions ; and is a Being too awful to be jested with.

It was about this time the good old king of the mendicants,* named Clause Patch, well known in the city

* Under this title we comprehend the community of the gipsies, as well as every other order of mendicants, vulgarly called beggars.

of London, and most parts of England, finished a life of true glory, being spent in promoting the welfare of his people. A little before his death, finding the decays of nature increase every day, and his final dissolution approach, he called together all his children, to the number of eighteen, and summoned as many of his subjects as were within any convenient distance, being willing that the last spark of his life should go out in the service of his people; this summons was obeyed with heavy hearts by his loving subjects, and at the day and place appointed, a great number assembled together.

The venerable old king was brought in a high chair, and placed in the midst of them, his children standing next to him, and his subjects behind them.—Reader, if thou hast ever seen that famous picture of Seneca,* bleeding to death in the bath, with his friends and disciples standing round him, then mayest thou form some idea of this assembly: such was the lively grief, such the profound veneration, such the solemn attention that appeared in every countenance: but we can give thee no adequate idea of that inward joy which the good old king felt at seeing these unfeigned marks of love in his subjects, which he considered as so many testimonies of his virtues; for certain it is, that when kings are the fathers of their people, their subjects will have for them more than the filial love and veneration of sons. The mind of man cannot conceive any thing so august, and no other happiness on earth, can equal that of a king beloved by his subjects: could kings but taste this pleasure at their first mounting the throne, instead of drinking of the in-

* A picture in the possession of the Earl of Exeter, at his seat near Stamford, in Lincolnshire.

toxicating cup of power, we should see them consider their subjects as their children, and themselves the fathers to nourish, instruct and provide for them as their flock, and also the shepherds to bring them to pleasant pastures, refreshing streams, and secure folds. —For some time the king of the mendicants sat contemplating these emotions of his subjects, then bending forwards, he thus addressed them :

“Children and friends, or rather may I call you all my children, as I regard you all with a paternal love, I have taken you from your daily employments, that you may all eat and drink with me before I die. I am not courtier enough yet, however, to make my favours a loss to my friends ; but, before you depart, the books shall be examined, and every one of you shall receive, from my private purse, the same sum that you made by your business this day of the last week : let not this act of generosity displease my heirs, it is the last waste I shall make of their stores : the rest of what I die possessed is their’s of right, but my council, though directed to them only, shall be a public good to all. The good success, my dear children, with which it has pleased heaven to bless my industry in this our calling, has given me the power of bestowing one hundred pounds on each of you—a small fortune, but improveable ; and of most use, as it is a proof that every one of you may gain as much as the whole, if your own idleness or vice prevent not : mark by what means ! Our community, like people of all other professions, live upon the necessities, the passions, or the weaknesses of their fellow creatures. The two great passions of the human breast are vanity and pity ; both these have great power in men’s actions, but the first the greater far, and he who can attract these the most successfully, will gain the largest fortune.

“ There was a time when rules for doing this were of more worth to me than gold ; but now I am grown old, my strength and senses fail me, and I am past being an object of compassion: A real scene of affliction moves few hearts to pity ; dissembled wretchedness is what most reaches the human mind, and I am past dissembling. Take, therefore, among you, the maxims I have laid down for my own guide, and use them with as much success as I have done.

“ Be not less friends because you are brothers, or of the same profession ; the lawyers herd together in their inns, the doctors in their college, the mercers on Ludgate-hill, and the old cloaths-men in Monmouth-street : what one has not among these, another has : and among you, the heart of him who is not moved by one lamentable object, will probably be so by another ; and that charity which was half awakened by the first, will relieve a second or a third. Remember this, and always people a whole street with objects skilled in scenes of different distress, placed at proper distances : the tale that moves not one heart, may surprise the next ; the obdurate passer-by of the first, must be made of no human matter, if he feels no part of the distress that twenty different tales have heaped together ; and be assured, that where it is touched with a kindred misfortune, it will bestow.

“ Remember that where one gives out of pity to you, fifty give out of kindness to themselves, to rid them of your troublesome application ; and for one that gives out of real compassion, five hundred do it out of ostentation. On these principles, trouble people who are most busy, and ask relief where many see it given, and you will succeed in your attempt. Remember, that the streets were made for people to walk, and not to converse in : keep up their antient use, and

whenever you see two or three gathered together, be you amongst them, and let them not hear the sound of their own voices, till they have bought off the noise of your's. When self-love is thus satisfied, remember social virtue is the next duty, and tell your friend where he may go and obtain the same means.

“ Trouble not yourselves about the nobility, prosperity has made them vain and insensible ; they cannot pity what they can never feel.

“ The talkers in the streets are to be tolerated on different conditions, and at different prices ; if they are tradesmen, their conversation will soon end, and may be well paid for by an halfpenny ; if an inferior clings to the skirts of a superior, he will give twopence, rather than be pulled off ; and when you are happy enough to meet a lover and his mistress, never part with them under sixpence ; for you may be sure they will never part with one another.

“ So much regards communities of men ; but when you hunt single, the great game of all is to be played. However much you ramble in the day, be sure to have some one street near your home, where your chief residence is, and all your idle time is spent. Here learn the history of every family, and whatever has been the latest calamity in it ; and provide a brother or a sister that may pretend the same. If the master of one house has lost a son, let your eldest brother attack his compassion on that tender side, and tell him that he has lost the sweetest, hopefullest, and dutifullest child, that was all his comfort ! What would the answer be ? but, aye, poor fellow, I know how to pity thee in that, and a shilling will be in as much haste out of his pocket as the first tear from his eyes.

2. “ If the master of a second house is sick, way-lay his wife from morning to night, and tell her you will

pray morning, noon, and night, for his recovery. If he dies, grief is the reigning passion for the first fortnight, let him have been what he would : grief leads naturally to compassion, so let your sister put a pillow under her coats, and tell her she is a disconsolate widow, left with seven small children, and that she lost the best husband in the world ; and you may share considerable gains.

“ Whatever people seem to want, give it them large in your address to them ; call the beau sweet gentleman, bless even his coat or perriwig, and tell him they are happy ladies where he is going. If you meet with a school-boy captain, such as our streets are full of, call him noble general, and if the miser can be induced by any way to strip himself of a farthing, it will be by the name of charitable sir.

“ Some people shew you in their looks the whole thoughts of their heart, and give you a fine notice how to succeed with them ; if you meet a sorrowful countenance with a red coat, be sure the wearer is a disbanded officer ; let a female always attack him, and tell him she is the widow of a poor marine, who had served twelve years, and then broke his heart because he was turned out without a penny : if you see a plain man hang down his head as he comes out of a nobleman’s gate, tell him, good worthy sir, I beg your pardon, but I am a poor ruined tradesman, that once was in good business, but the great people would not pay me ! And if you see a pretty woman with a dejected look, send your first sister that is at hand to complain to her of a bad husband that gets drunk and beats her, that runs to whores, and has spent all her substance. There are but two things that can make a handsome woman melancholy—the having a bad husband, or the having no husband at all ; if the first

of these is the case, one of the former crimes will touch her to the quick, and loosen the strings of her purse ; if the other, let a second distressed object tell her that she was to have been married well, but that her lover died a week before : one way or other, the tender heart of the female will be melted ; and the reward will be handsome. If you meet a homely, but dressed up lady, pray for her lovely face, and beg a penny ; and if you see a mark of delicacy, by the drawing up of the nose, send somebody to shew her a sore leg, a scald head, or a rupture. If you are happy enough to fall in with a tender husband leading his big wife to church, send some companion that has but one arm, or two thumbs, or tell her of some monstrous child you have brought forth, and the good man will pay you to be gone ; if he gives slightly, it is but following, getting before the lady, and talking louder, and you may depend upon searching his pockets to a better purpose a second time. Many more things there are I have to speak of, but my feeble tongue will not allow me to speak them ; profit by these, they will be found sufficient, and if they prove to you, my children, what they have been these eighteen years to me, I shall not repine at my dissolution."

Here he paused for some time, being almost spent ; then recovering his spirits, he thus began again : "As I find the lamp of life is not quite extinguished, I shall employ the little that remains, in saying a few words of my public conduct, as your king : I call Heaven to witness, that I have loved you all with a paternal love : these now feeble limbs and broken spirits have been worn out in providing for your welfare ; and often have these now dim eyes watched, while your's have slept, with a father's care for your safety. I call you all to witness, that I have kept an

impartial register of your actions, and no merit has passed unnoticed : I have, with a most exact hand, divided to every man his due portion of our common stock, and have had no worthless favourite, nor useless officers to eat the honey of your labour. And for all these I have had my reward, in seeing the happiness, and having the love, of all my subjects. I depart, therefore, in peace, to rest with my fathers : it remains only that I give you my last advice ; which is, that in chusing my successor, you pay no partial regard to my family, but let him only who is most worthy, rule over you." He said no more, but leaning back in his chair, expired without a sigh.

Never was there a scene of more real distress, or more unfeigned grief, than appeared now among his children and subjects. Nothing was heard but sighs and exclamations of their loss. When the first transports of their grief were over, they sent the sorrowful news to all the houses that were frequented by their community in every part of the kingdom : at the same time, summoning them to repair to the city of London by a certain day, in order to the election of a new king.

Before the day appointed for the election, a vast concourse of mendicants flocked from all parts of the kingdom to the city of London, for every member of the community has a right to vote in the choice of their king, as they think it inconsistent with that natural liberty which every man is born heir to, to deny any one the privilege of making his own choice in a matter of so great importance to him.

Though the community of the gipsies at other times give themselves to mirth and jollity, with perhaps too much licence, yet nothing is reckoned more infamous and shameful amongst them, than to appear

intoxicated during the time of an election ; and it very rarely happens that any of them are seen so, for they reckon it a choice of so much importance, that they cannot exert in it too much judgment, prudence, and wisdom, therefore endeavour to have all their faculties strong, lively, penetrating, and clear. The method of election is different from most others, though perhaps it is the best contrived of any, and attended with the fewest inconveniences. We have already observed, that none but those who have been long members of the community, are well acquainted with the institution of it, and have signalized themselves by some remarkable actions, are permitted to offer themselves candidates. They are all obliged, ten days before the election, to fix up in some place of their public resort, an account of those actions, upon the merit of which they found their pretensions of becoming candidates, to which they must add their sentiments on liberty, and the office and duty of a king : they must likewise, during these ten days, appear at the place of election, that their electors may have an opportunity of forming some judgment from their lineament and prognostics of the countenance. A few days before the election, a little white ball, and as many black ones, as with the white one, will equal the number of the candidates, are given to each elector.

When the day of election is come, as many boxes are placed as there are candidates, with the name of the particular candidates wrote on the box which is appropiated to him : these boxes are quite closed, except a little opening at the top, which is every night, during the election, locked up under the keys and seals of each of the candidates, and of six of the most venerable old men in the community : it is in the

little opening at the top of these boxes, that the elector puts in the little balls we have just now mentioned ; at the same time he puts his white ball into the box of the candidate whom he chuses to be his king, he puts a black ball into the boxes of all the other candidates : and when they have all done so, the boxes are all broke open, and the balls counted in the presence of all the candidates, and as many of the electors as chuse it, by the old men above mentioned ; and he who has the greatest number of white balls is always duly chosen. By this means no presiding officer has it in his power to make one more than two, which sometimes happens in the elections amongst other communities, who do not use this form. There are other innumerable advantages attending this manner of election, and is likewise to preserve public liberty the longest : for first, as the candidates are obliged to fix up publicly an account of their actions, upon the merit of which they become candidates, it deters any but those who are truly worthy from offering themselves ; and as the sentiments which each of them gives upon public liberty, and the office and duty of a king, is immediately entered in their public register, it stands as a perpetual witness against, and a check upon that candidate who is chosen, to deter him from a change of sentiments and principles ; for though in some countries this has been known to have little effect, and men have on a sudden, without any alteration in the nature of things, shamefully espoused those principles and sentiments which they had vehemently all their lives before opposed : yet, in this community, it is certainly one of the most binding obligations. Secondly, by this method of balloting, or giving their votes by balls, the elector's choice is more free and unbiassed ; for as none but himself can know the candidate he gives his white ball to, there can be

no influence of fear, interest, ties of blood, or any other cause to oblige him to give his vote contrary to his judgment; even bribes would lose their effect under this method of voting; because few candidates would chuse to bribe when they could have no security, or knowledge, whether the bribe elector might not put a black ball instead of a white one into his box.

Our hero was now one of the candidates, and exhibited to the electors so long a list of bold and ingenious stratagems which he had executed, and made so graceful and majestic an appearance in his person, that he had a considerable majority of white balls in his box; (tho' there were ten candidates for the same honour) upon which he was duly elected, and hailed by the whole assembly, King of the Mendicants: the public register of their actions being immediately committed to his care, and homage done him by all the assembly; the whole concluded with great feasting and rejoicing, and the following ode sung by the electors:

CAST your nabs* and cares away,
That is Maunders' holiday:
In the world, look out, and see,
Where so happy a king as he!†
At the crowning of our King,
Thus we ever dance and sing:
Where's the nation lives so free,
And so merrily, as we?
Be it peace, or be it war,
Here at liberty we are:
Hang all Harmenbecks,‡ we cry,
We the Cuffin Queens§ defy.

* Hats or caps. † Pointing to their new-made King

‡ Constables. § A justice of peace, or a churl.

We enjoy our ease and rest,
 To the field we are not press'd :
 And when the taxes are increased,
 We are not a penny ceased.

Nor will any go to law,
 With a Maunder* for a straw :
 All which happiness he brags,
 Is only owing to his rags.

Though Mr. Carew was now privileged by the dignity of his office from going out on any cruize, and was provided with every thing necessary, by the joint contributions of the community, yet he did not give himself up to the slow poison of the mind, indolence, which, though its operations are imperceptible, is more hurtful and fatal than any of the quicker passions : for we often see great virtues break through the cloud of other vices, but indolence is a standing corrupted pool, which always remains in the same state, unfit for every purpose. Our hero, therefore, notwithstanding the particular privilege of his office, was as active in his stratagem as ever, and ready to encounter any difficulties which seemed to promise success, of which, the following is an instance :—Being in the parish of Fleet, near Portland-race, in Dorsetshire, he heard, in the evening, of a ship in imminent danger of being cast away, she having been driven on some shoals : early in the morning, before it was light, he pulls off his cloaths, which he flung into a deep pit, and then, unseen by any one, swims to the vessel, which now parted asunder : he found only one of the crew alive, who was hanging by his hands at the side of the vessel, the rest being drowned in at-

* A beggar.

tempting to swim to shore. Never was there a more piteous object than this poor wretch hanging between life and death : Mr. Carew immediately offered him his assistance to get him to shore, at the same time inquiring the name of the vessel and her master, what cargo on board, whence she came, and whither bound ? The poor wretch replied, she belonged to Bristol, Captain Griffin, master, came from Hamburgh, and bound to Bristol with Hamburgh goods, and had seven men and a boy on board ; at the same time our hero was pressing him to let go his hold, and commit himself to his care, and he would endeavour to swim with him to shore ; but this poor wretch hesitated so long before he would quit his hold of the vessel, that a large sea broke upon the wreck, and overwhelmed him in the great deep. Mr. Carew was in no little danger, but being an excellent swimmer, he with great difficulty got to shore, though not without hurt, the sea throwing him with great violence on the beach, whereby one of his arms was wounded. By this time a great number of spectators were gathered on the strand, who rejoiced to see Mr. Carew come on shore alive, supposing him to be one of the poor wretches belonging to the ship : naked, spent with fatigue, and wounded, he raised a feeling pity in all the spectators ; for so strongly is this tender passion connected with our frame by the beneficent Author of Nature, to promote the mutual assistance of each other ; that no sooner doth the eyes see a deplorable object but the heart feels it ; and as quickly forces the hand to relieve it ; so that those whom the love of money has rendered unfeeling of another's woes, are said to have no hearts, or hearts of stone ; as we naturally conclude no one can be void of that soft, and god-like passion, pity, but either one who by some cause or other happened to be made

without a heart, or one in whom the continual droppings of self-love, or avarice, have quite changed the nature of it; which, by the most skilful anatomists, is allowed in its natural state, to be fleshy, soft, and tender; but has been found, without exception, upon inspection into the bodies of several money-lovers, to be nothing but a callous, stony substance; from which the chemists, by the most intense fires, have been able to extract nothing but a *caput mortuum*, or an earthy, dry, useless powder.

Amongst the spectators of Carew, was the house-keeper of Madam Mohun, in the parish of Fleet, who (with great pleasure do we mention) had a heart made of the softest substance; for she, agreeable to the beneficent precepts of the gospel, immediately pulled off her own cloak to give him who had none; and, like the good Samaritan, giving him a handkerchief to bind up his wound, bid him follow her, and led him to her mistress's house, where she seated him before a good fire, gave him two large glasses of brandy, with loaf sugar in it, bringing him a shirt and other apparel, goes up stairs and acquaints her lady, in the most moving manner, with the whole affair—Here, could we hope our work would last to future ages, we would immortalize this good woman.—Her mistress was so affected with her relation, that she immediately ordered a bed to be warmed for him, and to be taken the greatest care of; which was accordingly done, and Mr. Carew lay very quiet for three or four hours; then awaking, he seemed to be very much distured in mind; his talk was incoherent, his groans moving, and he tossed from one side of the bed to the other, but seemed to find no ease: the good people seeing him so uneasy in bed, brought him a good suit of clothes, and he got up:

being told the bodies of some of his ship-mates were flung by violence of the sea on shore, he seemed greatly affected. Having received from Justice Farewell a guinea, and a passport for Bristol, with considerable contributions from a number of people who flocked to see him, to the amount of nine or ten pounds, he expressed an inclination of making the best of his way to Bristol, and the good Justice Farewell lent him his own horse to ride as far as Dorchester, and the parson of the parish sent his man to shew him the way.

Mr. Carew would have been gladly excused from going through Dorchester, as he had appeared there but four or five days before in the character of a broken miller, and had thereby raised a contribution of the mayor and corporation of that place : but as it lay in a direct road to Bristol, and he was attended by a guide, he could not possibly avoid it. As soon as they came there, his guide presented the pass in behalf of Mr. Carew to the mayor, who thereupon ordered the town-hall bell to be rung, and assembled the heads of the corporation. Though he had been so lately with them, yet, being now quite in a different dress, and his pass (which they knew to be signed by Justice Farewell), and the guide testifying he was an unfortunate ship-wrecked seamen, escaped from the most imminent danger, they had no notion of his being the broken miller who had been with them a few days before ; they therefore treated him with great humanity, and relieved him very liberally. After this, the guide took his leave of him with a great many good wishes for his safe arrival at Bristol ; but Mr. Carew instead of pursuing his way thither, steered his course towards Devonshire, and raised contributions in his way, as a shipwrecked seaman, on Col. Brown, of Frampton ; 'Squire Trenchard and 'Squire

Fulford, of Tolla; Col. Broadrip, Col. Mitchell, and 'Squire Richards, of Long Britty, and several other gentlemen.

This great activity and ingenuity of their new king was highly agreeable to the community of the mendicants, and his applause resounded at all their meetings : but as fortune delights to change the scene, and of a sudden depress those she hath most favoured, we come now to relate the misfortunes of our hero (though we know not whether we should call them by that name or not), as they gave him a larger field of action, and greater opportunities of exercising the more manly virtuous courage and intrepidity in dangers.

Going one day to pay a visit to Mr. Robert Incledon, at Barnstable, in Devon (in an ill hour which his knowledge could not foresee), knocking at the door softly, it was opened to him by the clerk, who accosted him with common salutations of, "How do you do, Mr. Carew? where have you been?" He readily replied, that he had been making a visit to 'Squire Basset's, and in his return had called to pay his respects to Mr. Incledon; the clerk very civilly asked him to walk in; but no sooner was he entered, than the door was shut upon him by Mr. Justice Lethbridge, a bitter enemy to the whole community of mendicants, who had concealed himself behind it, and Mr. Carew was made a prisoner. So sudden are the vicissitudes of life! and misfortunes spring as it were out of the earth. Thus unexpectedly fell the mighty Cæsar, the master of the world: and just so, frightened Priam looked when the shade of Hector drew his curtains, and told him that his Troy was taken.

He had some time before this, in the shape of a poor lame cripple, frightened either the justice, or his horse,

on Pilton-Bridge ; but which of the two it was, can not be affirmed with any great certainty. However, the justice vowed a dire revenge, and now exulted greatly at having got him in his power ; fame had no sooner sounded her hundred prattling tongues, that our hero was in captivity, but the justice's house was crowded with intercessors for him ; however, Justice Lethbridge was deaf to all, and even to the entreaties of beauty, several ladies being likewise advocates for him.

Among the rest who came to see him, were some captains of collier vessels, whom the justice espying, and probably taking some disgust to their countenances, demanded who they were, and immediately discharging the guard which had been before placed over Mr. Carew, charged the captains with the care of him, though they affirmed their vessels were to sail with the next tide ; however, the justice paying as little regard to their allegations, as he had done to the petitions for Mr. Carew, they found they had no other hope but from that good-natured dame, patience : she, good woman, is always ready to render our misfortunes less, and was, in all his adventures, a great friend to our hero.

At length a warrant was made out for conveying him to Exeter, and lodging him in one of the securest places in that city ; but it was now too late to set forward on their journey that night, they were ordered to a public-house in Barnstable ; and the justice remembering the old proverb, fast bind, fast find, would fain have locked the door of the room, where Mr. Carew was, and taken the key with him ; but the landlord offering to become security for his appearance in the morning, the justice was at last persuaded to be content without the office of goaler.

Mr. Carew, notwithstanding his situation, was not cast down, but bravely opposed his ill fortune with his courage, and passed the night cheerfully with the captains, who were his guard. The next day he was conducted to Exeter, without any thing remarkable happening on the road : here he was securely lodged for more than two months, and brought up to the quarter-sessions held at the Castle, when Justice Beavis was chair-man ; but that awful appearance,

‘ The Judges all met ; a terrible show ! ’

did not strike any terror into his breast ; though loaded with chains, he preserved his usual firmness of mind, and saluted the court with a noble assurance. Being asked by the chairman what parts of the world he had been in, he answered, Denmark, Sweden, Muscovy, France, Spain, Portugal, Newfoundland, Ireland, Wales, and some part of Scotland : the chairman then told him, he must proceed to a hotter country. He inquired into what climate, and being told Meryland, he, with great composure, made a critical observation on the pronunciation of that word, implying, that he apprehended it ought to be pronounced Maryland, and added, it would save him five pounds for his passage, as he was very desirous of seeing that country : but, notwithstanding, with great resolution, desired to know by what law they acted, as he was not accused of any crime : however, sentence of banishment was passed upon him for seven years ; but his fate was not singular, for he had the comfort of having fellow companions enough in his sufferings, as out of thirty-five prisoners, thirty-two were ordered into the like punishment. Whether at that period of time mankind were more profligate than usual, or whether there was a more than ordinary demand for men in his majesty’s colonies, cannot by us be determined.

Mr. Carew was not, as is most commonly the case, deserted by his friends in adversity, for he was visited during the time of his imprisonment by many gentlemen, who were exceeding liberal to him; and no sooner did the news of his captivity reach the ears of his subjects, than they flocked to him from all parts, administered to his necessities in prison, and daily visited him till his departure. This, and the thoughts of the many new scenes and adventures which he was likely to encounter with, whereby he might have an opportunity of making his name as famous in America as it was already in Europe, often filled his mind with too pleasing reflections, to regret his fate, though he could have performed the voyage under more agreeable circumstances; but, whenever the thought of being cruelly separated from his beloved wife and daughter glanced on his mind, the husband and father unmanned the hero, and melted him into tenderness and fear; the reflection too of the damage his subjects might sustain by his absence, and the disorder the whole community would be put in by it, filled him with many disquietudes. Thus, between the pleasing ideas and heart-felt pangs, did he pass his time till the day arrived that he was conducted on board the *Julianna*, Captain Froade, commander.

The winds soon proved contrary, and they were obliged to stay more than a fortnight in Falmouth harbour for a fair wind, and from thence were eleven weeks in their passage to Maryland.

The first place they touched at, was Hampton, between Cape Charles and Cape Henry, where the Capt. went ashore to get a pilot; and after about two days stay there, the pilot brought the vessel down Miles's River, and cast anchor in Talbot County, when the captain ordered a gun to be fired, as a signal for the planters to come down, and then went ashore; he soon after

sent on board a hogshead of rum, and ordered all the men prisoners to be close shaved against the next morning, and the women to have their best head-dresses put on, which occasioned no little hurry on board, for between the trimming of beards and putting on of caps, all hands were fully employed. In the morning the captain ordered public notice to be given of a day of sale, and the prisoners, who were pretty near an hundred, were all ordered upon deck, where a large bowl of punch was made, and the planters flocked on board; their first inquiry was for letters and news from Old England, what passage she had, how all friends did, and the like. The captain informed them of war being declared against Spain, and that it was expected it would soon be declared against France: that he had been eleven weeks and four days on his passage. Their next inquiry was, if the captain had brought them good store of joiners, carpenters, blacksmiths, weavers, and taylors; on which the captain called out one griffy, a taylor, who had lived at Chumleigh, in the county of Devon, and was obliged to take a voyage to Maryland for making too free with his neighbour's sheep: two planters, who were Parson Nichols and Mr. Rolles, asked him if he was sound wind and limb, saying it would be worse for him if he told them an untruth; and at last purchased him of the captain. The poor taylor cried and bellowed like a bell-weather, cursing his wife who had betrayed him: Mr. Carew, like a brave man, to whom every soil is his own country, ashamed of his cowardice, gave the taylor to the devil, and as he knew that he could not do without his shears, pressing-iron, thimble, and needle, sent them to bear him company: wherefore all these wailings, said our hero, have we not a fine glorious country before us? pointing to the shore;

and indeed in this he was very right, for Maryland not only affords every thing which preserves and confirms health, but also things that are charming. The beauty of the prospect, the fragrancy of the fields and gardens, the brightness of the sky, and serenity of the air, affect the ravished senses ; the country being a large plain, and the hills in it so easy of ascent, and of such a moderate height, that they seem rather an artificial ornament to it, than of the accidents of nature. The abundance of rivers and brooks, is no little help to the fertility of the soil.

But to return :—When all the best tradesmen were brought up, a planter came to Mr. Carew, to satisfy him of usefulness, told him he was a rat catcher, a mendicant, and a dog merchant ; what the devil trades are those, replies the planter, in astonishment, for I never before heard of them ? Upon which the Capt. thinking he should lose the sale of him, takes the planter a little aside, and tells him, he did but jest, being a man of humor, for he was a great scholar, and was only sent over on account of having disoblged some gentlemen ; that he had no indenture with him, but he should have him for seven years, and that he would make him an excellent school-master ; however, no purchase was made for him. The next day the captain asked him to go on shore with him to see the country, but with a view of getting a purchase for him among the planters. As they were walking, several people came up to Mr. Carew, and asked him what countryman he was, &c. At length they went to a tavern, where one Mr. David Huxter, who was formerly of Lyme, in Dorset, and one Mr. Hambleton, a Scotchman, seemed to have an inclination to buy him between them ; soon after came in one Mr. Ashcraft, who put in for him too, and then the bowl

of punch went round merrily. In the midst of their mirth, Mr. Carew, who had given no consent to the bargain they were making for him, thought it no breach of good manners to take an opportunity of slipping away, without taking leave of them; taking with him about a pint of brandy and some biscuit cakes, which, by good luck, he chanced to lay his hands on; he immediately betook himself to the woods, as the only place of security for him.

Mr. Carew having found he had eluded their search, congratulated himself on his happy escape and deliverance, for he now made no doubt of getting to Old England again, notwithstanding the difficulties which lay in his way, as he knew his courage was equal to every danger: but we are too often apt, as the proverb says, 'To reckon without our host,' and are sometimes nearest danger when we think ourselves most secure; and so it happened to our hero at this time, for, amidst his joyful reflections, he did not know that none were allowed to travel without proper passes, of which we need not tell the reader he was not provided; and there is moreover a reward of 5l. for any one that apprehends a runaway: it so happened that one morning early, going through a narrow path, he was met by four timber men going to work; he would fain have escaped their observation, but they soon hailed him, and demanded where he was going, telling him to produce his pass: his wit being always ready, he immediately told them he belonged to the Hector privateer, as he knew she then lay upon the coast, and that he was going upon business for the captain to Charles Country; but, as he could produce no pass, this would not satisfy them, and they insisted upon his going before Colonel Brown, a justice of the peace, in Ann Arundel Country.—But here most

gentle reader, that thou mayest not form wrong ideas of this justice, and (as too often is the case) judge of what thou hast not seen from what thou hast seen, it will be necessary to inform thee, that he was not such an one as Hudibras describes :

An old dull sot, who told the clock
For many years at Bridewell Dock,
At Westminster and Hick's Hall,
And Hickius Doccus play'd in all.
Where, in all governments and times,
He'd been both friend and foe to crimes,
And us'd two equal ways in gaining,
By hindering justice, or maintaining.

Neither was he such an one as that excellent artist Mr. Hogarth has depicted in his picture of a modern midnight conversation ; nor such an one as the author of Joseph Andrews has, above all others, so inimitably drawn to the life ; nor such an one as thou hast seen at a quarter sessions, with a large wig, a heavy unmeaning countenance, and sour aspect, who gravely nods over a cause, and then passes a decision on what he does not understand ; and no wonder, when he perhaps never saw, much less ever read the laws of his country. But of Justice Brown, I can assure the reader, he could not only read, but upon occasion, write a mittimus, without the assistance of his clerk ; he was thoroughly acquainted with the general duties of his office, and the particular laws of Maryland ; his countenance was an awful majesty, tempered with a humane sweetness, ever unwilling to punish, yet always afraid of offending justice ; and if, at any time, necessity obliged him to use the rod, he did it with so much humanity and compassion, as plainly indicated the duties of his office forced, rather

than the cruelty or haughtiness of his temper prompted to it ; and whilst the unhappy criminal suffered a corporal punishment, he did all that lay in his power, to the end that it might have a due effect, by endeavouring to amend the mind with salutary advice : if the exigences of the state required taxes to be levied upon the subject, he never, by his authority of office, excused himself from being his full proportion, nor would he meanly submit to see his fellow justices do so.

It was before such a justice Mr. Carew had the good fortune to be carried : they found him in his courtyard, just mounting his horse to go out : he very civilly inquired their business : the timber-men told him they had taken a runaway. The justice then inquired of Mr. Carew whom he was : he replied he was a sea-faring man, belonging to the Hector privateer, of Boston, Captain Anderson, and as they could not agree he had left the ship. The justice told him, he was sorry it should happen so, but he was obliged by the duty of his office, and the laws of his country, to stop all passengers who could not produce passes ; and, therefore, though unwillingly, he should be obliged to commit him. He then entertained him very plentifully with victuals and drink, and in the mean time made his commitment for New Town goal. Mr. Carew finding his commitment made, told the timber-men, that as they got their money so very easily, he would have a horse to ride on, for it was too hot for him to walk in that country. The justice merrily cried, “ well spoken, prisoner.” There was then a great ado with the timber-men to get a horse for him, but at last one was procured, and our hero mounted on a milk white steed, was conveyed in a sort of triumph to New Town, the timber-men perform-

ing the cavalcade on foot. The commitment was directed to the under sheriff in New Town, a saddler by profession, who immediately waited upon him to the prison. He found it well peopled, and his ears were confused with almost as many dialects as put a stop to the building of Babel. Mr. Carew saluted them very courteously, and inquired what countrymen they were; some were English, others Welch, Scotch, and Irish, so that he found he had choice enough of companions; and, as he saw no remedy but patience, he endeavoured to amuse himself as well as he could. Looking through the bars, he espies the whipping post and gallows, at which he turns to his companions, and cries out, a fine sight truly this is, my friends! which was a jest many of them could not relish, as they had before tasted of the whipping; looking on the other side, he saw a fine house, and asking whose it was, they told him it was the assembly house. While he was thus amusing himself, reflecting on the variety of his fate, fortune was preparing a more agreeable scene for him. A person coming up to the iron bars, asked where the runaway was, who had been brought in that day: Mr. Carew composedly told him, he was the man. They then entered into discourse, inquiring of each other of what country they were, and soon found they were near neighbours, the person who addressed him being of Dorsetshire.

While they were talking, Mr. Carew seeing the tops of some vessels riding in the river, inquired what place they belonged to: the man replied, to the West of England, to one Mr. Buck, of Biddeford, to whom most of the town belonged. Our hero's heart leaped for joy at this good news, and he hastily asked, if Captains Kenny, Harvey, Hopkins, or Burd were

there : the man replying in the affirmative, still heightened his satisfaction. “ Will you have the goodness to be an unfortunate prisoner’s friend,” says Carew, “ and present my humble duty to them, but particularly to Captain Harvey, and tell them I am here ?” The man very civilly replied, he would ; and asked what he should tell them to be his name :—

“ Carew, the rat-catcher,” replied our hero. The man made all haste in his power, to execute his message ; and soon after came the captains to the goal, inquiring what Carew, rat-catcher, wanted to speak with them : Mr. Carew answered with a tantivy ; upon which Captain Harvey swore it was Carew, and fell a laughing very heartily : then coming up to the window, they very cordially shook hands with him, saying, they should as soon have expected to have seen Sir Robert Walpole there as him. They then inquired by what means he came there ; and he informed them circumstantially of every thing as aforementioned. The captains asked him if he would drink a glass of rum, which he accepted of very gladly in his present condition : one of them sent down to the store house for a bottle of rum, and a bottle of october, and they went into the goal, and sat down with him. Thus did he see himself once more surrounded by his friends, so that he scarce regretted meeting with the timber-men, as they had brought him into such good company. He was so elevated with his good fortune, that he forgot all his misfortunes, and passed the evening as cheerfully as if he was neither a slave nor a prisoner. The captains inquired if he had been sold to a planter before he made his escape : he replying in the negative, they told him, that unless his captain came and demanded him, he would be publicly sold the next

court day. When they took their leaves, they told him, they would see him the next morning.

Accordingly they returned very early, and hailed him with the pleasing sound of liberty ; telling him they had agreed among themselves to purchase him, then give him his release, and furnish him with proper passes ; but instead of receiving this news with the transports they expected, our hero stood for some time silent, and lost in thought. He told the captains he had the most grateful sense of this instance of their love, but that he could never consent to purchase his freedom at their expence ; and, therefore, desired they would only do him the favour to acquaint Capt. Froade of his being there. The captains used great entreaties to persuade him, but all in vain ; so that at last they were obliged to comply with his request.

Captain Froade soon sent round his long boat, paid all costs, and brought him once more on board his ship. The captain received him with a great deal of malicious satisfaction in his countenance ; and in a tyrannic tone, bid him strip, calling to the boatswain to bring up a cat o'nine tails, and tie him to the main gears ; after undergoing this cruel punishment, he took him on shore to a blacksmith, and had a heavy iron collar placed round his neck, which, in Maryland, they call a pot-hook, and is usually put about the necks of the runaway slaves.

Capt. Froade soon after left the vessel, and went up to a storehouse at Tuckhoe, and the first mate to Kent Island, whilst the second mate and boatswain kept the ship. In the mean time our hero was employed in loading the vessel, and doing all manner of drudgery.

One day, as he was employed in his usual drudgery, reflecting within himself upon his unhappy condition,

he unexpectedly sees his good friends Captains Harvey and Hopkins, two of the Biddeford captains; who, as has been before related, offered to redeem him at New Town. He was overjoyed at the sight of them; not that he expected any deliverance from them, but only as they were friends he had been so much obliged to. The captains came up, and inquired very kindly how he fared, and how he bore the drudgery they saw him employed in; adding, that he had better have accepted the offer they made him at New Town. Our hero gallantly replied, that however severe the hardships he underwent, and were they still more so, he would rather chuse to bear them, than purchase liberty at their cost. The captains, charmed with this generosity, were resolved to make one more attempt to get him his liberty. They soon after sounded the boatswain and mate; and finding them not greatly averse to give an opportunity of escape, they took him aside, and thus addressed him:—"Friend Carew, the offer we made you at New Town, may convince you of the regard we have for you; we cannot think of leaving the country before we have, by some means or other, procured your liberty. We have already sounded the boatswain and mate, and find we can bring them to wink at your escape; but the greatest obstacle is, that there is forty pounds penalty, and half a year's imprisonment, for any one that takes off your iron collar; so that you must be obliged to travel with it till you come to the friendly Indians, many miles distant from hence, who will assist you and take it off; for they are great friends to the English, and trade with us for lattens, kettles, frying pans, guns, powder and shot; giving us in exchange, buffalo and deer skins, with other sorts of furs. But, there are two other sorts of Indians; one of which are distinguished

by a very flat forehead, who use cross bows in fighting; the other of a very dwarf stature. They are great enemies, and very cruel to the whites; these you must endeavour by all means to avoid, for if you fall into their hands they will certainly murder you."

The people have no sort of literature among them; and their way of communicating things from one to another, is by way of hieroglyphics. They reckon their years by cohonks, or winters, and divide every year into five seasons, the budding time, the earing of the corn, the summer, the harvest, and the winter.

Their months they count by moons. They divide the day into three parts, the rise, power, and lowering of the sun; and keep their accounts by knots on a string, or notches on a stick.

They esteem the marriage vow as the most sacred of all engagements, and abhor divorces as the most unpardonable crime amongst them.

Their maidens are very chaste; and if one happens to have a child before marriage, her fortune is spoiled. They are very sprightly and good-humoured, and the women are generally handsome. The men have no beards, and to prevent their having any, use certain devices, which they will not disclose. They boil and roast all the meat they eat: homony is the standing dish, and consists of Indian corn scaked, broken in a mortar, and then boiled in water, over a gentle fire, for ten or twelve hours together. They draw and pluck their fowls, skin and paunch their quadrupeds; but dress their fish with their scales on, without gutting. Their food is chiefly beves, turtle, and several species of snakes; broth made of deer's humbles, peas, beans, &c. They have no set meals, but eat when they are hungry, and drink nothing but water. Their bread

is made of Indian corn, wild oats, or the seed of the sun-flower : they eat it alone, and not with meat.

They travel always on foot, with a gun, or bow, live upon the game they kill, and lie under a tree, upon a little grass.

When they come to a river, they presently patch up a canoe of birch bark, cross over in it, and leave it on the bank of the river, if they think they shall not want it ; otherwise they carry it along with them.

The captains acquainted Carew that the unfriendly Indians were not the only enemies he had to fear, for he must expect to encounter with greater dangers and difficulties, as rattle-snakes, horn-snakes, black-snakes, lions, leopards, bears, wolves, and wild cats. However, this did not dishearten our hero, for he was resolved to attempt regaining his liberty, let the consequence be what it would. The captains gave him a pocket compass to steer by, steel and tinder-box, a bag of cakes, a cheese, and some rum, telling him he must leave the three-notched road a little way off, and steer to his left hand ; that he must travel by night, and lie concealed in the day, for forty miles ; and then he would come to a part of the country quite uninhabited ; from thence he would enter the Indian country. They likewise told him, that all the wild beasts were afraid of fire, so that his best defence would be to strike a light, and kindle some sticks, whenever he was apprehensive of being attacked.

Our hero having received some necessary instructions, and having returned his generous benefactors many thanks for their kindness, set out on his dangerous journey, about three o'clock in the afternoon. He had not travelled far before he began to reflect on his melancholy condition : alone, unarmed, unacquainted with the way, galled with the heavy yoke,

exposed every moment to dangers. He met with great multitudes of buffaloes, black bears, deer, wolves, and wild turkies, the latter being so large as to weigh thirty or forty pounds : none of these creatures offered to attack him ; but walking one day by the side of a small rivulet, almost lost in thought, he was suddenly alarmed, by a plunging in the water, and turning his head on one side, from whence the noise came, he was struck with the sight of a great white bear, who, being likewise disturbed, raised herself immediately, and made towards him. Our hero now thought there was no escape ; however, with great presence of mind, he stepped aside to a furze bush, and striking a light with all the haste he could, set it on fire ; at the sight of which, the bear, who was within a very small distance from him, turned about, and went away roaring hideously.

He found his journey often obstructed by rivers, which he was obliged either to wade or swim over. At length, after many days tiresome travel, he discovered five Indians at a distance ; they seemed of a gigantic stature, and their faces to be very flat and broad, which was the characteristic or mark of the unfriendly Indians. This struck him with unusual dread, and he now gave himself over for lost ; but to his inexpressible joy, he distinguished they had guns in their hands, which was a sure sign, to him, they were friendly Indians. This raised his spirits, and he approached them in a suppliant manner, making signs that he craved assistance. The Indians accosted him by clapping their hands on their heads, crying, hush me a top, which signifies, good morrow ; then taking hold of his collar, they repeated in broken English, “ a runaway ! a runaway ! ” Presently came up two more Indians, one of whom was a person of majestic

presence, whose dress was by far more magnificent than the others. His habit being a most beautiful panther's skin, laced with fur; his hair was adorned with a variety of fine feathers, and his face painted of a great many colours. By these marks of distinction, Mr. Carew supposed him to be their king; he spoke good English, and accosted him as the others had done; and observing the collar our hero was so grievously hurt by, he immediately set himself about freeing him from it; but as he had no proper tools for the purpose, he was at a great loss how to execute it; but, at last, taking the steel of Mr. Carew's tinder-box, he jagged it into a kind of saw, with which he cut off the collar, but not without much labour. He then carried him into his wigwam or house, which appeared handsomely furnished. Here he ordered refreshment to be set before him. During this, the prince acquainted him his name was George Lillycraft; that his father was one of those kings who were in England in the reign of Queen Anne; and then shewed him some fine laced cloths, which he said were made a present of to him, by the late King George of England, expressing a great affection for his brother kings of England, as he called them, and the English nation in general. Soon after came in the queen, dressed in a short jacket, leading in her hand a young prince, who both repeated the word runaway, once or twice.

Next day the king presented him to the wisos, or chief men of the town, who received him with a great deal of civility, and tokens of high esteem: he ate every day at the king's table, and had a lodging assigned him in his wigwam, growing every day in more esteem with them, and was consulted in all matters of difficulty.

Hunting being the principal employment and diversion of the Indians, at which they are very expert, Mr. Carew had an opportunity of gratifying to the utmost, his taste for that diversion, there scarce passing a day but he was a party among them, at some hunting match or other, and, most generally, with the king himself. He was now grown into so great respect among them, that they offered him a wife nearly related to the king; but our hero, notwithstanding these honours, could not forget his native country, the love of which glowed within his breast; he, therefore, took the first opportunity that offered of leaving them, and going down to the river, seized one of the canoes, and, though unacquainted with the method of managing it, boldly pushed from shore, landed near Newcastle, in Pennsylvania, the place he crossed over being called Duck's Creek, which communicates with the great river Delaware. Mr. Carew being now got among his own countrymen again, soon transformed himself into a quaker, pulling off the button from his hat, and flapping it on every side, he put on as demure and precise a look, as if his whole family had been quakers, and he had never seen no other sort of people.

The first house he went to was a barber's, of whose assistance he had great need, not having shaved his beard since he left the ship: here he told a moving story, saying, his name was John Elworthy, of Bristol; that he had been artfully kidnapped by one Samuel Ball, of the same place, and gone through great hardships in making his escape. The barber, moved by his tale, willingly lent him his assistance to take off his beard; during the operation they had a deal of discourse, the barber told him his father came from Exeter, and presented him with a half-crown;

bill, and recommended him to one Mr. Wiggill, a quaker, of the same place ; to whom he told the same moving story, and obtained a ten-shilling-bill from that gentleman, and a recommendation to the rest of the quakers of the place, from whom he received a great deal of money.

Carew, walking through the high-street, had a mind to refresh himself with a nip of punch ; the first public-house he chanced to fall upon, was kept by an Irishman, and asking if he sold punch, " yes, my dear honey," replied the man. " Arrah," says Carew, " are you my countryman, dear joy ?" quite in the Irish brogue. " Yes," replies the man, " what do you belong to one of our vessels ?" " No, I belonged to Capt. Dubois, of Dublin, who was taken off the Capes, and carried into the Havannah." " Arrah, dear joy, I know Capt. Dubois very well," replies the Irishman. " Come in, come in." Accordingly in goes Carew ; and the Irishman was so well pleased with his countryman, that he entertained him very well, and they passed the day very merrily together.

The next morning his host takes him out to see the city, and Carew diligently inquired the names of the principal merchants and places, and informed himself of all those circumstances which could be of any service to him. At length, seeing a grand house, he inquired whose it was, and being told the proprietor Penn's, who was just come from England, with his brother-in-law, Captain Frame, he takes his leave of his host, telling him, he had a little business to transact, and would be presently back. Having thus got rid of the Irishman, he claps his right hand into his coat, as if he had lost the use of it ; and then going up to Penn's, knocks at the door, which was opened to him by a negro, with a silver collar about his ne

he inquired if the proprietor lived there, and if he was at home? Being told he was, "Pray tell him," says he, "that a poor man desires the favour to speak with him." The negro bid him come into the court; soon after, out came the proprietor, very plainly dressed, and his brother, Captain Frame, in his regimentals, inquiring who he was, and what he wanted: he replied, he was a poor unfortunate man, who craved his honour's assistance; that his name was John Hawkins, of the city of Exeter, and belonged to Captain Davis's ship, of the same place, who was taken near the Capes. Captain Frame, seeing him a likely fellow, cried out, "revenge! revenge! my brave boy, you shall go along with me and fight the dogs." Carew replied with a sigh, that he should be glad to do that, but that it was his misfortune, by the severities and hardships he suffered in prison, to have lost the use of his right arm by the dead palsy. This moved their compassion so much, that each of them gave him a guinea, telling him he would take care to send him home with Captain Read, who would sail very soon: then asked if he had been at the governor's, and he replied in the negative, they told him he should go there, for he was a very good natured man, and would assist him; then calling to the black, bid him shew the poor man to the governor's. As they were going along, he informed himself, of the black, what countryman the governor was, and being told a Welshman, and his name Thomas, took care to make his advantage of it. When he came to the governor's, and inquired for him, he was told that he was walking in the garden: while he was waiting for his coming out, in came the proprietor and his brother, and going into the garden, represented his case to the governor, who, coming

out, inquired where he was born, &c. He told him the same story he told the proprietor, and added, that he had married Betty Larkey, Parson Griffy's maid, of Wales, and that the parson had a son at Bishop-Nympton, in Devon : the governor replied, he knew the parson very well, and likewise Betty Larkey ; and after he had asked some questions about them, which Carew answered very readily, he gave him two guineas.

Captain Read being now ready to sail, and Carew having a curiosity of seeing more of the country, thought proper to leave Philadelphia, without taking leave of his good friends. From hence he entered Buckingham county, where he inquired for George Boon, who formerly lived at Bradnich, in Devon. Here he went by his own name, telling him he had been taken prisoner, and carried into the Havannah, where he had lain many months.

At New London he inquired if there were none of the name of Davey in that city, and being asked why, he replied, they were near heirs to a fine estate near Crediton, in Devon, formerly belonging to Sir John Davey. He was then shewn to two ancient sisters of Sir John Davey, whose sons were timber-men : they asked a great many questions about the family ; and he told them Sir John Davey was dead, and his eldest son also, who had left two sons ; that the younger brother, Humphrey Davey, was then living at Creedy-house, and the little boys, somewhere about Exeter. They then gave him two letters to deliver to Mr. Humphrey Davey ; after which, each gave him a guinea, with recommendations to one Justice Miller, and Captain Rogers, who was bound for England.

Captain Rogers having taken in his lading, which consisted of rice, tobacco, and pipe staves, set sail

with a fair wind from New London, and run to Lundy in a month and three days. Nothing material happening on their voyage, the sailors passed their time very jovially, having so favourable a gale: but our hero, who knew that fortune, like a common gilt, often puts on the fairest smiles when she is about to discard you, thought it prudent to provide against her slippery tricks as much as lay in his power: he, therefore, pricked his arms and breasts with a needle, and then rubbed them with bay salt and gunpowder, which made it appear like the small pox coming out. In the night time, he groaned very dismally, till at last the captain called to him, to know the reason of his groaning so in his sleep. "Alas, sir!" replied he, "I have been dreaming my poor wife was dead, and that she died of the small pox." "Be of good cheer, man," says the captain, "dreams are but fables; and, for your comfort, I believe we shall quickly make land." However, they did not do this so soon as the captain expected, for towards the next evening the wind springing up a fresh gale, the captain ordered them to stand out to sea again. During all the day, Carew never stirred out of his hammock, pretending to be very ill. Towards the morning the wind was somewhat abated, and they stood in before it; but it being very hazy weather, the captain ordered a good look out, crying, "my brave boys, take care we don't fall foul of some ship, for we are now in the channel." And soon after, the cabin boy hollows out, "land! land!" Upon which the captain ran up to the main-top-mast head, and found it to be Lundy Island. Some of the sailors also ran up, and amongst them Carew, having crept out with nothing but a blanket round his shoulders, attempted going up, which the captain seeing, hastily cries out, "where is old John

going?—take care of the old man, he is light-headed.” Upon which some of the sailors took him down, and carried him back to his hammock. They then crowded all the sail they could for Lundy. When they came near, they perceived several ships lying at anchor, and made a signal for a pilot. One soon came on board, with whom the captain agreed for seven guineas to be piloted to Bristol. Then the captain asked what news, and if any New England men had gone up the channel. He replied, that none had passed, but that he could inform him of bad news for his men; which was, that the Ruby man of war, Captain Goedyere, lay then in King-Road, and pressed all the men they could lay hold of. Carew hearing this, immediately comes upon deck, with his blanket upon his shoulders and pretended to vomit over the ship side. The pilot observing him, asked the captain what was the matter with the old man. “I believe,” replies the captain, “he has got the small pox.” He then stepped up to him, and asked him to let him look upon him, which he complied with; and, shewing him his arms, the pilot swore he had the small pox heavily upon him; and Mr. Carew kept on groaning very mournfully. They then sailed by Appledore, Bideford, and Barnstaple, arriving in King-Road early in the morning. He then thought it advisable to take a pretty large quantity of warm water; and quickly after, to their concern, saw the man of war lying in the road, with jack, ensign, and pendant hoisted.

Now were all the sailors, who had been so jovial before, struck with a dreadful panic, perceiving the man of war’s boat making towards them; upon which Carew grew sicker and sicker. The man of war’s men came on board the ship, and the lieutenant inquired from whence they came, and what passage. The cap-

tain replied, "from New London in a month and four days;" and asked the lieutenant to walk aft, and take a dram of rum: but before he did so, he inquired how many hands were on board. The captain answered he had only fifteen, for men were very scarce. "I must have your hands, sir," says the lieutenant; and ordered all the ship's company aft, saying he wanted to talk with them. He then accosted them with an oratorical harangue:—"Gentlemen sailors," said he, "I make no doubt but you are willing to enter voluntarily, and not as pressed men. If you go like brave men, freely, when you come round to Plymouth and Portsmouth, and go on board your respective ships, you will have your bounty money, and liberty to go on shore and kiss your landladies.

"Are these all your men?" said the lieutenant. "Yes," replied the captain, "except one old man, who dreamed the other night that his wife died of the small pox, and was so much frightened that the small pox is come out upon him." The captain then ordered the bills to be made for what was due to the men, and asked the lieutenant, in the mean time, to walk down and taste his rum. Accordingly, down goes the lieutenant, humming a tune. Carew hearing this, he began crying out, in a most lamentable tone, "O, my head! O, my back!" "What," cries the lieutenant, hastily, "is this the fellow who has the small pox?" "No, no," replies Carew; "I have had the small pox many years ago; and have been with Sir Charles Wager and Sir John Walton up the Baltic, and do, for God's sake, take me on board your ship, noble captain, for I only want to be blooded." The lieutenant whips out his snuff box, and claps it to his nose, swearing he would not take him on board for five hundred pounds, for he was enough to infect a whole ship's

crew, that the d—I should take him before he would, hurrying, at the same time, as fast as he could into the cabin. When the rest of the men had their bills made out, the captain, willing to get rid of Carew, said to him, “come, old John, I will have your bill made out too,” which was accordingly done, and amounted to seven pounds ten shillings, for which the captain gave him a draft on Merchant Lidiata, in Bristol. The captain then ordered the boat to put him ashore, and called to some of the sailors to help the poor old man over the ship: out came Carew, with the blanket wrapped about his shoulders, and so well did he counterfeit, that he seemed a most deplorable object of compassion.

Thus our hero, after seeing many cities and men, undergoing great hardships, and encountering many dangers and difficulties, once more sets his foot on the ground of his beloved country. Notwithstanding the joy he felt at being safe on shore, he did not lay aside his small pox, but travels on to Bristol; and being now freed from his apprehensions of being pressed, at the first barber’s he came to, he got rid of his beard, and bid adieu to the small pox: then makes the best of his way to the mendicant’s hall, on Milehill. Just as he came there, the landlady and an old crony, a tinker’s wife, were standing at the door. As soon as the landlady espied him, she clapped her hands, and swore it was either Carew or his ghost. Our hero’s first inquiry was, when they had seen his dear Polly, meaning his wife. The landlady told him, she had not seen her lately, but had heard that both she and his daughter were well; but that his wife never expected to see him more.

Mr. Carew soon called for a room, ordered dinner to be provided, and passed the afternoon very merrily.

The next morning he waited on the merchant with his bill, and received the money ; then weighed anchor, and steered for Bridgewater, where he arrived just at night. He immediately repaired to a mumper's house, kept by a one-eyed old woman, named Laskey. From whence he goes to the Swan, where several gentlemen were passing the evening together ; viz. Mr. Moore, Dr. Dipford, Counsellor Bedford, and others ; all of whom were particularly acquainted with him. However, he pretended to be a West Indian, who had been cast away in a ship coming from Antigua, which foundered beyond Cape Clear ; that he was taken up by an Irishman, and afterwards put on board a Bristol ship. Having, by this story, raised a contribution from the company, he discovered himself, knowing them to be his friends ; but the gentlemen could scarcely believe him, till he gave them sufficient proofs.

He afterwards visited Exeter ; and going into St. Peter's church yard, sees Sir Harry Northcote, Dr. Andrews, and two other gentlemen. He accosted them with " God bless you, Sir Harry, Dr. Andrews, and the rest of the company." Sir Harry, staring very wishfully at him, cried, " are you flesh and blood ? —why, you can never have been in America !" Dr. Andrews then asked if it was Carew. The report being spread that he was in Exeter, drew a number of spectators to see him ; and among the rest, Merchant Davey himself, who asked him, in a very great hurry, if the ship was cast away. " No, no," says he, " I have been in America ; have had the honour to see your factor, Mr. Mean, and saw Griffiths sold for a thousand weight of tobacco ! But, did not I tell you I would be back before Captain Froade ?" He then gave an account of several particulars, which convinced the gentlemen he had really been in America.

Mr. Davey asked him, if he had been sold before he ran away; and his replying he had not, the merchant told him jeeringly, then he was his servant still, that he should charge him five pounds for his passage, and five pounds for costs and charges, besides Captain Froade's bill. He next inquired, where he had left Captain Froade. Carew told him, in Miles's river. The gentlemen then gave him money, as did likewise Merchant Davey.

Two months after this, came home Captain Froade, laden with tobacco. As soon as he came to an anchor, several gentlemen of Exeter going on board, inquired where he left Mr. Carew. "Damn him," replied the captain, "you'll never see him again: he ran away, was taken, put into New Town gaol, brought back and whipped; had a pot-hook put upon him, ran away with it upon his neck, and was never heard of since; so that, without doubt, he must be either killed by some wild beast, or drowned in some river." Laughing heartily, they told the captain he had been at home two months, which he swore could never be; however they confirmed it to him that it was so.

Soon after this, Mr. Carew went and paid his respects to Sir William Courtenay, returning him thanks for what he had furnished him with, when he sailed for Maryland; adding, he had been as good as his word, in coming home before Captain Froade. Sir William told him, he thought he had; and then called to his butler to give him something to drink. In a little time, Sir William comes to him again, with his brother Mr. Henry Courtenay, who conducted him into a noble parlour, where was a great company of fine ladies sitting, whom our hero accosted with all that respect which is ever due to beauty and merit. Sir William then asked him jocosely, if he could find out

which was his dove. He replied, he knew some of the ladies there; and that, unless his judgment deceived him, such a lady (singling out one of them) was the happy person. "You are right," replied Sir William, "this is my turtle dove." Sir William then put a piece of money into his hat, as did Mr. Courtenay, and then bid him go round to the ladies, which he did, addressing them in a very handsome manner, and, we need not add, gathered a very plentiful harvest.

The next day, at Moll Upton's, in Newton Bushel, he met a sister of that order of mendicants; and he having an inclination to pay a visit to Sir Thomas Carew's, at Hackham, soon made an agreement to change habits for that day. The barber was then sent for, to make his beard as smooth as his razor could make it; and his hair was dressed up with ribbons. Thus metamorphosed, our hero sets out, having a wand in his hand, and a little dog under his arm. Being come to Sir Thomas Carew's, he rushes into the house without ceremony, demanding his rent in an imperious tone. None of the men servants being in the way, the women first ran one way, then another; but he, taking no notice of their confusion, continued to act the mad woman, beating his head against the wall, kissing his dog, and demanding his rent. At last comes one of the women servants, saying, lady, you are welcome to your rent, and gave him half a crown; but he was not to be got rid of so easily, for now he fell a raving again, and demanded some merry-go-down; upon which they brought him some ale, which he having drank, took his leave, thanking them with a very low courtesy.

Hearing there was to be a great cock-match at Plymouth, he puts on the dress of a gentleman; and not the habit only, as too many do, but the manners and

behaviour likewise ; so that going to the cock-match, he betted several wagers with Sir Coventry Carew, and his own brother, Mr. Henry Carew, the minister of Saltash, which he had the good fortune to win.

It was about this time Carew became acquainted with the Hon. Sir William W—d—m, in the following manner :—Being at Watchett, in Somersetshire, near the seat of this gentleman, he was resolved to pay him a visit : putting on, therefore, a jacket and a pair of trowsers, he made the best of his way to Sir William's seat, and luckily met Sir William, Lord Bolingbroke, and several other gentlemen and clergy, with some commanders of vessels walking in the park : Carew approached Sir William with a great deal of seeming fearfulness and respect ; and with much modesty acquainted him he was a Silvertown man, and that he was the son of one of his tenants, named Moore ; had been to Newfoundland, and in his passage homeward, the vessel was run down by a French ship in a fog, and only him and two more saved ; and being put on board an Irish vessel, was carried into Ireland, and from thence landed at Watshed. Sir William hearing this, asked him a great many questions concerning the inhabitants of Silvertown, who were most of them his own tenants, and of the principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood, all which Carew was perfectly acquainted with, and therefore gave satisfactory answers. Sir William at last asked him, if he knew Bickley, and if he knew the parson thereof. Carew replied, he knew him very well ; and indeed so he might, as it was no other than his own father ! Sir William then inquired what family he had, and whether he had not a son named Bampfylde, and what was become of him. “ Your honour,” replies he, “ means the beggar and dog stealer : I don't know what is become of

him, but it is a wonder if he is not hanged by this time." "No, I hope not," replied Sir William; I should be glad for his family's sake, to see him at my house." Having satisfactorily answered many other questions, Sir William generously relieved him with a guinea, and Lord Bolingbroke followed his example: the other gentlemen and clergy contributed according to their different ranks. Sir William then ordered him to go to his house, and tell the butler to entertain him, which accordingly he did, and sat himself down with great content and satisfaction.

Some time after this, he took his passage at Folkestone, in Kent, for Boulogne in France, where he arrived safe, and proceeded to Paris, and other noted cities of that kingdom. His habit was now tolerably good; his countenance grave; his behaviour sober and decent:—pretending to be a Roman Catholic, who had left England, his native country, out of an ardent zeal of spending his days in the bosom of the Catholic church. This story readily gained belief: his zeal was universally applauded, and handsome contributions made for him; but, at the same time, he was so zealous a Roman Catholic, with a little change of habit, he used to address those English he heard of in any place, as a protestant and shipwrecked seaman; and had the good fortune to meet an English physician at Paris, to whom he told this deplorable tale, who was so much affected by it, that he not only relieved him very handsomely, but recommended him to that noble pattern of unexhausted benevolence, Mrs. Horner, who was then on her travels, from whom he received ten guineas, and from some other company with her, five more.—Here, reader, if thou hast a good heart, we cannot entertain thee better, than by drawing a true picture of the generous lady; for

were benevolence and generosity real beings, we are persuaded they would act just like her; with such an unsparing hand would they bestow their bounties; with such munificence reward desert; with such god-like compassion cheer the afflicted; and just so make all happy around them. But thou canst form no adequate idea, unless thou hast been in the neighbourhood of that noble mansion,* where beneficence has fixed her seat; permit me, therefore, to transport thee thither, to bless thy sight with a delightful scene. See already a neat and decent temple† strikes thine eye! It is she has erected it to the honour of her God! Thou art surprised, I see, to behold the grave doctor‡ coming out of his gilded chariot, to enter the sordid huts of poverty; but know, she has already paid his fees! See here, another compounding the choicest drugs and medicines for a whole neighbourhood; it is her bounty has supplied them! Cast your eye the other way, and behold that company of aged and decrepit poor; they are going to receive their daily bread at her tables! But let us enter this poor cottage. See, here are the holy scriptures, and other books of pious instruction; and hark, the child is reading distinctly in one of them! Her munificence has bestowed these useful gifts, and instilled instruction in that tender mind!

Carew having returned to England, and being in the city of Exeter with his wife, after visiting his old friends there, takes a walk to Topsham, about three miles distant, leaving his wife in Exeter. Walking upon the quay there, enjoying the beauties of a

* The seat of Mrs. Horner, at Melbury, in Dorsetshire.

† The parish church, rebuilt at her expence. ‡ An eminent physician, who is allowed a constant salary by her to visit the poor sick in her neighbourhood.

fine evening ; meditating no harm, nor suspecting any danger ; he was accosted by Merchant D—y, accompanied with several captains of vessels, in some such words as these : “ Ha ! Mr. Carew, you are come at a right time ; as you came home for your own pleasure, you shall now go over for mine.” They then laid hands on him, who found it in vain to resist, as he was overpowered by numbers ; he therefore desired to be carried before some magistrate, but this was not hearkened to, for they forced him aboard a boat without the presence or authority of any officer of justice, not so much as suffering him to take leave of his wife, or acquaint her with his misfortune, though he begged the favour almost with tears : the boat carried him on board the *Philleroy*, Capt. Simmonds, bound for America, with convicts, which then lay off Powderham Castle, waiting only for a fair wind.

Carew was no sooner put on board, than he was strictly searched, and then taken between decks, where he was ironed down with the convicts. There was, at the same time, a violent fever raging among them ; and Carew, by being chained with them night and day, was soon infected, and taken very ill ; however, he had not the liberty of sending to his wife, or any of his friends.

In the mean time his wife not hearing from him, and uncertain whether he was alive or dead, abandoned herself to an excess of grief ; she sought him up and down, at all the houses of his usual resort, but all in vain, for no news could she gain of her beloved husband.

The wind coming fair, they hoisted sail, and soon bid adieu to the English coasts. We need not describe what passed in Carew’s breast at this time : anger and grief prevailed by turns, sometimes resent-

ment, for being thus treated, fired his bosom, and he vowed revenge : at other times, the thoughts of his being thus unexpectedly separated from his country and friends, and doomed to an ignominious slavery, filled him with sadness and melancholy reflections ; however, he had the pleasure, before it was long, of knowing he was not entirely deserted ; for Captain Simmonds, commander of the vessel, a humane compassionate man, came down between decks, soon after they were under sail, and bid him be of good cheer, for he should want for nothing ; and though he had strict orders from Merchant D—y never to let him return, yet, he would be a friend to him, and provide for him in the best manner he could. Carew returned his thanks to this generous and unexpected benefactor, in as handsome a manner as he was able.

Soon after this, he had the liberty allowed him of coming upon deck, where the captain entered into conversation with him, and jocosely asked if he thought he should be at home before him ? He generously replied, he thought he should, at least he would endeavour to be so.

Thus did Mr. Carew spend his time, in as agreeable a manner as could be expected under his present circumstances ; but, alas ! all our happiness is too fleeting, and we scarcely taste the pleasure, before it is ravaged from us : and thus it happened to our hero ; for they had scarcely been under sail five weeks, before the captain was taken ill, which increased daily, with too many fatal symptoms ; till at last death struck the deadly blow : but the approaches of this grisly tyrant were not so dreadful to this good man, as the thoughts of the distress it would occasion to his wife and family, whom he continually cried out upon during his illness. Carew bewailed the loss of

this generous friend, with more than outward sorrow. Every thing in the vessel was now in confusion, by the death of the captain : at length, the mate took charge of the vessel, and the captain's effects ; but had not long enjoyed his new honours, before he was taken dangerously ill, so that the vessel was obliged to be left to the care of the common sailors, and was several times in great danger of being lost. At last, after sixteen weeks passage, in the grey of the morning, they made Cape Charles, and then bore away for Cape Henry : at Hampton they took in a pilot, the vessel having several times before run upon the sands, and was not got off again without great difficulty ; the pilot brought them to Kent Island, where they fired a gun ; and Harrison, who was now recovered, went on shore at Annapolis, and made a bargain with one Mr. Delany, of that place, for Carew, as an expert gardener. He was sent on shore, and Mr. Delany asked him if he understood gardening ? Being willing to get out of Harrison's hands, he replied in the affirmative ; but Mr. Delany asking him if he could mow ? and he answering in the negative ; then you are no gardener, replied Delany, and so refused to buy him. Then one Hilldrop, who had been transported about three years before, from Exeter, for horse-stealing, and had married a currier's widow, in Annapolis, had a mind to purchase him, but they could not agree upon the price : whereupon he was put on board again, and they sailed for Miles's River. Here they fired a gun, and the captain went on shore ; in the mean time the men prisoners were ordered to be close shaved, and the women to have clean caps on : this was scarcely done, before an overseer, belonging to Mr. Bennet, in Way River, and several planters, came off to buy : the prisoners

were all ordered upon deck, some of the planters new Carew again, and cried out, "Is not this the man Captain Froade brought over, and put a pot-hook upon?" "Yes," replied Harrison, "the very same;" at which they were much surprised, making account he had been either killed by the wild beasts, or drowned in some river. "Aye, aye," replied Harrison, with a great oath, "I'll take care he shall not be at home before me." By this time several of the prisoners were sold; the bowl went merrily round, and many of the planters gave Carew a glass, but none of them chose to buy him.

During this, Carew observing a great many canoes and boats lying alongside the vessel, thought it not impossible to make himself master of one of them, and by that means reach the shore, where he thought he might conceal himself, till he found an opportunity of getting off: though this was a very hazardous attempt, and, if he was unsuccessful, would expose him to a great deal of hard usage, and, probably, put it out of his power of ever regaining his liberty, yet, he was resolved to venture. He recollected the common maxim, "that fortune favours the bold;" and, therefore, took an opportunity, just as it grew dark, of slipping nimbly down the ship's side into one of the canoes, with which he paddled with as much silence and expedition as possible towards the shore; he had not gone far, before the noise he made, gave the alarm, that one of the prisoners had escaped. Harrison immediately called out to inquire which of them, and where Carew was; and being told he was gone off, swore, he would rather have lost half of the prisoners than him. All hands were then called upon to pursue; the captain and planters left their bowl; the river was covered with canoes, and every thing was

in confusion. Carew was within hearing of this, but by plying his canoe well, had the good fortune to get on shore before any of them : he immediately took himself to the woods as soon as he landed, and climbed up into a great tree, where he had not been many minutes, before he heard the captain, sailors, and planters, all in pursuit of him ; the captain fretted and stormed, the sailors damned their bloods, and the planters endeavoured to pacify every thing, by telling the captain not to fear, for they would have him in the morning, as it was impossible for him to get off. He heard all this though not unmoved, yet, without taking notice of it : at last finding their search fruitless, the captain, sailors, and planters returned, the planters still assuring the captain they would have him in the morning.

As soon as they were gone, he began to reflect upon his present situation, which, indeed, was melancholy enough, for he had no provisions, was beset on every side, quite incapable of judging what to undertake, or which course to steer : however, he at last resolved to steer further up into the woods, which he accordingly did, and got up another tree : here he sat all the succeeding day without a morsel of food ; but was diverted with a great number of squirrels he saw skipping from tree to tree. The next day, towards night, hunger became too powerful, and he was almost spent for want of food : in this necessity he knew not what to do ; at last, happening to espy a planter's house, at some distance, he was resolved to venture down in the night, thinking he might chance to find food of some sort about the house ; agreeable to this resolution, in the middle of the night, going into the planter's yard, to his great joy, found there a parcel of milch cows penned in, which he soon

milked into the crown of his hat, making a most delicious feast, and then retired to the woods again, climbing into a tree, where he passed the day much more easy than he had the preceding one.—Having found out this method of subsisting, he proceeded forward in the same manner, concealing himself in a tree in the day-time, and travelling all the night, milking the cows as often as he had an opportunity ; and steering his course, as near as he could guess, to Duck's Creek.

On the fifth night he heard the voices of several people near him, in the woods, upon which he stepped on one side, and concealed himself behind a tree, till they should pass by ; when they came near enough to distinguish their words, he heard them say, “we will make the best of our way to Duck's Creek, and there we shall certainly have him.” He judged that these were some in pursuit of him, therefore, thought himself very happy in having so narrowly escaped them.

Upon the eighth day he, being in a tree, discovered a lone house, near the skirts of the woods, and saw all the family, as he supposed, going out to hoe tobacco, and the dog following them : this was a joyful sight to him, for he had not the two preceding nights met with any cows, and consequently had been without food. As soon, therefore, as he saw the family were out of sight, he came down from the tree, and ventured into the house, where he found not only to satisfy his hunger, but what might be deemed luxury in his present condition, for there were jolly cake, powell, a sort of Indian corn bread, and good omani, which is kidney beans ground with Indian corn, sifted, then put into a pot to boil, and eat with molasses. Seeing so many dainties, he did not hesitate long, but,

hunger pressing, sat down and eat the omani, with as much composure as if he had been invited thereto by the owner of it; and knowing that hunger and necessity are bound by no laws of honour, he took the liberty of borrowing the jolly cake, and then hastened back to the tree with his booty.

Being thus stocked with provisions, he made the best of his way to Ogle-Town that night, and so to Old-Town. In the dawn of the morning of the eleventh day, he came in sight of Duck's Creek; but being afraid he might fall into the hands of his pursuers, he strikes a great way into the woods, towards Tuck-Hoe, where staying all the day in a tree, he came back again, in the middle of the night, to Duck's Creek: as soon as he came here, he runs to the water-side to see for a canoe, but found them all chained: he immediately set himself about breaking the chain, but found it too strong, and all his endeavours to break it in vain. Never was man more thunderstruck than he was now, just at the time when he expected to be out of danger, to meet with so unforeseen and insurmountable an obstacle: he knew there was no way of escaping, but by passing the river Delaware, but could think of no method of effecting it. Several hours did he pass in this agitation of mind; sometimes he had a mind to try his strength in swimming, but the river being so wide, he thought he should not reach the opposite shore; at last, reflecting what one of his ancestors had done in swimming a horse over Teignmouth-Bar, and seeing some horses grazing thereabout, he attempted passing the Delaware in that manner; for let the worst happen, he thought death preferable to slavery: being thus resolved, he soon catches one of the horses, and making a sort of bridle with his handkerchief, brings

the horse to the water-side; he walked for some time on the banks, looking for a proper place to enter the horse, at last espying a little stream, which ran into the great river Delaware, he fell down on his knees, and preyed very earnestly to God to assist him in the dangerous attempt, that he might once more see his dear wife and country; then stripping himself, and tying his frock and trowsers about his shoulders, mounted the horse, and putting him forward a little, the horse lost his footing, and in this manner he launched out into the river Delaware. The horse snorted and neighed to his companions, but made to the opposite shore with all the strength he could. Mr. Carew did not imagine the horse would be able to reach it, but proposed to save himself by swimming when the horse failed, the river being three miles over; however, contrary to his expectations, the horse reached the shore, but finding no place to land, it being a sandy mud, was obliged to swim him some time along the shore, till he came to a little creek, which the horse swimming into, soon got sure footing, to the great joy of our hero, who, dismounting, fell on his knees to return thanks; then turning to the horse, kissed him, telling him he must now turn quaker as well as himself, and let him go into the woods.

The first house he came to was a miller's, whose wife came out, and asked him from whence he came? He told her from the Havannah, from whence he had been released by an exchange of prisoners, and was now going home. The good woman pitied him much, and told him he looked very melancholy; but the husband coming in, said he believed he was an Irishman; this he denied, averring, he was of the West of England; so they gave him a piece of that

country money, and a mug of rum, which he drinking greedily, being very thirsty, threw him into a violent fever, that he was obliged to stop at a neighbouring house, where he lay sick for three or four days. From hence he goes to Newcastle, where he raised contributions from several gentlemen, as he had done before, but not under the same name. From hence to Castile, Brandywine Ferry, Chester, and Derby, where he got relief from the same name miller where Mr. Whitfield was, when he was there before, and lodged at the same house, but took care to disguise himself, so as not to be known : here he got a pass from the justice, as a sick man, bound to Boston. From hence he goes to Philadelphia, Buck's County, and over a ferry into the New Jerseys, and away to Burlington and Amboyne, so to Trent Town, in Staten Island; hence to Brunswick, where he got relief from Mr. Matthews, the miller, who treated him so hospitably the first time he was there, but who did not know him again now. From hence he proceeded to Elizabeth Town, Long Island, and New York, and from thence to New London, where he chanced to see the captain who had taken him home before, but he avoided him. From New London he proceeds to Groten, where he got a twenty-shilling bill from one Mr. Goyf, and several other half-crown bills from other people. He then inquired his way to Rhode Island, and his landlord, where he quartered, went with him about two miles of the way, when they chanced to fall into the company of some drovers, who were driving a number of bullocks, for the use of some privateers who lay at Rhode Island.

Coming into the city of Boston, Mr. Carew was surprised at the grandeur of it; and seeing a green hill, at the end of the great street, much like Glas-

tonbury Torr, he goes up it, and had a most beautiful prospect of the city from the top of it, where was placed the mast of a ship, with pullies to draw up a lighted barrel of tar, to alarm the country, in case of an invasion. Going down the hill again, he met two drummers, a serjeant, and several soldiers and marines, who were, by beat of drum, proclaiming that all the tavern and shopkeepers might credit the soldiers and marines, to a certain value. Some of the soldiers presently knew him, and persuaded him to go along with them to one Mother Passmore's, a house of rendezvous, where they were very merry together; while they were drinking, in came Captain Sharp, who commanded them, and was an old friend of our hero's: "What, Mr. Carew," cries the captain, in a surprise, "who could think of seeing you here? When did you see my brother?" "I saw him," replied he, "about six months ago, but his lady is dead." "Is she so?" said the captain, "I have heard nothing of it." The captain having asked him several other questions, treated him very handsomely, and kept him some time at his own charge; but his heart glowing to see his native country, he once more resolved to ship himself for old England; accordingly he determined to go on board the London, a new ship, commanded by Captain Bowling; but Captain Sharp persuaded him to go with Captain Ball, in the ship Mary; he accordingly agreed for his voyage, and nothing material happening in their passage, arrived at King-Road, and the next tide up to the quay at Bristol; and having moored the vessel, the crew spent the night on shore with their jolly landladies.

The next morning, early, they got on board, and soon after came the captain, with some Bristol merchants: the captain gave Carew a bill on his brother,

who lived at Topsham ; which having received, he soon turned his back on Bristol.

Carew having left Bristol, made the best of his way to Bridgewater, and from thence to Taunton, and so to Exeter, supporting his travelling expences by his ingenuity. As soon as he arrived at Exeter, he made the best of his way to the house of an old acquaintance, where he expected to hear some news of his wife ; but going through East-gate, he was met by two gentlemen, who immediately cried out, here's our old friend Carew : they then laid hold of him, and took him back to the Oxford Inn, where they inquired, where he had been this long time ? He acquainted them in what manner he had been carried to Maryland ; he likewise informed them of Captain Simmond's death, and the vessel had been taken into port by Harrison, the mate, who was afterwards drowned, in company with some planters, in Talbot River.

Fame having soon sounded the arrival of our hero, through every street in Exeter, several gentlemen flocked to the Oxford Inn to visit him, and amongst the rest Merchant Davey : " What, have you found your way home again ? " says the merchant. " Yes, yes," replied he, " as you sent me over for your pleasure, I am come back for my own ; " which made the gentlemen laugh very heartily. The merchant then asked him several questions about Captain Simmonds and Harrison, where he left the vessel, and if he had been sold. " No, no," replied he, " I took care to be out of the way before they had struck a bargain for me ; and as to the vessel, I left her in Miles's River." The gentlemen could not help being surprised at his ingenuity and expedition, in thus getting home twice before the vessel which carried

him out: and Merchant Davey proposed making a collection for him, and begun it himself with half-a-crown: having received a handsome contribution, he returned the gentlemen thanks, and took his leave, being impatient to hear of his wife: he, therefore, goes to his usual quarters, Kitty Finnimore's, in Castle-lane, where he occasioned no little terror to his landlady: she verily believed it to be his ghost, as she heard he was certainly dead; however, our hero soon convinced her he was flesh and blood: he then inquired when she heard from his wife? who informed him, to his great joy, that both his wife and daughter were there a few days before, and were gone towards Newton-Bushel; but they had given over all thoughts of seeing him again, as they thought him dead. Though it was then night, our hero, impatient of seeing his wife and daughter, set forwards for Newton-Bushel, and going directly to his usual quarters, he found them all in bed, therefore called out to the woman of the house, and his wife hearing his voice, immediately leaped out of bed, crying out, it was her Bampfylde; a light was then struck with as much expedition as possible, and his wife and daughter came down to meet him, with the utmost transports of joy.

The next morning, accompanied by his wife and daughter, he went and paid his respects to Sir Thomas Carew, at Hackum, where they were received with great kindness: and Sir Thomas told him, if he would forsake the mendicant order, he would take care to provide for him and his family. He returned Sir Thomas a great many thanks, but declared, that as he had entered himself into the mendicant order, he was resolved to continue therein as long as he lived; but hoped, if any accident happened to him,

he would extend his goodness to his dear wife and daughter.

It was about this time, that one of the greatest personages in the kingdom being at Bath, Carew was drawn thither with the rest of the world to see her, but with more advantage indeed to himself, than most others reaped from it; for making himself as much an Hanoverian as he could in dress, &c. he presented a petition to her as an unfortunate person of that country, and had from her a very princely benefaction.

Some time after this, 'Squire Morris, who succeeded to the fine seat and estate of Sir William Morrice, near Launceston in Cornwall, coming to reside there, and hearing much talk of Mr. Carew, was very desirous of seeing him; and he happening to come soon after into that neighbourhood, some of the servants, who knew their master's inclinations, chancing to see him, conducted him into the house, and shewed him into the parlour, where Mr. Morrice was with a large company of friends. Carew was made very welcome, and the company had a great deal of conversation with him; during which, Mr. Morrice very nicely examined every feature in his countenance, and at last declared, that he would lay any wager that he should know him again, come in what shape he would, so as not to be imposed upon by him. One of the company took Mr. Morrice up, and a wager was laid, that Mr. Carew should do it within such a limited time. This being agreed upon, Carew took his leave. He began immediately to meditate in what shape he should be able to deceive the circumspection of Mr. Morrice; and within a few days came to the house, and endeavoured, in two or three different shapes, and with as many different tales, to obtain charity from Mr. Morrice, but he, remembering his wager, would

hearken to none. At last, understanding that Mr. Morrice was to go out a hunting one morning, with several of the company who were present when the wager was laid, he dressed himself like a neat old woman, and placing himself in the road Mr. Morrice was riding along, all of a sudden he fell down, and counterfeited all the distortions of the most violent fits in such a terrible manner, that Mr. Morrice was greatly affected with the poor creature's condition ; ordering his servants to get down and assist her, staying himself till she was brought a little to herself, then gave her a piece of money, and ordered one of the servants to shew her to his house, that she might have some refreshment there ; but Carew having obtained what he desired, flung off the old woman, and discovers himself to Mr. Morrice, and the rest of the company, wishing them all a good morrow ; upon which Mr. Morrice owned he had fairly lost his wager.

Carew remained during the time at Brickleigh, fresh news arriving every day, of the progress of the rebels, that insatiable curiosity, which had always actuated his breast, prompted him to go and see the army of the rebels : he, therefore, taking leave of his wife and daughter, though they entreated him with tears not to go to the north, made the best of his way to Edinburgh.

Here Carew met the rebels, but having no mind to join them, he pretended to be very sick and lame ; however, he accosted them with, " God bless you, noble gentlemen !" and the rebels moving on to Carlisle, he hopped after them, and from thence to Manchester, and here had a sight of the pretender's son, and other commanders. He afterwards accompanied them to Derby, where the Duke of Cumberland was coming to fight them ; upon which their

courage failing, though the pretender's son was for fighting, they retreated back to Carlisle, upon which he thought it time to leave them, and hopped homeward on his crutches, taking care to change his note to "God bless King George, and the brave Duke William!"

Coming into Bristol, he accidentally met one Mr. P——, an apothecary, who had formerly known him at St. Mary Ottery, in Devon; Mr. P—— was very glad to see him, and took him to a tavern, where he treated him very handsomely, and then sent for his wife, sister, and other friends, to come and see him: they were all highly pleased to see a man they had heard so much of, and after spending some hours very merrily with him, they would have him try his fortune in that city, but to take care of the mint. Accordingly he goes away to a place of rendezvous of the mendicant's in Temple street, and there equips himself in a very good suit of clothes, then goes upon the Exchange as a supercargo of a ship, called the Dragon, which had been burnt by lightning, off the Lizard Point. By this story he raised a very handsome contribution of the merchants and captains of vessels, it being well-known that such a ship had been burnt in the manner he described. He then returned to his friend Mr. P——, the apothecary, and knocking at the door, asked if he was at home. Upon which, Mr. P—— comes forth, and not knowing him again in his supercargo's dress, made him a very low bow, and desired him to walk in. Carew asked him if he had some very fine salve, for that he had met with an accident, and burnt his elbow. Upon which, Mr. P—— runs behind the counter, and reaches down a pot of salve, desiring, with a great deal of complaisance, the favour of looking at his el-

bow. He then discovered himself, which occasioned no little diversion to Mr. P—— and his family, who made him very welcome.

The next morning he appeared in a morning gown, acting the madman, and carried it so far as to address himself to all the posts in the street, as if they were saints, lifting up his hands and eyes in a fervent, though distracted manner, to heaven, and making use of so many extravagant gestures, that he astonished the whole city. Going through Castle-street, he met the Rev. Mr. B——e, a minister in that place, whom he accosted with his arms thrown round him; and insisted, in a raving manner, that he should tell him who was the father of the morning star? which frightened the parson so much, that he took to his heels and run for it, he running after him, until he had taken shelter in a house.

Mr. Carew returning to town, and hearing a charity sermon was to be preached by a Right Rev. Bishop, resolved to attend as a poor miserable cripple, not doubting of coming in for a share of public benevolence. The learned prelate, whose text was—“From those to whom much is given, much will be required,” not only called aloud from the pockets of the wealthy, but also for the exertion of those natural abilities, that heaven endowed any one with in a peculiar manner. With such energy did this pious divine press home his arguments, that Carew, who was all attention, could not but feel the force of them. On his return home, he was absorbed in meditation: the discourse he heard, had penetrated effectually. He reflected how idly he had spent the prime of life; that the good education heaven had vouchsafed him, he had only made use of to disgrace his name—bring sorrow to his relations, and, with more facility, deceive

and plunder his fellow-creatures. These cogitations so continually wrought in him, that recovering from a severe illness they threw him into, he took the resolution of resigning the Egyptian sceptre. Writing, therefore, to Coleman to hasten to London, it was there concluded to call a general assembly ; which being met, he declared his fixed purpose, in imitation of Charles V. to quit his government, and advised them to choose the most deserving amongst them ; that they should ever have his sincere affection and good wishes ; but for himself, his resolution was taken, and all arguments to the contrary would be useless. The assembly finding him determined, reluctantly acquiesced ; and he departed amidst the applauses and sighs of his subjects.

We are no longer to behold him as concerned with mendicants, to the joy of his wife and daughter : the former of whom had by this time such an ascendancy over her loving landlord, that his passion was visible to every one ; it was, therefore, time to finish that business. Accordingly, late one evening, as he was declaring the vehemence of his love to her on his knees, in the parlour, the husband, who was thought out of town, suddenly, with his friend Coleman, entering the room, seized him, and with his drawn sword, threatened to run him through. Excuses, prayers, and promises, were vainly used with the enraged husband, till Mr. Coleman, by seeming force, got away the sword, making him promise to defer the matter till it could be discussed in the morning, and himself would sit up with the poor gentleman, and try if no means might be hit upon to end the business. This was at length complied with : the angry man and wife retiring, and sleeping, for appearance sake, in different beds. And two bottles of wine being put on the table, the other two sat down to negociation. After

long consultation, Mr. Coleman proposed, as he understood the house and furniture were his, as the least he could do for such an injury, to convey the same to Mr. Moore, on stopping all proceedings. This he did not rightly relish, but being convinced how, in case of excommunication, frequently the consequence of *crim. con.* he must not hope to call in his money, he agreed to the proposal. In the morning a lawyer was sent for, the business finished, and the enamoretto retired, determined to recover his loss as soon as possible, from those whose misfortune compelled to seek his friendship.

Our adventurer now speculated in the lottery, and buying nine tickets, one came up 5000*l.* two 1000*l.* each, and one 20*l.* Flushed with success, he tried the next year the same number, and one was 1000*l.* and one 50*l.* He tried the third time, and out of the nine two were of 50*l.* - the fourth year all nine were blanks. Perceiving fortune no longer favoured him, he would tempt her no further; and finding the air of the town not rightly to agree with him, and having by this time made his circumstances quite easy, he retired in the western parts to a neat purchase he made, and there ended his days, beloved and esteemed by all; leaving his daughter (his wife dying some time before him) a genteel fortune, who since was married to a neighbouring young gentleman; and by the sweetness of her behaviour, and amiableness of her character, is a blessing to herself, a pattern to her acquaintance, and an honour to his family.

A DICTIONARY

OF THE

GANT LANGUAGE USED BY THE MENDICANTS.

Abram, naked, without clothes, or scarcely enough to cover the nakedness.—*Ambidexter*, one that goes snacks in gaming with both parties; also a lawyer that takes fees of a plaintiff and defendant at once.—*Autem*, a church; also married.—*Autem-bawler*, a preacher or parson of any sect.—*Autem-cacklers*, *Autem-prickears*, dissenters of any denomination.—*Autem-divers*, church pickpockets; but often used for churchwardens, overseers of the poor, sidesmen, and others who have the management of the poor's money.

Back'd, dead.—*Balsam*, money.—*Bandog*, a bailiff, or his follower; a serjeant, or his yeoman; also a fierce mastiff.—*Barker*, a salesman's servant that walks before the shop, and cries "cloaks, coats, or gowns;—what d'ye buy."—*Barnacle*, a good job, or a snack easily got.—*Barnacles*, the irons wore in gaols by felons.—*Bantiner*, an ox.—*Baabee*, an halfpenny.—*Beard-splitter*, a whoremaster-beck, or harmen-beck; a beadle.—*A Ben*, a foolish fellow.—*Bene-darkmens*, a good night.—*Bigawast*, get you hence, begone.—*Bingomort*, a female drunkard, a she brandy-drinker.—*Black box*, a lawyer.—*Black-Indies*, Newcastle, from whence the coals are brought.—*Black-spy*, the devil.—*Blind-cheeks*, the breach.—*Blower*, a mistress; also a whore.—*Bluffer*, a host, or inn-keeper, or victualler.—*Bone*, to apprehend, seize, take, or arrest.—*Borde*, a shilling.—*Bouncing cheat*, a bottle.—*Bracket-face*, ugly, homely, ill-favoured.—

Buck's-face, a cuckold.—*Buse*, a dog.—*Bull's-eye*, a crown.—*Bung*, a purse, pocket, or fob.—*Burr*, a hanger-on, or dependant.

Calle, a cloak, or gown.—*Camesa*, a shirt, or shift.—*Cank*, dumb.—*Canniken*, the plague.—*Cap*, to swear.—*Captain Queernabs*, a fellow in poor clothes, shabby.—*Caravan*, a good round sum of money about a man.—*Case*, a house, shop, or warehouse.—*Caster*, a cloak.—*Cow-handed*, awkward, not dexterous, ready, or nimble.—*Chunticleer*, a cock.—*Chates*, the gallows.—*Chatts*, lice.—*Chife*, a knife, file, or saw.—*Clank*, a silver tankard.—*Coach-wheel*, or a fore coach-wheel, half a crown; a hind coach-wheel, a crown, or five-shilling piece.—*Cobblecolter*, a turkey.—*Colquarron*, a man's neck.—*Commission*, a shirt.—*C fortable impudence*, a wife.—*Costard*, the head.—*Cow's-baby*, a calf.—*Crackmans*, hedges.—*Croker*, a groat, or four-pence.—*Croppen*, the tail of any thing.—*Cucumbers*, taylors.—*Cussin*, a man.—*Culp*, a kick, or blow.—*Cupshot*, drunk.

Dace, two-pence.—*Dag*, a gun.—*Damber*, a rascal.—*Dancers*, stairs.—*Darkmans*, night.—*Dash*, a tavern-drawer.—*Daube*, a bribe, or reward for secret service.—*Decus*, a crown.—*Degen*, a sword.—*Dimbermort*, a pretty wench.—*Drumbelow*, a dull heavy fellow.

Facer, a bumper without lip room.—*Fambles*, rings.—*Famms*, hands.—*Fastner*, a warrant.—*Ferret*, a pawnbroker, or tradesman that sells goods to young spendthrifts, upon trust, at excessive rates, and then hunts them without mercy, and often throws them into a gaol, where they perish for his debt.—*Flag*, a groat.—*Flash*, a peruke, or perriwig.—*Flicker*, a drinking-glass.—*Flicking*, to cut, cutting; as, *flick me some ponea and cassan* : cut me some bread and cheese.

—*Flue*, the recorder of London, or any other town.—*Flyers*, shoes.—*Froglanders*, Dutchmen.—*Frumma-gemm'd*, choaked, strangled, or hanged.—*Furmen*, aldermen.

Gan, a mouth.—*Ganus*, the lips.—*Gaoler's coach*, a hurdle.—*Gentry-cove*, a gentleman.—*Gage*, a pot, or pipe.—*George*, a half-crown piece.—*Gigger*, a door.—*Glaziers*, eyes.—*Glim*, a dark lantern; a fire.—*Glimfendert*, hand-irons.—*Glimstick*, candlestick.—*Green bag*, a lawyer.—*Grannan-gold*, old hoarded coin.—*Grig*, a farthing.—*Gropers*, blind men.—*Gutter-lane*, the throat.

Half-nab, at a venture, unsight unseen, hit or miss.—*Half-board*, sixpence.—*Hams*, breeches.—*Hamlet*, a high constable.—*Hanktel*, a silly fellow, a mere cods-head.—*Hasen-kelder*, *Jack in the box*, the child in the womb, or a health to it.—*Harman*, a constable.—*Harmans*, the stocks.—*Hatmanbeck*, a beadle.—*Hawk*, a sharper.—*Hazle-gold*, to beat a man with a hazle stick, or plant.—*Hearingcherts*, ears.—*Heaver*, the breast.—*Hell*, the place where the taylors lay up their cabbage, or remnants, which are sometimes very large.—*Hempen-widow*, one whose husband was hanged.—*Henfright*, whose commanders and officers are absolutely swayed by their wives.—*High tide*, when the pocket is full of money.—*Hocus*, disguised in liquor, drunk.—*Hodmendots*, snails in their shells.—*Hog-grubber*, a close-fisted, narrow-souled, sneaking fellow.—*Hop-merchant*, a dancing master.—*Hunt-box*, a pulpit.—*Hummer*, a great lie, rapper.—*Hums*, persons at church.—*Husbylour*, a jobe or guinea.—*Hulverhead*, a silly, foolish fellow.—*Humpty dumpty*, ale boiled with brandy.

Jack-adandy, a little impertinent insignificant fellow.—*Jack-adams*, a fool.—*Jack-in-a-box*, a sharper,

or cheat.—*Jack-at-pinch*, a poor hackney parson.—*Jacobites*, shame, or collar shirts.—*Jarke*, a seal.—*Jet*, a lawyer.—*Autem jet*, a parson.—*Iron doublet*, a prison.—*Itchland*, Scotland.—*Juckrum*, a license.

A bob ken, or *a brownmanken*, a good or well-furnished house.—*Ken*, a house.—*Kicks*, breeches.—*Kill devil*, rum.—*Kinchin*, a little child.—*King's pictures*, money.

Laced mutton, a woman.—*Lag*, water ; also last.—*Lad-a-duds*, a buck of clothes.—*Lamb-skin men*, the judges of several courts.—*Lansprizado*, he that comes into company with two-pence in his pocket.—*A dark lantern*, the servant or agent that receives the bribe at court.—*Libben*, a private dwelling house.—*Libbege*, a bed.—*Lifter*, a crutch.—*Lightmans*, the day, or day break.—*Little Barbary*, Wapping.—*Line of the told author*, a dram of brandy.—*Loaped*, run away : *he loop'd up the dancers*, whipt up stairs.—*Loge*, a watch.—*Louse-trap*, a comb.—*Low tide*, when there is no money in a man's pocket.

Minniquin, a dwarf, or diminutive fellow.—*Maunders*, beggars.—*Mundering broth*, scolding.—*Meggs*, guineas.—*Melt*, to spend money.—*Millclapper*, a woman's tongue.—*Mist*, a contraction of commission ; signifying a shirt, smock, or sheet.—*Mishtopper*, a coat, or petticoat.—*Moabites*, serjeants, bailiffs, and their crew.—*Moon curser*, a link-boy.—*Mower*, a cow.—*Muck*, money, wealth.—*Mutton-monger*, lover of women.—*Mutton in long coats*, women.—*A leg of mutton in a silk stocking*, a woman's leg.

Nab, a hat, cap, or head ; also a coxcomb.—*Ne'er a face but his own*, not a penny in his pocket.—*Nim gimmer*, a doctor, surgeon, or apothecary.—*Nubling cheats*, the gallows.—*Nutcrackers*, the pillory.

Oak, a rich man, of good substance and credit.—

Ogles, eyes.—*Rum ogles*, fine, bright, clear, piercing eyes.—*One in ten*, a parson.

Panum, bread.—*Panter*, a heart.—*Pantler*, a butler.—*Peeper*, a looking-glass.—*Peter*, a portmanteau, cloak-bag.—*Peg tantrums*, (as *gone to peg tantrums*) dead.—*Penance-board*, a pillory.—*Penthouse-nab*, a very broad brimm'd hat.—*Perriwinckle*, a peruke, or perriwig.—*Philistines*, serjeants, bailiffs, &c.—*Porker*, a sword.—*Property*, a mere tool or implement, to serve a turn; a cat's paw.

Quail pipe, a woman's tongue.—*Queer bluffer*, a sneaking, sharpening, cut-throat alehouseman, or inn-keeper.—*Queer cuffin*, a justice of peace; also a churl.

Rabbit suckers, young spendthrifts, taking goods on tick.—*Rattling cove*, a coachman.—*Red rag*, a tongue: *your red rag will never lie still*, your tongue will never be quiet.—*Regraters*, forestallers in markets.—*Riblin*, money.—*Romboyed*, sought after a warrant.—*Rotan*, a coach, or waggon, any thing that runs upon wheels, but principally a cart.—*Roysters*, rude, roaring.—*Ruffin*, the devil.—*Ruffmans*, the woods or bushes.—*Rumbeck*, any justice of peace.—*Rumbo*, a prison, or gaol.—*Rumboozing wets*, bunches of grapes.—*Rumclank*, a large silver tankard.—*Rumdegen*, a silver-hilted, or inlaid sword.—*Rum dropper*, a vintner.

School butter, a whipping.—*Sconce*, to build a large scone to run deep upon tick, or trust.—*Seedy*, poor, moneyless, exhausted.—*Setters*, or *setting dogs*, they that draw in bubbles, for old gamesters to rook; also a serjeant's yeoman, bailiff's follower, or second, or an excise officer.—*Sharper's tools*, false dice.—*Shot*, clap't or poxed.—*Shove the tumbler*, whipt at the tail of a cart.—*Skin-flint*, a griping, sharpening close-crown; also the same as flat.—*Smear*, a painter, or plasterer.

—*Smeller*, a nose.—*Smiter*, an arm.—*Smelling-cheat*, a nosegay ; also an orchard or garden.—*Smug*, a blacksmith ; also neat and spruce.—*Snilch*, to eye or see any body : *the cul snilches*, the man eyes or sees you.—*Snite*, to wipe, or slap.—*Snout*, a hog's head.—*Sock*, a pocket.—*Son of Prattlement*, a lawyer.—*Sow's baby*, a pig.—*Soul driver*, a parson.—*South sea Mountain*, Geneva.—*Spanish money*, fair words and compliments.—*Spanks*, money, gold or silver.—*Speck's whiper*, a coloured handkerchief.—*Spiritual flesh broker*, a parson.—*Splitfig*, a grocer.—*Splitter of causes*, a lawyer.—*Squirish*, foolish.—*Stamps*, legs.—*Stampers*, shoes ; also carriers.—*Stick-flams*, a pair of gloves.—*Stoter*, a great blow.—*Strummel*, a straw of hair.—*Strum*, a perriwig.—*Rum strum*, a long wig.—*Stubble it*, hold your tongue.—*Suit and cloak*, good store of brandy, or any other agreeable liquor.—*Supouch*, and hostess or landlady.—*Swag*, a shop.—*Rum Swag*, full of rich goods.

Tears of the tankard, drops of the good liquor that fall beside.—*Thrum*, three-pence.—*Tip of the buttery*, a goose.—*Tip*, to give or lend.—*Tagemans*, a gown, or cloak.—*Top-diver*, a lover of women.—*Topping cheat*, the gallows.—*Topping-cove*, the hangman.—*Tout*, to look out sharp, to be upon one's guard.—*Track*, to go.—*Tres wins*, three-pence.—*Trib*, a prison.—*Trine*, to hang ; also tyburn.—*Trooper*, a half-crown.—*Trundlers*, pease.—*Tumbler*, a cart.—*Turkey merchants*, drivers of turkeys.—*To twig*, to disengage, to sunder, to snap, to break off.—*To twig the daries*, to knock off the irons.

Vampers, stockings.—*Velvet*, a tongue.—*To tip the velvet*, to tongue a woman.—*Vinegar*, a cloak.

Wattles, ears.—*Whids*, words.—*Wnimpshire*, Yorkshire.—*Whowhall*, a milkmaid.—*Whiskers*, a

great lye.—*Whitewool*, silver.—*Whimble*, sad drink.—*Witcher*, silver bowl.—*Whomblety cropt*, the indisposition of a drunkard, after a debauch in wine, or other strong liquors.—*Wooden rough*, a pillory: *he wore the wooden rough*, he stood in the pillory.—*Word pecker*, one that plays with words, a punster.

Yam, to eat heartily, to stuff lustily.—*Yarmouth capon*, a red herring.—*Yarum*, milk, or food made of milk.—*Yelper*, a town cryer; also one subject to complain, or make pitiful lamentations for trifling incidents.—*Znees*, frost, or frozen.—*Zneesy weather*, frosty weather.



WILD ROSE

THE
CASTLE OF SAVINA;

OR,

THE IRISHMAN IN ITALY.

A TALE.

LONDON:

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For Ann Lemoine, White Rose Court, Coleman Street,
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WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



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PREFACE.

IF the Roses contained in the following Pages be Wild Roses, as our Title expresses that they will be, it will still be the peculiar Care of the Editor to prune from them every Luxuriance which might justly offend the Breast of Morality, or be regarded as a Foe to the Heart of Innocence. If our Roses have any Thorns, they shall be found directed against such evil-disposed Minds as merit the Pungency of Correction; but they shall still not be drawn with sufficient Asperity to offend the Purity of the most chaste and virtuous Heart. This Work is intended to form an Assemblage of Sweets, from which every noisome Weed shall be excluded; the sovereign Rose of which shall be Morality, and the uniting Bond, Heart's-ease!

THE CASTLE OF SAVINA;

OR,

THE IRISHMAN IN ITALY.

A TALE.

IN one of those romantic glens which abound in the south of Italy, where the beauties of nature spring up in the highest state of perfection, unaided by the hand of cultivation, stood the dwelling of an aged man, who called himself Antonio. Around the cottage (for his habitation was little better) grew the pine and beech, whose towering tops afforded a welcome shelter from the too powerful beams of a mid-day sun; and whose vales courted the musk-rose, the sweet-scented heliotrope, and the many-coloured verbena, to creep up them for support, and intermix their gaieties with the more sober tints of the luxuriant branches.

In this retreat Antonio had resided nearly twenty years: he was a man now in the vale of life, who passed in the country, where he lived, for a peasant; but whose manners, and education, betrayed him to the eye of nicer discernment, for a scholar, and a gentleman. He was eminently respected; and by some of his neighbours it was suspected, that his origin had been above that of a cottager; for it was well known, that his manners were far above those of the common peasantry; but no one appeared to be acquainted with his story, except a man of his own age, of the name of Michelli, who lived with him

under the title of servant, but who was, upon almost all occasions, admitted to an equality with his master, and thence supposed to enjoy his confidence.

The manners of Antonio were of the most gentle and conciliating nature : his heart appeared the seat of benevolence, and his hand the ready performer of its charitable mandates. His age was about fifty; his face was still good, and his countenance rendered irresistibly interesting, by the tinge of melancholy which was united with the placidity that hung on his features.

His servant, or rather friend, Michelli, was still a child of nature, though advancing towards threescore years : his manners were plain, and blunt ; such as bespoke honesty eager to shew itself on every occasion, but unconscious of vanity, or ostentation in the display. He appeared, like his master, to dislike the world, and to look with that suspicion on its inhabitants, which arises rather from having suffered unjustly at their hands, than from a temper naturally mean and distrustful ; but, like that master, when the little intercourse he now had with society, introduced him to a heart which he deemed worthy of respect, he considered himself never to have done enough for its happiness.

But both Antonio and Michelli had an object immediately connected with them, which drew forth equally their endearments, their attentions, and their pride ; and this was the son of the former, named Urbino. This youth had just attained his twenty-first year ; in his person he appeared the representative of health, strength, and symmetry united ; and his countenance was such, that had Atceon possessed it, the frozen blood of the chaste Diana must have melted at his sight, and his intrusion not have met its merited punishment. Nor was the mind of Urbino inferior to his person. Antonio was possessed of books, as well as a store of knowledge hoarded in his memory, and his chief object had been to impart it to the growing comprehension of his son, in whom he had met the grateful recompense of seeing his instructions dedicated to a profitable soil.

Thus qualified, it may easily be imagined, that Urbino was the favorite of each pastoral nymph who tripped it on the moonlight glade to the merry notes of the pipe and tabor; that each openly sought him for her partner in the dance; and that each secretly desired him as the partner of her life; but, although Urbino loved the society of them all, a considerable time elapsed ere any one of them had the power to touch his heart beyond the instant he was conversing with her. Beautiful as Urbino confessed many of the neighbouring shepherdesses to be, still the conquest of his affections was reserved for one, in his eyes more enchantingly divine than any female the woodlands of Savina could boast.

It was now nearly eighteen months since, as Antonio was sitting wrapt in the contemplation of a picture which hung in his apartment, and to which he had frequently called the attention of Urbino, telling him that it represented his mother, Urbino ran into the cottage, bearing in his arms a female who appeared to have fainted, and whose cloaths were dripping with water. They were followed by an elderly woman, who expressed the greatest fears and anxiety for the other; whom she called, her dear child Julia. Antonio lent his assistance to his son and the woman in recovering the younger female, which was in a little time effected. When she had opened her eyes, and found herself in safety, in the most grateful terms she expressed her thanks to her preserver, and then saying, "Come, Fernandina, let us go home," was about to leave the cottage.

Antonio and his son both withheld her from departing; they insisted that she should accept such hospitality as their dwelling was able to afford her, and their entreaties prevailed on her to stay: the elder female appeared at first reluctant to remain any longer where they were; but she was at last prevailed upon by the young one to consent. A fire was immediately lighted, and the wet garments of Julia dried by it, during which operation, Urbino gratified the curiosity of

his father with an account of his introduction to the two strangers. "He had (he said) been strolling round the foot of a hill at some distance from their cottage, and as he was returning home, his eye had first fallen upon the two females now in the chamber, coming out of the hut of a poor old man, who lived across a rivulet which he described. On leaving this hut, Fernandina, as the elder was called, had immediately passed over the trunk of a tree which was laid across the rivulet to serve as a bridge. The younger female, Julia, had stopped a moment or two behind to gather a flower, and running to overtake her friend, her foot had slipped as she was crossing the water, and she had fallen into it. Urbino had run to her assistance, and jumped in after her, and having taken her out, had brought her to his father's cottage.

"I am not acquainted with them either by name, or person, (said Antonio;) and I think they must be strangers to this part of the country."

Urbino thought the same, and expressed his admiration of Julia's beauty.

When the two females again descended into the lower apartment of the cottage, Antonio set before them some cakes and fruit, of which they partook; and again expressed their thanks to Urbino for his generous conduct in the warmest terms. After some time, they rose to depart, and Urbino offered himself as their conductor home.

"Pardon us, Sir, (said Fernandina :) but that offer we cannot accept. We are not allowed to carry any one home with us, or to give information where our home is. We shall, perhaps, call on you again at some future time; but you must excuse our inviting you to our dwelling."

Urbino looked surprised; and Julia said, "Believe me, the gratitude I owe you will never be effaced from my heart." And with these words they bade farewell, and departed. "Remember (said Urbino) we shall think every day an age till we see you again." Fernandina made a silent reverence to the compliment;

and Julia vouchsafed a smile, which seemed to say, that the visit would not be disagreeable to her.

Urbino could talk of nothing but the beautiful peasant Julia: every hour of the day he was wishing to see her again, to learn where she lived, and why she thus assiduously concealed herself. He resolved to go to the cottage of old Francisco, coming out of which he had first seen her, and try to gain some information of her there. As he entered the hut, the first object he beheld was herself. Old Francisco, it appeared, had been ill some weeks; and Julia and Fernandina had regularly supplied him with the means of procuring himself comfort.

Urbino invited them to walk to his father's cottage; but they declined the invitation, promising to call on the following day. As they were leaving Francisco's hut, Fernandina said, "Don't follow us, young man: disobey this injunction, and you never will see us again." When they were gone, Urbino proposed several questions concerning them, to the object of their benevolence, but he could not satisfy him in any of his questions. He had known them for three weeks; but whence they came, or who they were, he had no idea. They had first stopped and spoken to him one day as he was sitting by his door, and learning that he was poor, and unwell, had often, since that time, repeated their visits to him, and given him relief.

The same tale of their humanity and benevolence, Urbino heard at many other cottages in the village; but no one could tell him whence they came, or whither they went. Their appearance in the place excited the wonder of many; but they had strictly forbidden every one to watch them on pain of never seeing them again; and their friendship was too highly and universally valued, for the terms on which it was enjoyed to be transgressed.

The strangers faithfully kept their promise of calling at the cottage of Antonio on the following day, and brought with them a basket of delicious fruit, as a present to its owner. Urbino received them with rapture.

Antonio likewise derived pleasure from the visit; he discovered Julia to be possessed of the most fascinating manners, and delicate sense, and by no means deficient in the acquired graces of the mind. In Fernandina he believed himself to have found a wary and cautious female, who had seen enough of life to have drawn from her share in its scenes, the lessons of experience, and to have fled with her daughter from the contagion of its evil habits. But he forbore to make any inquiry into their history, as he should himself have refused a reply, if the question had been returned to him; and he deemed it unfair to exact from another, that information which we are unwilling to repay to them.

Thus passed on several months, during which a friendly intercourse was kept up between them; and the prepossession which Urbino and Julia had conceived for each other continued to increase, but no confession of their love had fallen from their lips. The abode of the females still continued an inviolable secret; the innocent race by whom they were known, and respected, deemed it unwarrantable to intrude on the secrets of those whom they had admitted to their friendship.

The district of which the small estate rented by Antonio formed a part, had, like all other districts in that country, its Marquis, and its Castle. For several years past, the latter had not been inhabited, except by servants; and the name of the former scarcely known. Necessitous circumstances, the event of imprudence and luxury, had, about thirty years before the present time, obliged the descendants of the family, who had originally given the name of Savina to the district, to sell their paternal inheritance; and since that period, it had very frequently changed its owner, having more than once been staked upon the cast of the die.

Report said, that it now belonged to a Venetian nobleman, who had lately come into possession of it, and that it was inhabited by some of his domestics, whom he had sent into it, to attend to its being put into repair, and to guard the produce of the lands

from being encroached upon by strangers. But these dependants of the Marquis being sent from the more polished and more luxurious regions of Italy, disdained any intercourse with the peasantry round about; and thus little was known of them, and less of their master.

The day of Antonio's first coming to settle among the peasantry of Savina, had always been celebrated by them with great festivity and rejoicing; a custom which afforded him much heart-felt pleasure, as he knew their joy to be sincere: the approaching anniversary was the twentieth of his residence in his cottage, and they had agreed to celebrate it with more than usual merriment.

But a month was wanting to the time, when Antonio one evening told Fernandina and Julia, that he hoped they would on that day give him their company, and partake in the festivities it was to be graced with. They readily accepted his invitation. A few evenings before the expected day, they called at the cottage, and voluntarily renewed their promise of visiting it on the appointed day. "We shall have a dance, (said Urbino;) and I hope, Julia, you will give me your hand at it."

"No one has so good a right to it, (replied Julia, laughing;) for, but for you, I had never danced again."

On the following morning, Urbino heard from some of the neighbours, that the new Marquis, as the present one was called, was expected at his castle in a few days. Many strange reports, Urbino told his father, were in circulation about him: he was universally represented as a bad man; and his son as a youth who had been spoiled by parental indulgence, and was entirely unacquainted with the government of his passions.

Antonio bade him believe ill of no man on the word of another; told him that rumour loved to deal in the extraordinary; and that the reports of the multitude were generally the falsest criterions by which a man could form his judgment. Urbino continued silent; but he did not entirely cast away suspicion of the

new Marquis, and his son, at the recommendation of his father. What he dreaded from their arrival, was, lest the son should see Julia, and be equally susceptible of her charms as himself: in this case he considered that his passion would be swallowed up in the power and splendor of the young Marquis.

On the day previous to the anniversary of Antonio's becoming an inhabitant of Savina, the Marquis arrived with his family at the castle. Michelli had been at the neighbouring village to make some purchases for the ensuing day, and brought home the intelligence. The arrival of the Marquis, which had been rather sudden, although he had been shortly expected, had brought some of his domestics also to the village, to provide themselves with many articles which his coming had rendered necessary; and they, Michelli said, had, in their conversation with the peasantry, given but a very unfavorable account of their master and his son.

Michelli repeated a diffuse history of the peculations of the former when he had held a place in the state of Venice; his passion for gambling, and many other nefarious proceedings since he had lost the public office which he had once held. Of the son, pride and gallantry seemed to be the two leading features. At this Urbino sighed. "Heaven forbid he should see Julia!" he mentally exclaimed, and resolved, on the first given opportunity, to confess to her the affection she had inspired him with.

First in the morning arose Urbino. Julia had promised to witness the festivities of the day, and eagerness to behold her, would not suffer him to sleep after the crowing of the first cock; but early as he arose, the peasantry had been beforehand with him. The trees around the cottage of Antonio were already ornamented with garlands of flowers; rustic seats placed under them; the tables spread for their breakfast in the air; and in the centre a kind of throne, composed of turf and flowers, for the seat of Antonio himself.

"Heaven bless them for their love to my father!" exclaimed Urbino, as he beheld their preparations from

the window of his chamber. As soon as he was dressed, he went down, and returned them his thanks for the interest which they took in the happiness of their friend Antonio.

When all the preparations were completed, the females, neatly dressed, came tripping over the green in a body, and began a congratulatory song under the window of Antonio; of which he immediately obeyed the signal by coming down to join his assembled friends. The elders of the village, who had followed their daughters and sisters to the scene of rejoicing, were just arrived before the cottage as Antonio reached the door: on seeing him, they exclaimed with one voice, "Health to good Antonio, long may he live amongst us."

The tear of gratitude started into the eye of Antonio, and for some time deprived him of the power of utterance. His first emotion past, he said, "My friends, the pleasure I receive at meeting you thus, denies me the power of expressing, with all the warmth I feel them, the sentiments of my overflowing heart: in my actions they shall ever be testified to you."

"Heaven grant you long to live a blessing to us," was again echoed from voice to voice; and Antonio was then conducted to his seat.

Julia and Fernandina were not yet arrived. Antonio expressed his surprise at their absence, and Urbino his impatience for their coming.

After a short time, Julia alone came tripping over the plain. Urbino ran to meet her; and having spoken to her a most cordial welcome, placed her next to his father; who having also expressed his happiness at her arrival, and requested that breakfast might now be served, said, "One face is still wanting to complete our scene of joy; I see not Fernandina; where is she, my Julia?"

"She is not coming," Julia replied.

"Is she then ill? has any thing happened to her?" inquired Antonio.

"Oh, no," returned Julia: "but I suppose you have heard that the Marquis arrived at the castle last night?"

"Yes," answered Antonio; "does his arrival prevent her coming?"

"She was obliged to speak to him this morning: that's all," returned Julia.

"To the newly-arrived Marquis?" said Antonio: "does she know him?"

"Oh yes," answered Julia; "and I must go and speak to him, by and by."

"Do you then know him too?" asked Antonio.

"Oh yes," replied Julia, with something like a sigh.

Michelli, who was placed near his master, and had overheard the preceding discourse, said, "I should not have thought, begging pardon for my freedom, that such a nice young lady as yourself would have owned so ugly an acquaintance."

"Ugly!" repeated Julia.

"Ugly-minded," returned Michelli. "They say there is not a wickeder man living than the Marquis della Savina; that he was hooted out of Venice for his atrocious conduct, and obliged to come and settle here in our woods, because he was too well known to be suffered to live in peace and quiet any where else: and then he has a son, in some respects worse than himself. His father's toys, they say, are dice and daggers; those of the son, the hearts and reputations of females."

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed Julia, with visible emotion.

"What agitates you, Julia?" exclaimed Urbino.

"Sure Sir, you can't want to ask that question?" rejoined Michelli: "Is it not natural that a young lady should express fear, when such a ravisher may, perhaps, live within a stone's throw of her habitation?"

"There is an arm ready stretched out to defend her against every attack, if she will deign to fly to it for protection," cried Urbino.

"Perhaps he is scandalized," said Julia, and sunk into thought. All the attentions of Urbino proved unsuccessful to restore to her her wonted spirits; nor did she scarcely speak again, till an opportunity was presented to her of joining in the praises of Antonio." "Venerable man," she said, "all the country resounds with your commendations: I am, perhaps, the only one in it who has a quarrel against you; for, intimately as we are acquainted, I know not what country claims your birth, nor aught of your history."

"Have not you set me the example of secrecy, Julia?" asked Antonio, smiling.

"It is not that I distrust you," she returned; "but I am not permitted to speak of myself; at least I have not been: I think it not unlikely that you may soon know who I am; but I cannot assure you that it will be so. You are withheld from communication by no one, but your own will; you can have nobody to controul you."

Antonio, with a smile, replied, "I have now lived twenty years upon this spot. I retired to it from the world, when driven on the wayward side of fortune by the cruelty of fate: hither I retired, for the spot suited the melancholy of my mind: I built this cottage, hired the land round it, and have ever since lived here unenvied, and unenvying. This is my history, Julia."

The repast being ended, the pipe and tabor struck up a lively tune, to which the feet of the younger part of the assembly were quickly set in motion.

When the dance had continued some time, and the sun, which was drawing towards the meridian, warned them to quit their sport till the cool breezes of evening should invite them to renew it, a horn, which sounded shrilly through the air, excited a momentary surprise in the breast of every one present. A young shepherd quickly explained; "It is," he said, "the same horn that I heard one of the huntsmen blow this morning, when the son of the Marquis went out to the chase; I saw him go."

The blast was repeated, and some one said, "I dare say he will return home this way."

"Let us go into the cottage," said Julia hastily. Urbino took her hand, and led her in.

"We will follow them, my friends," said Antonio, "and avoid his sight: perhaps, if he is the wicked man he has been represented to us, our sports may provoke his ill-nature against us: the vicious, rendered incapable of felicity themselves, are always displeased at seeing others happy."

Antonio led the way into his cottage, and the peasants followed him.

Michelli remained some time abroad, to see if the hunters would pass that way. The accounts he had heard of the Marquis, and his son, rendered him desirous of observing whether their countenances and behaviour, would correspond with the characters which were given of them at large in the world; and the emotion betrayed by Julia at the mention of their names; her saying that Fernandina was gone to speak to the Marquis; and her apparent desire to enter the cottage, and avoid a meeting with his son; all whetted his curiosity. He saw on the brow of an easy declivity, a tall, handsome figure, armed with a spear: by his side walked a man, with whom he seemed in earnest conversation; and behind them followed a train of hunters. He observed the former of the two, whom, from the description he had heard of him, he did not doubt to be the son of the Marquis, and who was called the Count Vanoso, stop, and point to Julia as she entered the cottage. He then dismissed his attendants, and came down the hill alone.

At the moment he reached the cottage, Antonio appeared at the door, calling to Michelli to come in. Vanoso stepped up to him, and said, "Which of you two is the master of this cottage?"

"I am he, Sir," replied Antonio.

"Do you know me?" asked Vanoso.

"No, Sir, I do not," returned Antonio.

"I am heated with the chase; give me some drink: I am the son of the Marquis della Savina."

"Your wants, Sir, are enough to claim my services," answered Antonio, and re-entered his cottage.

Vanoso threw himself upon a bench that stood by the side of the house, and addressed Michelli with, "Here, answer me, clown."

Michelli smiled in silence, wondering inwardly, whether this address were the politeness of high life; or rank forgetful that in this wanton contempt of others, it loses all respect for itself.

"What is the name of that old man?" went on Vanoso.

"Antonio, Sir," replied Michelli.

"Is he of this country?" asked the questioner.

"No," returned Michelli.

"Does he live here?" rejoined Vanoso.

"No, he lives *there*," replied Michelli, pointing to the cottage.

"You are insolent, Sir, in your replies," said Vanoso.

"You set me the example of discarding ceremony by your questions, Sir," answered Michelli.

Vanoso paused a moment while he swallowed the rising bile of passion, then went on, "What does he do, living in this place?"

"Good!" replied Michelli: "He is the butcher, baker, doctor, clothier, brewer, and comforter, of the whole district?"

"Indeed," said Vanoso, with a sneer of contempt. "I should like to see an instance of his goodness."

"I am one," said Michelli; "he has done good to me, and that makes me good myself; for there are good of many kinds; he may be good that confers it, and he also that receives it."

"Then you have the condescension to allow, there are more good persons than one?" said Vanoso.

"To be sure," answered Michelli; "you have the credit for being good."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Vanoso, evidently flattered at the moment, "for what!"

"Guess," replied Michelli: "I know my distance better than to take the liberty of telling you."

Vanoso bit his lip; then said, "Who are that youth and girl I saw with him? are they his children?"

"One is his son," answered Michelli.

"Be more explicit," said Vanoso.

"Can you want me to explain which of the two is his son?" cried Michelli.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Vanoso, "is the other his daughter?"

"No;" returned Michelli.

"Perhaps you mean, that she is not yet, but soon may be," returned Vanoso.

Michelli thought this by no means a bad idea to encourage; for as the Count's enquiries were evidently directed to Julia, his thinking her prepossessed in favor of another, might at once turn his thoughts from her; he accordingly said, "It would be but natural if such were the case; they are both of the same age; of equally engaging manners, and minds; of opposite sexes; and these reasons frequently conspire to produce love."

"Then they *are* in love with each other?" said Vanoso.

"Love is always the prelude to marriage with us, here in the country," answered Michelli.

Antonio now appeared at the cottage door with a cup of drink, and Urbino followed him out: on seeing them, Michelli retired. Antonio presented the cup to Vanoso, saying, "Here is a cooling beverage, Sir, that will allay your thirst."

"I should have relished it more, old man," replied Vanoso, rising to receive it, "if the young girl who forms part of your household had been the Hebe that presented me the cup. This wine, poured into the vase that contains it by the hand of beauty, had sparkled with supernatural fire."

The feelings of Urbino were heated by this address beyond his power to restrain them within his own breast, and he exclaimed, "Do you chuse to drink, Sir?"

Vanoso cast his eye upon Urbino with a look, by which he intended to awe him into humility: "You are haughty, Sir," he cried; "beware of your conduct: bring the girl hither."

"Never!" replied Urbino. "A single glance from your eyes would contaminate her innocence."

"Old man!" exclaimed Vanoso, addressing Antonio, "do you not acknowledge in me the son of him who is lord of this district?"

"I acknowledge myself his vassal, but not his slave," returned Antonio.

"Will you bring forth the girl?" asked Vanoso.

"No, Sir," replied Antonio; "you have no right to demand that."

"Then I'll bring her forth myself," said Vanoso, stepping towards the door of the cottage.

"If force is your plan, Sir, beware of me!" exclaimed Urbino, running between Vanoso and the door, and snatching up a staff which lay near it for his defence. "Depart quietly, and no offence shall be offered to you; but attempt not to enter here; my arm is a strong one, and I have, besides, friends within, who for one word will lend me their support."

Vanoso stood a moment irresolute between reflection and rage; he then exclaimed, "Wretched peasant, prepare thyself for thy fate; thou hast raised thy arm against the son of thy lord, and shall perish for it!" and with these words he hastily departed, bending his steps towards the Castle of Savina.

Antonio and his son returned into the cottage; they did not judge it prudent to conceal from Julia the transactions of the last moments, and therefore taking her apart, they communicated it to her. Julia appeared excessively alarmed: "If the son of the Marquis della Savina has seen me," she said, "and speaks thus of me, I will remain for ever in your cottage; I will never re-

turn to"—. She hesitated, and fixed her eyes on Urbino.

"I wish you, Julia," said Urbino, "in every respect, to consider me as your protector; my father's house as your home; my breast the only repository for your cares and anxieties."

"Oh, how kind you are!" returned Julia: "I may need such a protector as you offer yourself to be, much, very much: thus on you, Urbino, and your good father, I rely for kind services. Oh, how light does it make my heart to hear you say, I shall receive them at your hands, especially since this conduct of the Count Vanoso!"

"Not more happy than your acceptance of them makes me," replied Urbino. "But it is in your power to render me happier still, by giving me a fuller authority to protect you from insult."

"How can I do more than I have done?" asked Julia.

"Would you say that my father should one day have a right to call you his daughter, would you do this, the name of lover, the anticipation of husband, would add Herculean vigor to my arm when stretched out for your defence."

"Call it by what name you please," replied the blushing Julia, "I acknowledge you for him in whom I place most confidence; I already consider your father as my own."

In transport Urbino sealed her confession with the kiss of gratitude and love. Antonio hung over them, unconscious whether it became him to give a hasty consent to this effusion of youthful passion, or to delay it to a moment when cooler reflection should add its sanction to the act. He paused over them in an affectionate silence, which was broken by the entrance of Fernandina; she burst into the room to which they had retired apart from their guests.

"Oh, my dear Julia!" exclaimed Fernandina, "why have you acted thus? You know not into what difficulties and distress your absence has plunged me: you

promised me not to be gone above an hour, or an hour and a half, at the longest, and you have now kept away from me nearly half the day.—Come, come, bid farewell to your friends, and let us return instantly.”

“No, I cannot, I will not return,” replied Julia.

“The wicked Count Vanoso, the son of the Marquis della Savina, has been here, behaving in the strangest manner about me; requiring my good friends here to bring me out to him, and terrifying me to death: I would not for the world return with you to the castle.”

“Is it then at the castle that you live?” hastily asked Urbino.

“Oh yes, yes!” exclaimed Julia; “I can no longer have any justifiable motive for concealing it from you: you are my destined husband, and I shall never again depart from your protection.”

“My child, my dear child Julia! what is it that you are saying?” cried Fernandina.

“I am so alarmed at the idea of returning to the castle now this wicked Count is there,” said Julia, “that I have given myself up for ever to the protection of these adored friends.”

“Oh, my God!” rejoined Fernandina, “you know not what you are saying, or doing: do not, my dear child, drive your poor nurse mad. My friends,” continued she, addressing Urbino, and his father, “as you value the happiness of this young person, never reveal that you know the place of her abode: I entreat you to make me this promise.”

Urbino spoke for both; “Whatever is for her happiness, you need not doubt our performance of: it shall not escape us.”

“Pardon her the incoherent words she has uttered,” Fernandina went on; “I know her heart; there is not a better in the world: she will never forget that she owes you her gratitude, and her friendship; but she cannot, must not, give you more.”

“Oh, do not stab my happiness in its first growth!” exclaimed Urbino.

"You this moment said," returned Fernandina, "that I need not doubt your performance of every thing for *her* happiness."

"You require too great a sacrifice," he replied, "an impossible one."

"You, like her," answered Fernandina, "know not what you are speaking of; believe me that you do not. Consent for a few minutes to leave us together, and see what will be the event of our conversation. I will not biass her against you on any account; I esteem you as much as she can; but there are some points of her duty of which she is ignorant, and of which I must inform her."

Unwillingly Urbino left the room; Antonio followed him; and Julia again burst into tears as she saw them depart.

The Count Vanoso was, indeed, as some of the domestics at the castle had represented him in the village, a man of the most wicked disposition, the ruling passion of whose heart was seduction: he had scarcely attained his twentieth year, and yet his mind was intimately acquainted with those atrocities in the pursuit of his darling vice, which are seldom known even to the most determined ravagers of female beauty at an advanced period of their lives. His person, and rank, had stood his friends in most of his amours; and he was as yet but little acquainted with the nature of contradiction. His figure was stout, and bespoke him several years older than he really was; his person was by some called handsome; he possessed a good set of features, but no expression, except that of a self-satisfied and overbearing temper was to be found in them. His dress was always splendid, for he was vain, and believed that it gave additional attraction to his person, and assisted his schemes upon the females who were sufficiently unfortunate to attract his regard.

About three weeks before the present time, at the celebration of the Doge's marriage with the Adriatic, Vanoso had, by some accident, fallen overboard from his gondola into the sea, and the tide having carried his

vessel away from the spot where he was struggling with the waves, he must have perished, as none of his own gondoliers could swim, but for the bravery of a stranger, who plunged in after him from a neighbouring vessel, and brought him safe to shore. The man who had saved his life, wore a dress which Vanoso knew to be the habit of an English footman; and he directed the man to follow him to the palazzo of the Marquis della Savina, to receive the reward of his courage and humanity.

The Count Vanoso, warmed into generosity by his timely preservation, gave the man several pieces of gold, and then inquired of him who he was? "An Irishman," was the reply; "my name Terence O'Dogherty." "You are a servant, I perceive," said Vanoso, "probably travelling with your master over the Continent." "No, your honor," replied Terence, "I have no master, and that's my misfortune; I came over into this country with a gentleman who is lately dead, and I have since had neither employment, nor the means of getting home."

Vanoso immediately offered to take him into his service, judging that an English servant would be a novelty, and add to the various troops of Negroes, Swiss, and Frenchmen, of which his retinue was already composed; and Terence, probably thinking that he could not any where get a master from whom he stood so good a chance of receiving kindness, as from one whose life he had preserved, agreed to become his servant.

The Marquis della Savina had spared no expense in the education of his son; thus Vanoso was master of most languages; and in his rides, in the intervals of the chase, and while in his dressing-room, it was his pleasure to converse with his domestics of foreign nations in their own languages; and to make inquiries of them about the women of each particular country. Terence, in his turn, shared in these conversations; and the warmth with which the subject of female beauty appeared to inspire the Irishman, led Vanoso to imagine, that from the thorough knowledge which he seemed to

possess of the sex, he must be a most apt minister for the conducting of an intrigue.

No occasion had occurred to put his talents to the test, since his entering into the service of the Count, till their arrival at Savina. He it was whom Michelli had observed him talking with on the brow of the hill on his return from the chase. At the first sight of Julia's form, (for her countenance it was impossible for Vanoso to discern at the distance he was standing from her,) his passion for variety led him instantly to exclaim, "By Heaven there is a woman as beautiful as an angel!"

"Is it the way in Italy then, your honor," said Terence, "to determine an angel's beauty by the fall of her shoulders?—for the back of that young creature is the only front about her you have had a view of yet."

Vanoso did not understand enough of Terence's language to discern any more of its meaning, than that it was a corruption of the English; and thus his joke and his blunder passed equally unnoticed by him.

"I will instantly see her, and know more of her," said Vanoso. "Go you home with my huntsmen: I will follow you:" and with these words he approached the cottage of Antonio, of which we have already seen the event."

His pride and passion, equally disappointed by the firmness of those whom he supposed, as the vassals of his father, he should have found ready to fall upon their knees, and worship him; he resolved to avail himself of the power which he possessed, and summon his archers to tear her from her protectors.

Thus determined, he moved towards his father's castle. In his way he overtook Terence, who had loitered behind the huntsmen. "Well, your Honor," said Terence, "have you seen her?"

"Assemble my archers directly," exclaimed Vanoso; "I want their assistance."

"Archers!" echoed Terence.

"Yes," said Vanoso; "a young peasant in the cottage with her, has had the hardiness to oppose my entering it; force therefore is necessary."

"To do what?" asked Terence.

"To take her from him certainly," replied Vanoso.

"You are not serious?" said Terence.

"Undoubtedly I am," answered Vanoso, at a loss what to think of the question.

"Then I am sorry for you," cried Terence; "for it is an Irish saying, your Honor, and I believe it to be a truth all the world over, that a man who mars love, is never capable of enjoying its purity."

Vanoso paused a moment on this reply of Terence; not that the sentiment it conveyed reached his heart, but astonished that Terence, who had on every occasion professed himself so warm an admirer of the sex, should object to any mode which led to the enjoyment of their charms. Vanoso's heart knew not the difference between forced and willing joys; and he was utterly incompetent to comprehend the Irishman's apostrophy. However, in no temper of mind to reason upon his meaning, he hastily exclaimed, "Summon the archers, as I direct you!"

"Well, well," replied Terence, "I can call them to hear you pop the question; and perhaps it may be all the better for the little *crater* to have a good many witnesses by at her answer. I'll call them together."

"In this expedition, I give you the command of them," rejoined Vanoso; "but be hasty in assembling them."

"I thank your Honor for the preferment you put upon me," returned Terence; "but mind this one word of mine, if you appoint me their commander, as an additional mark of your favor for my having jumped into the sea after you, and saved your life, don't bid me give them any command unworthy the lips of a man that did not value his own existence when the life of a fellow being depended on the hazard of it; or we may chance to grapple together again with less harmony than we did in the salt ocean:" and with this honest admonition, Terence departed to summon the archers.

With the greatest impatience, the Count awaited their coming; and when they arrived, he bade them

follow him to the cottage of Antonio. Vanoso advanced to the door, and exclaimed, "Peasants! once more I command you to bring out to me the girl within this cottage. Look out, and satisfy yourselves that resistance is in vain, as I have a powerful number of followers by my side."

Urbino, still armed with his staff, came out first alone. "The unjustifiable threats of the great," he said, "shall never awe us into withholding our protection from the innocent: with the last drop of our blood we will defend the female who regards our cottage as her asylum from your inhumanity."

"Thy life shall answer this presumption, base peasant!" exclaimed Vanoso, drawing his sword, with which he made a thrust at Urbino; but Urbino, with superior strength and agility, not only warded off the blow, but snapped in two the blade of his opponent's weapon; and from the force of Urbino's stroke, Vanoso sunk upon one knee, and Urbino stood with his staff held over his enemy's head. At this instant Julia rushed from the cottage, and seizing the arm of Urbino, which she saw prepared to strike, she exclaimed, "Oh, hold! spare him, spare him; he is my brother!"

Urbino and the Count turned their eyes in equal surprise on the utterer of these incomprehensible words. The Count spoke first: "How! a peasant, my sister! impossible!"

"I am, indeed," replied Julia; "I am Julia, the child of the Marquis della Savina."

"This is a subterfuge to keep me from her arms!" cried Vanoso, and he was rushing towards her. But Fernandina, who had followed her out, placed herself hastily before him, and said, "No, no, it is the truth; will you not believe me?"

Vanoso started at her sight; it appeared to have the power of convincing his senses. For a moment the cloud of disappointment hung upon his brow, but it swiftly converted itself into intemperate rage, and he madly cried, "Thou! my sister! here in the hut of a mean peasant! Unworthy girl! disgrace of thy fa-

mily! And thou, presumptuous churl," he added, turning to Urbino, "thou hast now a double charge to answer; the crime of love for the daughter of thy lord; and that of having raised thine arm against the life of his son!—Archers, make them both your prisoners, and conduct them to the castle."

"Prisoners!" exclaimed Urbino; then turning to the peasantry who were now assembled around him, he hastily added, "my friends, will ye tamely behold this injustice practised against the innocent?" The appeal to their feelings acted like an electrical shock to valor, and they gathered round him and Julia, to defend them from the archers; which party was immediately joined by Terence, who placed himself in their front.

"Terence!" wildly exclaimed the Count, "*this is my side.*"

"But *this is mine,*" returned the Irishman. "You know I told you not to bid me give the archers a command unworthy of me. I can't fight against my conscience; and, what's more, I believe my soul is concerned, and may be the sufferer for having saved a man's life, that don't know how to make a better use of it, than to distress female innocence, which Heaven intended him to defend, and protect."

The eyes of Vanoso darted sparks of rage at these words, and he again called to the archers to obey him, and seize the persons of Julia and Urbino; which command, the superiority of their numbers, and the terror which their drawn swords inspired, caused quickly to be obeyed; and the unhappy Urbino and Julia were led away by them. By the side of the latter ran Fernandina, exclaiming, "Oh, my dear child, that you had not run away from the castle this morning!—What will be the end of this?—Heaven turn the heart of your wicked brother!"

Urbino, at his departure, had seen his father sink, overpowered by the emotion of his soul, into the arms of Michelli; and his last words were an injunction to that faithful friend, and servant, on no account to leave him. The peasants stood motionless and silent around

Antonio; and Terence kept walking up and down before them; his gestures and pace expressing the most violent agitation.

"Oh, Heaven preserve my son!" cried Antonio, raising his head, after some time, from the shoulder of Michelli.

"Amen! Amen!" exclaimed Terence.

"Do you, who are the adherent of his enemy, say so?" asked Antonio.

"I am no such thing," cried Terence. "It is true I jumped into the sea, and stuck to him when he was within the breadth of a potatoe of drowning; but I am sorry for it now. It is a pity any man should live who don't know how to make a good use of the life Providence blesses him with."

"Then you don't stick to the proverb, 'like master like man'?" said Michelli.

"But I do," said Terence. "Honor is my master; and may disgrace be my portion when I desert the instructions he gives me. You think me the Count's accomplice, because, happening once to see him fall overboard out of his gondola, while the Italian Signiors at sea were calling out for help for him, and the fat friars on land were praying for him, I plumped in, and pulled him out like a water-dog; and so as he found me clever at fetching and carrying, and learnt that at that time, I was too much of a gentleman to have any employment that could keep me from starving, he very politely took me into his service as my reward. While he behaved like a Christian, I thought it my duty to serve him faithfully; now he casts aside his pretensions to the name, I cast aside all idea of obligation on my part, and think myself at liberty to espouse the cause of Virtue, wherever I find her calling upon me for assistance."

"Good heart! Good heart!" exclaimed Antonio.

"So," rejoined Terence, "not five words more can be wanting to tell you, that I am on the side of your son, and his dear little Julia. When I first saw the Count come out of the water, I believed him a man;

now I have got him upon land again, I find that walking upon two legs is all he has belonging to him of the species : as I saved his life, I feel myself accountable for his actions ; so depend upon it, that I'll spend my last drop of blood in your cause, but I'll restore to you your son ; and when I have done that job, dead or alive, I'll go singing back to Ireland."

"Heaven, Heaven bless you!" cried Antonio.

"It will do that, never fear," answered Terence. "Whether it is St. Patrick, or St. any body else, that we pray to, if our prayers come from the heart, they find their way to the same Heaven ; and depend upon it, that where the conscience is equally good, even the Jew won't be obliged to rap twice at the gate of Paradise, when the Catholic gets admission upon a single knock."

Antonio invited the Irishman into his cottage, and entreated him to advise with him upon what plan it would be best for him to pursue in the unfortunate case of his son. Terence promised him both the use of his head and his hand, as he expressed himself, and they went in together.

We must now make some inquiry into the history of the Marquis della Savina, the father of the Count Vanoso and Julia. By being born about three months after the death of his father, he came into the world possessed of the title of Count Malvini, and a large inheritance. He was brought up in every respect equal to his rank in life, and at an early age he married a woman of distinction, who bore him his son Vanoso, whose birth was the period of his mother's existence.

About two years after her death, he became enamoured of a young lady, whose family was good, although not of rank ; and whose affections, when he first beheld her, were engaged to a cousin of her own, a widower, named Lucius Capella : however, by the display of his passion and wealth to her uncle, on whom she was entirely dependant, and who was a man of a sordid mind, the bond of love was torn asunder, and she was forced into the arms of the Count Malvini.

Every man who marries a woman of whose heart he knows himself not to be possessed, becomes naturally jealous, and suspicious of every circumstance wherein he imagines his honor to be concerned; such was the case with Malvini; no sooner was his marriage solemnized, than he began to hate the sight of Capella, and in a very short time forbade him his house. At the end of seven months, his Countess, Lauretta, brought him a daughter, the Julia with whom our readers are already acquainted. Instead of receiving the tidings with joy, the Count heard them with ungovernable rage, declaring the child's premature birth, an evidence of its not being his, but the fruit of her intercourse with Lucius Capella, previously to her becoming his wife.

No argument, on the part of the Countess, could turn him from his idea; no tears soften his heart to believe her innocent. In vain did she call upon the name of Heaven to prove her innocence; nothing could convince the tumultuous passions of Malvini's mind. He commanded the child to be taken from its mother; and having called to him Fernandina, who had been the nurse of his former wife, and in whom he placed more confidence than in a common servant, as she was distantly related to his family, he directed her to take the child, and proceed with it to a cottage which he possessed in a distant part of Italy, and there to bring it up; having first sworn her never to impart to any one, nor to the child herself, who were her supposed parents.

Nor did his cruelty end here: Lucius Capella possessed an office in the state of Venice, the profits of which were nearly his all; by his influence, he represented him to the state as unworthy to hold it, and procured him to be deprived of it, and exiled from the republic. The Countess herself created him little farther exercise for his inhumanity; his conduct towards herself, and Lucius, whom she regarded as a brother, brought her in a very short time to the grave.

In this suspicion of infidelity in his last wife, all the affections which we naturally bestow on a lost object,

were, by the comparison of a weak and impassioned mind, given by the Count to his first Countess; and he resolved that, as he had but one child whom he believed to be his own, every indulgence should be showered on it, out of respect to her who had borne it to him.

Accordingly, every ornament which can be given to the mind, every luxury which can be loaded upon the person, every enjoyment which can be lavished upon the heart, from the hand of false indulgence, were dedicated to his son, the present Count Vanoso; and, in saying this, we judge that we have fully accounted for the wickedness and weakness of his disposition; for, although his mind had been capable of receiving instruction, his unguarded passions had converted these benefits into an opposite effect.

The unfortunate and innocent Julia lived till her twelfth year, unsuspecting of her having possessed any other mother than Fernandina, by whose milk she had been nourished, and from whose precepts she had learnt virtue and simplicity. At this time Count Malvini, for the first time, visited her: she bore a resemblance to himself, which made him almost repent his past conduct to her mother; and, at his departure, he allowed Fernandina to tell her that she was, in some measure, related to him; but still commanded her not to say how nearly.

From the period of his last wife's death, the Count Malvini had led a dissolute and extravagant life, which, in addition to the enormous expenses he was at for his son, had considerably diminished his property, and involved his affairs. In this strait, he had recourse to the common straw at which the profligate and unprincipled catch when they believe themselves to be sinking in the tide of fortune;—he became a gambler. Various fortune, for some time, attended him; till, at length, an unlucky night reduced him to worse than poverty. Ruin stared him in the face, and he grasped boldly at the equal chance of sinking, or continuing to swim, by committing the very crime of embezzling some of the

property of the state, of which he had accused the innocent Lucius Capella. He was detected in the fraud, and shared the like banishment from the republic.

For a short time he was now obliged almost to hide his head from the world. He had some years before settled a sum of money on his son, and to him he was now obliged to be indebted for the supply of his necessities; but, weary of his dependance, he again emerged from his obscurity, and visited alternately, Florence, Turin, and Rome, where he pursued his passion for play on the surest terms; those of having nothing to lose.

Nothing softens the heart like a fall from prosperity. Involved in unpleasant circumstances himself, Count Malvini began to feel sympathy for the distress to which his conduct must have driven Lucius Capella; to be stung with remorse for the untimely death of his wife; and to feel pity for the seclusion of the innocent Julia from the world: he paid her a second visit at the distance of three years from the first, and believed her resemblance to himself to have been strengthened by the hand of Time, since he had seen her last. He wished that he had now an abode to which to recall her; he wished it on her account; and he wished it also on his own. The heart which has been accustomed to act selfishly, cannot at once divest itself of the habit, and he judged that her beauty, and her attractions, if she were introduced into the world, might gain her an alliance with some family, whose interest might wipe off the stain which had fallen on himself, and reinstate him in his former honors. But at present he had no house to which to take her: the little cottage and garden in which she and Fernandina were residing, were his only possessions; except that fluctuating wealth which one hour brought him at the gaming-table, and of which the next deprived him; and he still commanded Fernandina to keep the secret of her birth inviolate.

About eighteen months preceding the opening of our story, that good fortune which must accidentally attend

those who are always playing, made him master of the Castle of Savina, and of the lands surrounding it. By this fortunate cast, he not only gained a handsome property, but the title of Marquis of the place, and the judiciary power over his own territory. Thus raised in one moment to rank, to fortune, and to power, he was for the first time wise, and resolved to play no more.

He determined immediately to send forward Julia and her protectress to his newly acquired castle, with a proper number of domestics; to sell the cottage where they had lived; to settle, as well as he was able, his own affairs in the world; and to retire to his new possession with all the credit in his power. And Ferdinandina received an injunction from him, not to suffer Julia to pass beyond the garden-wall of the castle; as he wished to make to her the discovery of her birth, and place her in every respect in the quality of his daughter, before she was seen, or known, by any of the neighbourhood.

On his arrival at Savina as its new Marquis, which happened two or three days before the twentieth anniversary of Antonio's residence in its district, he treated Julia with every complacency that was likely to win for him her affections; which he wished; in some measure, to do, before he confessed himself to her as her father. He told her of his son, the Count Vanoso, who, he said, would shortly arrive, and whom he desired her to esteem equally with himself. Julia sighed; she believed that she could never esteem any one as she did Urbino; and she had no idea of there being any individual in existence, who would require from her a love of a different nature.

On the evening preceding the anniversary which was to be celebrated in the village, the Count Vanoso, and his retinue, arrived at the Castle della Savina: he reached it heated with wine, and in the tumultuous spirits of a bacchant; and the Marquis accordingly forbore to introduce him to his sister that night. He had, of late years, frequently heard, from the Marquis, his father, that he *had* a sister: he knew her to be under

the care of his old nurse Fernandina, and that she was to meet him at the castle, but he did not enquire for her that night, and most probably did not think of her at all. The fumes of the preceding evening it was always his custom to drive from his head with the exercise of the chase; he was therefore up early in the morning, and set out with his huntsmen.

Julia was also an early riser that morning; she had promised to attend the festivities at Antonio's cottage, and she had risen to keep her engagement. Fernandina used every argument she could invent to induce her to give up going; she represented to her, that, as she had indulged her previously to the arrival of the Marquis, by suffering her to stray beyond the garden-wall, which had been the limits he had restricted her to, she ought not now, for the gratification of an hour, to risk the discovery of her acquaintance with the inhabitants of Antonio's cottage. But Julia begged, entreated, implored, promised to be home again before the Marquis was up, or at least before the time in the morning at which he had usually asked for her; and rather taking leave, than obtaining it, she fled with the swiftness of an antelope to Antonio's cottage.

Nearly three hours passed away, and Julia did not return; Fernandina grew uneasy; she wished to send some one to summon her home, but durst not entrust any one with the secret of her absence, lest it should reach the ear of the Marquis; and, from going to fetch her back herself, she was withheld by her fear of the Marquis inquiring for her during her absence; and thus at once making a discovery that his orders had been disobeyed.

In the midst of her dilemma, she received a summons to the breakfast apartment of the Marquis. In a few words, he informed her, that he had resolved on making the discovery of their connection to Julia that morning; and requested her, to that end, to lead her to him. Fernandina, her heart sinking within her, replied, that Julia was of a very delicate habit of body, and subject to frequent head-aches; that she was suffer-

ing under the influence of one of them at the present time, and had not yet risen; on which account she begged him to defer seeing her for an hour or two.

The Marquis acquiesced; and Fernandina left him, under pretence of returning to the chamber of her fair charge; but the moment she had quitted his presence, she set out for the cottage of Antonio. Our readers are already acquainted with the critical moment at which she entered the room into which Julia, with Urbino and Antonio, had retired apart from the peasantry, after the rude address of the Count Vanoso to the two latter. Here a few moments confirmed Fernandina's worst fears; she heard the daughter of the Marquis della Savina declare her affection for the son of a peasant. The worst consequence which could have been apprehended from the indulgence she had bestowed on her, in opposition to the injunctions of her father, had now taken place; and, for this alarming discovery, she considered that no remedy could be so efficacious, as immediately to let her know herself, and trust to the efficacy of this knowledge for inducing her to return without delay to the castle.

Accordingly, having requested Antonio, and his son, to leave her for a few moments alone with Julia, she began by requiring her promise to maintain secret what she was under the necessity of imparting to her. Julia promised; and Fernandina, in prefacing her discovery with the alarm which she had experienced at hearing her confess the son of a peasant to have won her affection, told her, that she was that day to be acknowledged the daughter of the Marquis della Savina.

The principal emotion which Julia testified at this unexpected intelligence, was, that she had nothing to fear from the attachment of the Count Vanoso: she declared that no knowledge of herself, should make her ever forget her lover Urbino, as she persisted in calling him; but promised at present, to keep the information she had just received from her nurse, sacred to her own bosom.

But a cause almost instantly arose, which drove that promise entirely from her recollection. Count Vanoso again arrived at the cottage door, demanding her to be brought out to him: she saw, from its window, her Urbino, presenting a weapon of defence at the head of a brother whom she then for the first time beheld; and, actuated not by any apprehensions on his account, but by a dread that Urbino, in assailing the life of his enemy, might commit an act that would oblige her to renounce him for ever, she flew down from the chamber, and caught his upraised arm, with an exclamation which at once unfolded the secret of her history and birth.

We have already related what followed this declaration, and must now accompany the unhappy Julia and Urbino on their way to the Castle della Savina. When they arrived at it, the Marquis was walking in the court-yard, and his surprise was immediately excited at beholding Julia in the midst of the archers. Urbino and Fernandina also, did not escape his observation. He hastily inquired the cause of what he saw.

The Count advanced towards his father, and telling his story to his own advantage, said, that he had found his sister in the cot of a peasant who had the audacity to aspire to her affections; and that he had brought him a prisoner to the castle to receive the punishment due to his temerity.

“If you are, indeed, my father,” cried Julia, rushing forward, and falling at the feet of the Marquis, “if you are, indeed, my father, as I have just learnt that you are, do not let the first action by which your child knows you, be resentment against him for whom the warmest pulsations of her heart beat; he to whom every sentiment of gratitude which can animate her breast, is due for the preservation of her life.”

The Marquis clasped his hands in agony;—the hands which he had anticipated the delight of throwing around the neck of his daughter, on his first declaration to her of the ties by which they were united, were now clenched in despair. No sooner was he arrived at the

spot where he hoped, by the pursuance of a becoming conduct, to re-establish his reputation as an Italian noble, than all his dreams of bliss received a deadly stab from the hand of that daughter whom he had for some time regarded as his child of promise.

He commanded Urbino to be placed in close confinement till the nature of his crime should be investigated; and directed Fernandina to conduct Julia to her chamber, and then to come alone to him in his private apartment. At the first issue of this order, Fernandina trembled; but considering that the ultimate happiness or misery of her beloved Julia, and the innocent Urbino, might rest on the firmness with which she met the inquiries of the Marquis, and replied to them, she went to him with a countenance of assumed composure.

"Fernandina," said the Marquis, placing himself on a chair opposite to her, whilst she remained standing, "are you not ashamed of your conduct? Is it thus you have obeyed my injunctions? I commanded you not to let my daughter pass the wall of these gardens, not to let her be seen by any human being whatsoever out of this castle, and I find her sufficiently intimate with a peasant to have selected him as her lover."

"My Lord," said Fernandina, "do not judge of my conduct till you have heard my justification of myself. There are reasons"——

"Impossible," cried the Marquis, "that there should be any for such an humiliation."

Fernandina was well acquainted that the imperious temper of the Marquis was one of those which sooner yield complacency to a voice which has courage to reply to them with firmness, than to one which trembles in its address to their haughtiness. She accordingly replied, "Are you not ashamed; I may ask in my turn, my Lord, to be a father, and to refuse to hear proofs of your daughter's innocence?"

"Speak!" said the Marquis impatiently.

"When you first ordered us hither," returned Fernandina, "she heard the intelligence with joy, for she loves the beauties of nature, and longed to enjoy

their varieties in a new country; but, alas! how severe a disappointment did her happiness receive, when informed that her rambles were to be confined to the old galleries of this castle, and the circumscribed walks of its gardens! She became melancholy, and, in the course of a month, I could see her altered. She entreated me, without ceasing, to go with her, as I had been wont to do in our former residence, to visit the peasantry in their humble cots, that she might have the opportunity of succouring the needy, consoling the wretched, and making friends of them all."

"And you, foolish woman! suffered her to do so?" interrupted the Marquis.

"She did, indeed, at last, win me over to her entreaties," replied Fernandina; "but still wishing, as much as possible, to adhere to your injunctions, we disguised ourselves as peasants, and appeared amongst the shepherds as inhabitants of a neighbouring village."

"Idiot!" exclaimed the Marquis, "and thus ends your story."

"No, my Lord," returned Fernandina; "I have not yet told you by what accident we became acquainted with the youth Urbino, and his father Antonio. I shall conceal nothing from you;" and she then repeated Julia's fall into the rivulet, and its consequences. "From that instant," continued Fernandina, "her gratitude to her preserver has been extreme; and would it not have been too great a cruelty in me to have debarred her from testifying it to him? Her birth was not known to her; nor was Urbino acquainted whence she came, or whither she went; nor would either of these discoveries have been made till you yourself had judged proper to develope them, had not her wicked brother acted as he this morning did, and compelled the necessity of a disclosure. You have now heard the whole truth, my Lord; and the wretched Urbino is a prisoner in your castle for having saved your daughter's life, and lifted his arm in the defence of her honor. Is there nothing within you, my Lord, which tells you this is wrong?"

"Woman," exclaimed the Marquis, "you talk folly; do you not know that by the law of this country, it is death for a peasant to attempt to win the affections of his lord's daughter?"

"But, my Lord," answered Fernandina, "has not a peasant, like any other man, a right to be justified by the voice of truth? He believed your daughter to be a peasant like himself; and who was the cause of this error? who, but the parent that drove her from her real sphere in life, and kept her so long unjustly in the humiliating situation she has lived in?"

"Do not attempt to justify the evil into which you have suffered my Julia to plunge herself; curb your indiscreet zeal, lest it draw down my resentment on yourself," returned Della Savina.

"Let it!" cried Fernandina; the tears half starting from her eyes, half repressed by pride, as she spoke; let it; you can't forbid my heart to feel, or my eyes to weep, for the dear child."

"Well, well," replied the Marquis, somewhat softened himself, "Go to Julia; tell her that she shall be placed in her proper sphere; taken to my heart, the instant Urbino is no more!"

"Urbino no more!—Urbino no more!" echoed Fernandina.

"If the apology of his not having known her to be my child, excuses him from the crime of having attempted to win the affections of his Lord's daughter, it is equally a capital offence to have raised his arm against the life of his Lord's son;—you cannot deny that he did this?"

"Would you have wished him to have stood tamely by, when a ravisher assailed your daughter's honor?" cried Fernandina.

"It is the act, and not the cause, that the law considers," returned the Marquis: "inform Julia, therefore, that he must die."

"And would you charge me with this message?" exclaimed Fernandina; "me! her nurse! the friend, the mother of her infancy?—Do you want to make

me her murderer? Oh, God!—you can't love her as I do; you cannot be half so worthy to be her father, as I am to be called her mother!"

"Fernandina, guard your expressions!" said the Marquis sternly.

"I cannot, my Lord; I cannot," returned Fernandina. "I feel that you are wickedly in the wrong, and I must tell you so, if you kill me for my boldness. Remember your Julia's mother, an angel, like herself; recollect your inhumanity to her, and repair your conduct to her child: set before yourself the image of your Countess Lauretta, who was destined to another husband, from whom you tore her, and married her yourself by force: she gave you this dear child, (blessed be Heaven for the inestimable gift,) and your cruelty ended her days. Think of the wronged Lucius Capella, her cousin, who was her destined husband; whom your hatred exiled from Venice, whom you robbed of honor, of fortune, perhaps even of his ———"

"Another word, and your own life may answer it!" roared out the Marquis.

"Of what value is my life without I am happy? And that I cannot be unless my Julia is so too. Did not my milk nourish her? Have not I therefore a just right to call myself her best parent?"

The Marquis now commanded Fernandina to leave him, in terms that admitted of no opposition; and she departed, saying, as she went out, "Pray question your conscience; it will tell you the truth, depend upon it, it will."

The Marquis continued some time alone buried in reflection; and the conclusion he drew from his debates with his own mind was, that nothing but the death of Urbino could perfectly restore Julia to that rank and honor in which he wished her to be placed. He considered, that if he were to grant his pardon to Urbino, on the sacred promise of Julia never to see him again, that still, though he might command her words and actions, he could not have the same power over her inclinations; and that while the object of her

first affections yet lived, it was very improbable she would ever be induced to accept the hand of any other man; and on this consideration he resolved that Urbino should die.

The Count, his son, joined him in his apartment; and if any additional strength were required to be given to the resolution of the Marquis, he was just the person to give it; as, from the few contradictions he had met with in life, his resentment knew no bounds against one who had dealt with him on the equality of man to man; as Urbino had not scrupled to do in the defence of his Julia; although aware of the punishment that might, in the hands of a severe judge, await his hardness.

The Marquis judged that, on every account, the decision of Urbino's fate could not be too much hastened: accordingly, an early hour in the afternoon was appointed for his trial in the hall of the castle.

Scarcely had the Marquis taken his seat in that chair, which he denominated the seat of justice, because in it he acted up to the letter of the law, and cast aside the humane appeals which equity ought to have made to his feelings, when a crowd of peasantry, in the midst of whom were Antonio, Michelli, and Terence, appeared before the castle.

According to the advice of Terence, Antonio had come to throw himself at the feet of the Marquis, and implore mercy for his son: according to the benevolent and generous principles of Terence's own heart, he had believed it impossible that one father could hear another sue to him for mercy to his child, without being moved by his prayer; and with this idea he had prompted Antonio to come to the castle.

Antonio alone entered the court-yard, and requested a domestic to inform the Marquis that he was without, suing for leave to throw himself at his feet. The domestic went in with the old man's message, and, in a short time, the Count Vanoso came out to him. "What would you have?" asked Vanoso haughtily. "Can you propose that question," returned Antonio, "to a father whose son is detained a

prisoner within your walls? I entreat to see the Marquis."

"That cannot be," replied Vanoso; "he is engaged: I am his representative; what you would say must be to me."

"Oh, hear the prayer of a father," returned Antonio, "and restore to me Urbino."

With a contemptuous sneer, the Count was turning aside from the greyheaded pleader. Antonio caught his robe, and sinking upon his knee as he held it, he exclaimed, "In the name of Heaven, I conjure you to listen to me. You are yourself a son, and should know how to feel for the sufferings of a father. Urbino is my only child; the prop of my age: to him I owe all my comfort."

"Insolent!" exclaimed Vanoso, interrupting him; "you become equally culpable with himself, when you dare to intercede for one who has been guilty of the crime which your son has committed."

"The crime," replied Antonio, "was an innocent one: he knew not that she on whom he had placed his affections, was the daughter of his Lord. Consider, also, that but for him, the daughter of his Lord had perished: he saved her life; and believing her his equal, a peasant like himself, he loved her for her virtues: can this be a crime?"

"You are endeavoring to abuse my credulity, when you say that he did not know her rank," rejoined Vanoso.

"You mistake my character," replied Antonio: "wretched as I am, I would scorn a falsehood, even to save the life of my only son; he did not know her for your father's child."

"It may be so," answered Vanoso; "but he knew me for the son of his Lord: this your love of truth cannot suffer you to deny; and till you can prove that he did not raise his arm against me, you must expect no mercy to be shewn to his offence." A satirical smile accompanied these words; and tearing himself from the grasp of Antonio, he re-entered the castle.

Antonio remained statue-like on the spot where the proud and insensible Count had left him, till a do-

mestic came, and told him, that he was commanded to send all who did not belong to the castle out of the court-yard. Antonio used every term of entreaty to prevail with the man to suffer him to behold his son; but his petition was in vain; the man either durst not, or would not, grant it; and he was compelled to leave the court-yard of the castle, whose gates were then shut upon him.

“Oh, my friends,” exclaimed Antonio, as he returned to the peasantry, “all hope in this cruel man’s clemency is in vain. The Marquis refuses to see me; and his unfeeling son mocks my supplications.”

“Don’t despair; don’t droop!” cried the honest Irishman; “if his heart is asleep, the eye of Providence is awake. Terence tells you to keep up your heart.”

Terence, meanwhile, had been making inquiry amongst the peasantry, into what was likely to be the issue of Urbino’s trial. They replied, that the verdict rested in the breast of the Marquis, and that therefore the fate of Urbino depended upon his humanity. A herald, they said, would shortly announce to them from the battlements, whether he had been found guilty, or not. If not guilty, he would very shortly be restored to them; if guilty, his head would be laid under the axe in the course of a few hours, on a terrace behind the castle, upon the margin of the river, where all criminals of the district were executed.

Terence paid strict attention to their account of the treatment of criminals according to their laws, with which he was so little acquainted; but spoke not in reply, although he appeared to have much matter passing in his brain.

In less than a quarter of an hour, the expected herald appeared on the battlements. He blew the trumpet which commanded attention, and then spoke thus; “Urbino, the peasant, having raised his arm against the life of the Count Vanoso, the son of his liege Lord, is, by the law of his country, condemned to lose his head at the hour of seven this night.”

"Oh, my son!" exclaimed Antonio, "thy wretched father cannot save thee; but he will die with thee!" and with these words he sunk senseless into the arms of two old peasants, who had before been supporting his trembling frame.

The issue of the unfortunate Urbino's trial having been predetermined by his unjust judge, the forms were very short which were passed through to the pronouncing of his sentence; and this done, he was hurried back to his prison, without being allowed to speak in his own defence. The indulgence of a priest alone was permitted him. Neither his father, his Julia, nor Fernandina, could he gain permission to see: his fate, therefore, appeared inevitable; and he sunk into that sad despair, which is the last situation of the mind under the influence of misery wound up to its highest pitch.

Fernandina, acquainted with the customs of the country, was aware that the trial was proceeding, and dreading, from the words which the Marquis had used to her, that its issue would be unfavorable to the peace of her dear Julia, she used every means to prevent her, if possible, from hearing the decree of Urbino's fate pronounced by the herald from the walls of the castle: but the sound of the trumpet reached the ear of Julia, who having some vague suspicion of the cause of its being blown, no power on earth could withhold her from flying towards it; and, under the shock of Urbino's condemnation to death, she sunk in violent convulsions upon the neck of Fernandina.

Fernandina called to her assistance to convey Julia to her chamber; and having done this, she desired the Marquis to be immediately summoned thither. The Marquis, who guessed that his presence was required in his daughter's chamber, in order to give her an opportunity of making suit to him in behalf of Urbino, not wishing to appear to add the cruelty of a refusal of her prayer for mercy to the sentence which he had already passed on her lover, and which he had determined nothing should induce him to revoke, returned in

answer, to the request of Fernandina, one which bespoke him at the time employed on business of moment; but promised that he would see his daughter in the evening.

On the receipt of this reply, Fernandina herself went in quest of him, resolute to inform him of the wretched state into which his inhumanity to the young peasant Urbino, had thrown his daughter, and to entreat him to repeal the sentence, if not out of mercy to him, at least out of consideration to her safety. But she was refused admittance to his presence. This distressed her: she knew not by whom to convey a message from which she might hope to reap the desired effect of turning his heart. At length she wrote to him. After some time, a slip of paper, torn from her note, was brought to her, and on it was written with a pencil, "What you require is impossible."—Again she wrote, saying, that she actually believed Julia's life to be in danger; that her convulsions continued to increase in violence; and that nothing but the preservation of Urbino's life, in her opinion, could save Julia's. To this she received a reply in the hand writing of the Count Vanoso; it contained these words: "Set your heart at rest, Fernandina; no woman ever died of love."

"I almost wish she might die!" exclaimed Fernandina, "if these are the relations for whom she is doomed to live!"

With the tolling of the castle bell, which announced the work of death about to be performed, Julia started into sense. She cast her eyes wildly around, and, after a moment's reflection, she said, "Is he yet dead!"

"No, my dear child, he is not," returned Fernandina.

"Then I will once more behold him; once more clasp his hand in mine; and if my father will not consent to save him, would to Heaven he might condemn me to die with him!" With these words she sprung from the couch on which she had been lying, and flew from the apartment; Fernandina following her steps.

The fatal block was already placed on a terrace be-

hind the castle, which rose about three feet perpendicularly above the surface of a river, that formed the northern confine of the district of Savina. The executioner stood prepared with the axe of death rested on his shoulder. The Marquis, and his son, had taken their seats on a bench, from whence it was customary for the Lord of the castle to behold the punishment of offenders: and Urbino was led forth by six archers, with his head bare, and his garments stripped from his neck.

Arrived at the last period of his existence, Urbino was not denied the privilege of speaking. He declared his ignorance of Julia's rank; repeated that to him she owed the preservation of her life; urged the provocation which he had received from the Count Vanoso to stretch out his hand against him in the defence of Julia; and on these pleas he sued for mercy.

Whilst he was yet speaking, the frantic Julia rushed upon the terrace. For an instant she stopped, and fixed her eyes on Urbino; they rested on his neck laid bare for the axe, and the sight struck horror to her heart: she flew to her father, and sinking on her knees before him, had only power to articulate, "Save, save!" ere she fell senseless at his feet.

Fernandina threw herself down by her side, and rested Julia's head upon her bosom.

"Lead him to the block!" exclaimed the Count, starting from his seat, and approaching the archers: he dreaded lest Julia's interposition might work a change in favor of Urbino in the heart of the Marquis, and he wished to prevent the possibility of such a change, by instantly consigning him to his fate.

"For the love of Heaven, suffer me to bid her farewell before I die!" cried Urbino, struggling to release himself from the archers.

"Lead him to the block!" repeated the Count; and Julia at that instant uttered a convulsive groan, as if sensible of his words.

A momentary and awful silence ensued; Fernandina broke it. "Look at her, look at your child, my Lord!"

she cried, addressing the Marquis; "does not your conscience speak yet?"

The Count observed, that something like repentance was stealing over the features of his father, and he instantly exclaimed, "Strike off his head."

At that moment Terence appeared on the terrace: he had leaped upon it from a boat on the river, and placing himself before the executioner, at whom he brandished the drawn sword, he exclaimed, "Hold, or by the holy Jasus, the next blow takes off your own."

Surprise for an instant chained the faculties of all present. The transactions of the morning had discovered to Urbino, that Terence was the friend of his cause; accordingly, he sprang towards him; and they were already descending into the boat beneath, before the Count became sufficiently recovered from the joint effects of astonishment and passion, to issue his orders for their detension. "Treachery!—Stop them!—seize them! Summon more archers!" burst loudly from the lips of Vanoso; but Terence and Urbino were already in the boat; and the friendly peasants who composed its crew, and who acted under the direction of Terence, had already pushed it off from the shore, and lost not an instant in plying their oars to convey it away from the castle.

The old shepherds had led home the wretched Antonio to his disconsolate cottage, while their sons had gone to assist Terence in his bold attempt at preserving the life of Urbino.

Antonio had shewn no other signs of existence, than that he still breathed, from the moment of his hearing the decree of his son's death, till the hour destined for his punishment had been some time past; he then slowly opened his eyes, observed his friends surrounding him, and faintly articulated, "Oh, my friends! is then all hope vanished?—Is his fate past recall?—Is my boy dead?"

"All hope is not vanished," replied one of the shepherds; "Terence, with the aid of our villagers, has promised to save him."

"Alas! alas!" returned Antonio, "I fear that cannot be!—Promised to save him! Ah, eternal Providence!" he added, clasping his hands, and raising his eyes to Heaven, "do thou, in thy mercy, nerve the arms of those who espouse the cause of the innocent!"

A silence ensued: it was broken, after some time, by the voice of one who appeared to be singing in the wildness of joy. Antonio started at the sound; "Is not that," he asked, "the voice of Michelli?"

Michelli replied to his question, by running into the cottage. "Victoria! victorial!" he exclaimed; "Boats for ever! Victoria!" and ran, and caught Antonio in his arms. "Forgive me, master," he said; "but I cannot help it; I cannot help it!"

"What means this extacy?" cried Antonio. "Explain; explain."

"I can't, I can't; my joy chokes me," returned Michelli, and sunk exhausted upon a seat. Antonio stood uncertain what to hope, or what to believe; but his suspense was momentary: Urbino, followed by the honest Terence, rushed into the cottage, and flew into his father's arms.

"My son!" exclaimed Antonio.

"Once more in his father's arms," replied the youth.

The effects of joy were now as powerful on Antonio, as those of sorrow had been before; he again fell senseless into the arms of his friends; but his insensibility was now of much shorter duration; the voice of his beloved son recalled him into active existence. "Do I again clasp thee to my breast?" he said, on recovering his utterance. "Oh, Heavenly God! in what terms of humility can I express to thee the thankfulness of my soul?"

"The devil burn the heart that would ask to be paid for a service like this," cried Terence; "for if it ain't overpaid at such a sight, all the blood in it ain't worth a thirteener."

Antonio now first recollected by whose means his son had been preserved; and moving towards him with hands extended, he said, "Oh, my friend, why have

I so long delayed to pour forth the gratitude of my breast to thee? Words are wanting——”

“They *are* wanting very much just now,” answered Terence, taking the hand of Antonio, and shaking it heartily in his; “therefore don’t put mine out of my head with thanking me: we have succeeded in saving your son just for the present, to be sure; but still neither he, nor you, are safe here: the cruelty of my precious bit of a master, that was, will be seeking you out again;—you must pack up, and budge.”

“But whither can we go?” exclaimed Antonio.

“Why there is a spot,” returned Terence, “and pray Heaven we were near it, more compassionate to the distressed, and more hospitable to strangers, than any other country on the globe, and that is England; to which my native Ireland is the next parish; but it is too far off; so shall I be your convoy to Venice?”

“To Venice! Oh, no, no,” returned Antonio; “I must not go to Venice!” and he sighed deeply as he spoke.

“You need not be at all afraid of ever meeting the Marquis della Savina there,” rejoined Terence; “there is some story why he never intends to keep any more company in that city again; whether it is that the citizens do not intend to keep company with him, I can’t tell. Well, only speak the word; the night is beginning to fall, and we’ll be off on our journey directly.”

“Must I then for ever renounce my Julia!” cried Urbino.

“Poor girl! poor innocent Julia,” cried Antonio, fixing his eyes on those of his son, as if desiring to read in them what was passing in his soul; “poor girl!”

“If you had but so managed matters, now, that she had not been a girl any longer, but a wife,” said Terence.

“Generous man! I guess the sentiment which animates your heart,” said Urbino; “you would then have left no means untried to have made her the partner of our flight.”

"Certainly," replied Terence; "a man has a right to carry his wife with him wherever he pleases; but I am afraid he is not equally authorized about his sweetheart."

"If I could but see her once more, could only bid her farewell!" returned Urbino; "but to depart without that, would be equally hard as to remain here, and at last to suffer unjust punishment."

"Well, well," cried Terence, "if it is only that bit of a message that you want carried to her, I can take that: I'll be back as fast as foot can fall to bring me. Keep yourselves snug within your cottage till you hear my voice at the door."

"How can we repay such generosity, such nobleness of mind?" exclaimed, at the same instant, Antonio and his son."

"It is not in your power to do it," returned Terence: "there is no true reward for a good action, but the pleasant feeling it carries along with it. Find her, or not, I'll soon be back, depend upon it. In the meanwhile shut the door, and keep yourselves close within your cottage. In England a man's house is his castle; it ought to be the same all the world over, and let us hope it may prove so to you during my absence, which I promise you again shall be no longer than the necessity of the business I am going upon keeps me away from it. Shut your door, and open it for nobody's asking but mine;" and with these words he departed.

Terence being gone, one of the oldest of the shepherds thus addressed Antonio: "Cruel day," he said, "that you, venerable man, whom we regard as our universal friend, should be compelled to leave us! Is it not a sad separation, Michelli?"

"Separation!" cried Michelli, wildly; "you do not suppose that I am going to be separated from him!" He moved up to Antonio, and continued speaking, "You have been more than a friend or master to me; you have been a father to me; and now it is probable I may turn out an undutiful son to you; for if you set off, and order me to stay behind, I am determined to

follow you to the brink of your grave, and serve you faithfully till I see you laid in your coffin."

"Oh, Michelli," replied Antonio, "I cannot speak."

"I don't want you to speak," returned the old servant; "only say you won't leave me behind; only say that, and I don't care if you never speak again afterwards."

"I won't, I won't," with difficulty, articulated Antonio.

"Huzza! huzza!" cried the rejoiced Michelli. "There! there! You may be dumb now all the rest of your life, if you will."

"Consent to stay amongst us," said another of the shepherds; "we will fight in your defence, every one of us, to the last drop of our blood."

Antonio could not reply; every sense was dead within him; his looks were expressive of the most painful anguish of mind, and his eyes continued stedfastly fixed on his son.

A silence of some moments prevailed; it was broken by a voice faintly pronouncing the name of Urbino. "Hark!" he exclaimed, "it is, it is Julia!"

He ran hastily out to meet her, and in a few moments returned with her into the cottage. Julia scarcely appeared the same being whose loveliness in the morning had been of the transcendent delicacy of the mountain lily; like that flower, blighted by the keenness of the north wind, was now her appearance; her countenance was pale as the hue of death; her hair falling in the wildest disorder on her shoulders; her steps trembling and uncertain. Urbino placed her upon a seat, still supporting her with his arm: she clasped his hand in hers, and, in a faint and tremulous voice, she said, "We will part no more!"

"Oh, Julia!" Urbino exclaimed, "could I ever have believed that you would have taken this interest in an unfortunate being like myself?"

"Would you not have done the same by me?" she replied. "Is it not the same affection which animates both our hearts?—The moment that you escaped, I

fled from the castle, in the hope of seeing you again: the tumult which prevailed favored my flight: love winged my steps hither; and now I am once again with you, I will sooner die than be separated from you."

"Consider, dearest young lady," said Antonio, "that the Marquis della Savina is still your father, although his conduct towards you may be less tender than that of a parent is expected to be."

"Less tender, indeed!" sighed forth Julia; I have no friend in the Castle della Savina, but Fernandina. No father in the wide world, but you; venerable old man, adopt your willing child!"

"Hark," cried Michelli, who was wandering near the door, in anxious expectation of Terence's return, "I hear footsteps approaching."

The next instant a voice was heard, exclaiming, "Julia, dearest Julia, cruel child, where are you?"

Urbino recognised the tones, and said, "It is——"

"Fernandina," added Michelli, and opened the door to admit her.

"I thought I should find you here," she exclaimed, entering with a wild and hasty step. "Cruel child, to fly from the castle without me; when you know I would go the world over with you on my bare feet, sooner than be parted from you. I am your mother, and I will be your mother in spite of the cruel man that should be your father. The wretchedness of your lot increases; your only friend is in the power of the cruel Vanoso."

"Whom do you mean?" cried Urbino; "surely not the honest Terence?"

"Aye, he, even he," replied Fernandina. "As I was running hither, I saw him winding along a path of the wood leading to the castle; and at the moment that I was going to approach him, I perceived a party of archers, headed by the Count Vanoso, dart out upon him, and make him their prisoner."

"Heaven defend my father, my friend, and my Julia!" exclaimed Urbino. "On me fall all the punishment."

"Punishment!" reiterated Fernandina; "punishment! you are innocent, and shall not submit to pu-

nishment. The scourge which is inflicted by the hand of man, is still directed by the finger of Providence ; and though it may sometimes impose trials on the innocent, the hour of retribution always comes at last."

"Since you have lost the councils and assistance of your friend," said one of the old shepherds, addressing Antonio and his son, "and must therefore be in momentary dread of the vengeance of the Marquis falling upon you, I entreat you to follow the advice which I shall give you; which is, that you consent to secrete yourselves till the dawn of day, in a cavern which I can point out to you, hard by, in the side of one of the mountains."

"Come," said Julia, "I am ready to depart. Wherever you go, I go likewise."

To pursue the plan recommended by the shepherd, appeared their only chance of escaping the effects of Savina's anger: it was accordingly agreed by the unhappy sufferers to proceed to the cavern without delay.

It was already nearly dark, the last streaks of departing day were scarcely visible in the sky; but still they resolved to proceed to their covert of hoped-for safety, without the assistance of any artificial light, as the blaze of such an auxiliary might betray their course to their enemies. The old shepherd was well acquainted with the path, and promised to lead them in safety to the spot.

Julia took the arm of Urbino; and one of the shepherds having offered his as a support to the venerable Antonio, Michelli laid his hand upon the lock of the door, in order to open it for their departure: scarcely had he done so, ere the sound of numerous footsteps struck the ears of all.

"Oh, Heavens!" exclaimed Julia, "are we then lost?"

Urbino flew towards a window, from which he could gain a view of the country; and the remaining light in the sky was just sufficient for him to perceive a body of men, whom he could not doubt to be the archers of the Count Vanoso, moving rapidly forward, at the distance of scarcely a stone's throw from the cottage. No

sooner had he descried them, than a sudden light burst at a more removed distance upon his view round the angle of a wood through which lay the road to the castle, and which he immediately perceived proceeded from the flames of several torches, borne in the centre of a second body of men.

Scarcely had he communicated to his trembling companions what he beheld, ere the Count Vanoso was heard exclaiming, "Peasants, ye are commanded to open the door of your dwelling to the son of your liege Lord."

Excess of terror prevented either a compliance with his demand, or a negative reply on the part of those to whom his command was addressed; and Terence was immediately heard to say, "You see, Sir, they are all asleep."

"Asleep!" echoed Vanoso; "then do you call, and wake them;" and he added, in a voice of satire, "as you are their friend, they will, perhaps, more readily obey a summons to rise again from your voice than mine."

This the honest Terence feared, from the injunction which he had given them when he last left the cottage, 'to open their door to no one but himself,' might too literally prove the case: to avoid addressing them at all, therefore, was his wish; and he answered Vanoso, by saying, "Had you not better put your business off till the morning, Sir, and not disturb their rest?"

Urbino, still at his station by the window, observed the Count to snatch a spear from the hand of one of his archers, and as he grasped it, he addressed Terence with, "Obey my commands, or this instant is your last."

"With all my heart," returned Terence: "I'd rather be a corpse than a traitor."

With the swiftness of the lightning's flash, Urbino rushed to the door, and darting out, he placed himself between his friend and the Count, exclaiming, "Hold, hold! spare him; spare him; turn your spear upon me; do not let an innocent man be the victim of your resentment!"

At the moment of Vanoso's irresolution, the Marquis, his father, who, attended by his domestics, formed the second body of men whom Urbino had beheld advancing, arrived at the spot upon which he was standing, and averting from its half formed purpose, the undecided arm of his son, by placing upon it his hand, he said, "Subdue, for an instant, your resentment, whilst I address the father of this hardy youth." He then proceeded to the door of the cottage, and, as he entered it, he exclaimed, "Antonio, I command thee to restore to me my daughter; and advise thee to trust to the clemency with which I may reward thy obedience."

His torch-bearers had followed his steps; and as he uttered these words, the countenances of the Marquis and Antonio became visible to each other. A sudden start shook the frame of each. "Malvini!" burst from the lips of Antonio; whilst the Marquis, in the same instant, breathed forth the name of "Lucius Capella!"

The silence of astonishment for some moments prevailed over all present. The Marquis della Savina broke it: "Lucius Capella!" he repeated, "is it possible that I once again behold thee! Welcome sight! Long, long, has it been the desire of my soul to meet thee, and to make thee retribution for the wrongs that thou hast received at my hands. The hour is at length arrived, which is to lighten my conscience of its burden. Will Capella refuse his forgiveness to the enemy of his early life?"

"Since the period at which we last parted," replied Capella, "I have lived only for another world: to deny you the forgiveness which you ask, would be a drawback upon the bliss which I anticipate from futurity."

"Come to my heart, and seal my pardon there," exclaimed the Marquis. Capella suffered him to press him to his breast; and, as he withdrew himself from his embrace, Savina said, "May Heaven forgive my crimes, as I forgive all here."

"His conscience does speak at last," exclaimed Ferpandina; "and I'll pray for him now every day I have to live."

Thus in one instant was made a discovery of Antonio's origin, and of the cause of his seclusion from the world; and the same instant produced the happy effect of restoring to peace, the hearts of those whose love had arisen from the most innocent and virtuous principles.

"This," said Savina, leading forth his daughter as he spoke, "is the child of her on whom our enmity broke out; be the union of our children the bond of our eternal reconciliation."

Urbino and Julia flew into each other's arms; and the united acclamations of all present hailed their felicity and joy: One countenance alone bore the gloom of pride, of disappointment, and of malignancy, it was that of him who was incapable of any joy, but such as was derived from selfish gratification; who, in the wickedness of his own heart, condemned the virtues by which he saw others ultimately and deservedly blessed. The possession of such a heart is sufficient punishment to him who bears it; and to that punishment we leave the Count Vanoso; and when we turn with disgust from the reflections which such a mind excites, with what delight do we contemplate characters of moral excellence, like those of Michelli and Terence, in whose hearts the seeds of virtue have been sown by the hand of nature, and whose principles have not been undermined by the adulterating influence of any evil passion!

The joy of Michelli, at the present happy termination of the melancholy events of the day, deprived him of the power of utterance; his extacy alone escaped in his tears, and the wildness of his gestures.

To Terence, it was one of the first actions of Urbino's prosperity, to offer a place in his service, as a reward for the disinterested kindness which he had shewn him; and, without hesitation, Terence accepted his offer in these words: "It certainly was my intention to have gone back again immediately to little Ireland, and have got myself a service there; but your proposal causes me to relinquish the idea without a moment's hesitation. I only desire an honest man for my master: you are one I am sure; and, therefore, to you I devote the remainder of my days."

THE DEBTOR.

BY SIR JOHN MOORE.

CHILDREN of affluence, hear a poor man's pray'r !
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom ;
Let not the hand of comfortless Despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb !

Unus'd Compassion's tribute to demand,
With clamorous din wake Charity's dull ear,
Wring the slow aid from Pity's loitering hand,
Weave the feign'd tale, or drop the ready tear.

Far different thoughts employ'd my early hours,
To views of bliss, to scenes of affluence born ;
The hand of Pleasure strew'd my path with flow'rs,
And every blessing hail'd my youthful morn.

But ah, how quick the change ! the morning gleam,
That cheer'd my fancy with her magic ray,
Fled like the gairish pageant of a dream,
And sorrow clos'd the evening of my day.

Such is the lot of human bliss below ;
Fond hope awhile the trembling flow'ret rears ;
Till unforeseen descends the blight of woe,
And withers in an hour the pride of years.

In evil hour, to specious wiles a prey,
I trusted ;—(who from faults is always free ?)
And the short progress of one fatal day
Was all the space 'twixt wealth and poverty.

Where could I seek for comfort or for aid ?
To whom the ruins of my state commend ?
Left to myself, abandon'd and betray'd,
Too late I found the wretched have no friend !

E'en he, amid the rest, the favor'd youth,
Whose vows had met the tenderest warm return,
Forgot his oaths of constancy and truth,
And left my child in solitude to mourn.

Pity in vain stretch'd forth her feeble hand
To guard the sacred wreaths by Hymen wove;
While pale-ey'd Avarice, from his sordid stand,
Scowl'd o'er the ruins of neglected love.

Though deeply hurt, yet, sway'd by decent pride,
She hush'd her sorrows with becoming art,
And faintly strove with sickly smiles to hide
The canker-worm that prey'd upon her heart.

Nor blam'd his cruelty—nor wish'd to hate
Whom once she lov'd—but pitied, and forgave:
Then unrepining yielded to her fate,
And sunk in silent anguish to the grave.

Children of affluence, hear a poor man's prayer!
O haste, and free me from this dungeon's gloom;
Let not the hand of comfortless Despair
Sink my grey hairs with sorrow to the tomb.







W. G. Anderson del

S. Sharpe sc

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EDWIN;

OR,

The Wandering Fugitive.

AN HISTORY FOUNDED ON FACTS.

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EDWIN;

OR,

The Wandering Fugitive.

IN that unhappy rebellion when the unfortunate Monmouth attempted the crown of England, and disturbed the peaceable possession of the right of his uncle James II. a gentleman of family, the proprietor of a considerable estate in the West of England, unfortunately followed the footsteps of this enterprising commander, and voluntarily forsook the comforts of domestic life, to oppose the enemy of his liberty and religion. His only son, Edwin, fired by the example of his father, and eager to distinguish himself in the paths of glory, also attended him on this fatal expedition. In vain did his distressed mother use every effort of maternal and conjugal eloquence, to restrain those for whom she wished to live, from an attempt equally singular and hazardous.

How unequal were the few undisciplined troops of Monmouth to the embodied forces of a warlike nation ! Miracles precluded, success was absolutely impossible ! To be brief with a circumstance which has been often and elegantly described in the page of history, we here only need say, that this bold attempt was entirely frustrated by a final defeat of the rebels, and the capture of their leader. Among many others, the hapless father of Edwin fell into the hands of the enemy ; but his son, with difficulty, escaped, by hiding himself in the trunk of a decayed oak, till the cover of the night favored him with an opportunity of retreating into the inmost recess of an extensive wood.

The distant moon was cheering the opposite hemisphere ; the stars, ordained to enliven the nocturnal gloom, hid themselves behind the rolling scene of impenetrable clouds, refusing to emit one auspicious ray : cloathed in her deepest sables, night, solitary night, seemed to deplore the fate of the vanquished, in a sighing gale, and drizzling shower. Stung with remorse for his undutiful conduct towards the best of mothers, who, partly through his indiscretion, was become obnoxious to the rage of a merciless conqueror ; harrowed with the most tormenting reflections on the fate of a father, whose blood, he knew, would be scarce sufficient, in the eye of cruelty, to atone for his crimes ; Edwin at length, finding himself in the thickest and most impenetrable part of the forest, groped his way to the foot of a steep bank, overhung with mossy roots and thick foliage, sufficient to afford a tolerable shelter from the inclemency of the night, and laid him down, not to rest, but to ruminate on that day's misfortunes.

Tedious and terrible were the hours of night ; yet were those of day scarce less unwelcome : the situation of our young adventurer became every moment more dangerous and alarming. " Perhaps," said he to himself, " this place is beset, on every side, by vigilant and powerful enemies, and all possibility of retreat entirely cut off. Should not this be the case, and should I be fortunate enough to effect an escape, what resource have I now left to support existence ? To return home, would be throwing myself voluntarily into the jaws of certain destruction. Home, did I say ? Is there any such place for me on earth ? Ere long, like me, my distressed mother will have no home ; left unprotected to the mercies of the sons of rapine and avarice ! " The sense of danger urged him to meditate his escape ; no traces of human footsteps appeared, but in the track by which he came ; he turned into it, and, after some difficulties, found himself in a deep-worn path, which had the appearance of an arbor of immense length, finely arched with a canopy of hazel and

willow; yet he plainly perceived it had been long unfrequented, by the abundance of coarse grass, and wild flowers, with which it was over-run.

By a gradual ascent he at length arrived at the top of a hill, which, owing to the sterility of the soil, afforded little more than a few unprofitable shrubs, thinly scattered around. From this eminence, however, he had a most extensive view of the country; but his eye was attracted by a solitary building, which appeared at the bottom of the hill through the thickest part of the wood.

With the utmost care he walked through the bushes, till arrived within an hundred yards of the house, of which, and its situation, he had before formed a very different idea. 'Twas a very venerable pile, of the gothic order, whose columns bore the stamp of antiquity; and rising superior to the wasteful tooth of Time, still retained some softened vestiges of distinguished workmanship, and consequential grandeur. The eastern sun blazed full on its windows in the front, whose curiously-disposed panes sparkled with all the colours of the rainbow. The court-wall was entirely decayed, and sunk in ruin; but two huge columns, which formerly supported the massy gates, yet remained perfect and immoveable: those the sculptor's hand had laboured to adorn with warlike trophies and pompous devices. The rural simplicity which appeared in the recent improvements, on every side, greatly prepossessed him in favor of the owner.

He advanced towards the court, which he scarcely had entered, when, casting his eyes towards a little arbour, composed of lilac and woodbine, he discovered a person, seemingly advanced somewhat beyond the meridian of life, and very decently dressed, sitting in a studious posture on a mossy stone, with a book neatly bound in his hand, who, the moment he beheld Edwin, rose from his seat, and came forward to meet him. He was tall of stature, of a graceful deportment; and in his countenance, dignity and benevo-

lence seemed pourtrayed in the most obvious characters.

Emboldened by this happy omen, which was too visible to escape his penetration, Edwin, after making his obeisance to him, as to his superior, thus addressed him.

“ Sir, I sincerely ask your pardon for unseasonably interrupting your studies by a visit so abrupt and unexpected ; but I hope the necessities of my situation at this time, will in some measure apologize for the liberty I have taken.”

“ Pray, Sir,” said Sir Hubert, “ wave all ceremony on this point : your appearance and address are sufficient apologies in your favor, and cannot fail to recommend you to respect and esteem. My curiosity, indeed, excites a desire to hear on what extraordinary occasion you have been induced to honor me with a visit, in a situation so entirely secluded from the world, and unknown to fame : nevertheless, seeing you are much fatigued with your journey, I defer further inquiries, until you have taken some refreshment at my house, and composed your wearied spirits.”

Nature pleaded strongly within ; and Edwin, with every expression of gratitude, accepted his offer, and followed him into a large parlour. At the farther end of the room, by the side of an harpsichord, a lovely girl was working at her needle :

Thoughtless of beauty, she was Beauty's self!

As her father and his guest entered the room, she put by her work, and rose from her chair. A sudden blush diffused itself over her cheek, and threw a ten-fold lustre on her beauties. She curtesied, and retired.

Edwin followed her with his eyes—a sudden confusion stole on his trembling nerves—a secret something, which he had never before felt, agitated his bosom, and caused him to wish she had made a longer stay. Absorbed in the pleasing vision, he forgot for a mo-

ment his precarious and critical situation, with all the dangers to which fortune had exposed him.

He was, however, enough master of himself, to conceal his perturbation from Sir Hubert, who instantly rang a bell; and a servant appeared, to whom he gave orders, and a very plentiful cold collation was immediately served up.

Having finished his repast, and the cloth being removed, Sir Hubert, expressed a desire to hear Edwin's relation of his adventures, which he concluded, from some intimations that had been accidentally thrown out by him, to be extraordinary; and not being willing his daughters should lose their share in the entertainment, they were sent for; and Emma, the eldest, whom Edwin had before seen, entered the room, leading her younger sister, a beautiful girl, about fourteen, by the hand. The lovely daughters took their seats by the side of their father; and Edwin thus began:

"Nothing, Sir, but the generous treatment I have met with at this place, and the confidence which I repose in your goodness, could extort from me the secret I am now going to impart; and which, if publicly divulged, will bring upon me nothing less than certain destruction!"

Emma felt the force of these words vibrate on her heart-strings; and, to hide her emotions, spread her fan before her face.

Sir Hubert fathomed the matter in an instant, and thus interrupted him.

"Your appearance, at first sight, convinced me you were not of common extraction; that weapon which graces your side, corroborates my fears: but I need not torture your feelings by repeating my suspicions. If all that friendship can do, can ensure your safety, you have nothing to fear at this place; and happy shall I be, should my poor endeavours contribute any thing to your future welfare."

After returning his warmest acknowledgments for this distinguished goodness, Edwin thus proceeded: "I need not enter into an investigation of the unfor-

fortunate Monmouth's motives for taking up arms, nor of the great preparations made for effecting his intended purpose previous to his landing on the western coast; those are circumstances with which I cannot suppose you are unacquainted: suffice it then to say, that, in an inauspicious hour, my father, though possessing an ample hereditary estate on the borders of Dorsetshire, espoused his cause; when rash, and confident of success, I accompanied him to the field, in opposition to all the intreaties and remonstrances of an affectionate mother; and yesterday morning, near the village of Sedgemore, commenced that fatal engagement, which has not only defeated all my fond hopes, but driven me into exile, and threatens every branch of my family with ruin."

—He paused, and wiped away the starting tear—

"Yet obstinate and furious was the contest, and victory seemed doubtful and undetermined, till, by some fatal misconduct, our troops gave way; the rout was universal. Dreadful was the slaughter made by the insatiate pursuers! the country was strewed with the carcasses of the dead and wounded; and a few, among whom was my father, escaped present destruction, by surrendering themselves prisoners. My horse having been shot under me, Providence directed me in my retreat to the most forlorn and intricate part of the country, where I hid myself in a large oak till the approach of evening, when, encouraged by the gloomy tranquillity which reigned around, I ventured forth, till, fatigued with the labours of the day, I sat me down in sorrow and silence, and sunk into a slumber, little less distressing than the realities I had so recently been witness to!

"I rose with the rising sun, and still had wandered destitute of the common necessities essential to the support of nature, had not your bounty administered speedy and unexpected relief in the hour of exigence. My worthy benefactor! I feel in my breast the utmost gratitude for such unexampled kindness; and, forgetting my own safety I tremble for yours, which I

will not endanger by staying here. Every punishment that an exasperated enemy could inflict on me, would be light and trivial, compared to the cruel reflection of having been instrumental to the ruin, or at least impairing the happiness, of those whose benevolence and humanity do honor to the human race. Long, long may you enjoy that sacred tranquillity to which I am doomed to bid an eternal adieu! Happiness and repose are not for me; henceforth I seek it not on this side the grave! My father, if living—Oh! how gladly would I ransom his life at the expense of my own! But heaven forbids! My mother!—"Tis too much—Miserable, deluded wretch!"

He could proceed no farther. The lovely Emma burst into a flood of tears, which she struggled in vain to conceal. 'Twas more than compassion! She cast an oblique glance on Edwin. The impression was fixed indelibly on his heart!

The generous Sir Hubert wiped the briny drop from his eye. His little Maria caught the sympathetic sorrow, and paid the tribute due to misfortune.

Sir Hubert, desirous of detaining his agreeable guest, and unwilling to distress him by more particular inquiries into past circumstances, amused him with a brief history of his own life, in the following terms.

"I doubt not, Sir, but you think it very extraordinary that a person who is blessed with a genteel competency like myself, should thus shut himself up in obscurity, from what the world denominates pleasure and happiness. Like those of the generality of mankind, were once my ideas; and such had they still been, had not a reverse of fortune, severe and humiliating, led me to view things in a quite different light.

"My father was the immediate descendant of an ancient and honorable family. Myself being an only son, at a very early age, was left heir to an immense fortune, which I was no sooner in possession of, than, dazzled with the glare of opulence, and charmed with the allurements of pleasure, I gave way to every excess of riot and profusion. Every hour of my life,

with shame I speak it, only constituted one continued round of licentious dissipation: Britain's Metropolis could scarce afford entertainment sufficient to satisfy my boundless desires. My companions were persons of the most abandoned principles, who had rendered themselves as notorious for their enormities, as fortune had made them conspicuous for birth and affluence: prompted by their example, I ardently indulged every species of extravagance, till I found my finances on the decline.

“ I now resolved to pay my addresses to an accomplished young lady, with whose family I previously had some acquaintance; but they had long withdrawn their attentions, on account of my imprudent conduct. I flattered myself that, by this connection, I should repair my shattered fortune; and once more be enabled to shine in that exalted station of libertinism from which I was falling; and promised myself still to indulge those vices and vanities, which seemed so essential to my happiness. Conscious of my superior advantages of person and address, which had, alas! proved too often fatal to female frailty, I fondly persuaded myself that success was infallible, and the conquest easy; but how was I disappointed, when, on putting my resolution to the test, I found that the object of my wishes was one of those who judge not from external appearances, or injudiciously confide in a few specious protestations. My character was notorious; my motives she deliberately weighed in the balance of reason; an absolute denial was the consequence. I need not tell you, Sir, how severely I felt the shock of this unexpected repulse. For her person I felt something like affection; but my mercenary heart was more particularly engrossed by that more desirable appendage, which I flattered myself the bounty of her parent would immediately put in my possession.

Disheartened by the disappointment of my important scheme, I returned again to try my fortune at the gaming-table, where, by a series of unsuccessful at-

Tale 80. OR THE WANDERING FUGITIVE. II
tempts, I soon found myself involved in new embarrassments.

“ Driven to the utmost emergencies, in vain did I apply to my former friends for assistance ; they not only slighted me as an incumbrance to their society, but treated me with apparent contempt.

“ ’Twas then, and not till then, I began to reflect ! I now saw myself in that point of view, in which every judicious and serious observer had long beheld me, and was startled at the impartial retrospect of my past life. Heavens ! how long the catalogue of vice and absurdity ! What was to be done ? Of all the ample possessions my father had bequeathed to me, this ancient and ruinous mansion was the only one I could lay claim to.

“ In this dilemma, I resolved to exchange the noise and bustle of the town, for the tranquillity of this solitary retreat. Accordingly, I discharged all my servants, (a man and maid excepted,) and sat off with the utmost secrecy and dispatch.

“ On my arrival, the spot I had chosen looked really the seat of desolation ! but I considered it as capable of great improvements ; and so far was I from being displeased at it, that I thought myself fortunate in my choice ; for I had now an opportunity of diverting my mind from tormenting reflection, by healthful and amusing exercise. I laid down a plan of economy ; by a strict adherence to which, in the course of a few years, I was enabled to satisfy the demands of all my creditors, and to sit down in the comfortable enjoyment of a handsome annuity.

“ During this interval, I contracted an acquaintance with a worthy clergyman, whose undaunted integrity in the cause of religion, had rendered him obnoxious to unjust persecution. He was ejected from a valuable benefice, and had retired into this solitary neighbourhood ; content with the scanty pittance Providence had assigned him, to enjoy that peace of conscience which affluence cannot give, nor penury take away. With gratitude to the bounteous Father of

blessings for this invaluable friend, I invited him to my house, to share with me the comforts and conveniencies of life.

“ In this situation I received a letter from the father of the young lady to whom I had before paid my devoirs, congratulating me on my unexpected reformation, and the success of the prudential measures I had taken; at the same time promising me every assistance in his power, that I should for the future stand in need of.

“ The sparks of former affection now began to rekindle in my bosom, and by insensible degrees I felt myself once more a lover! The idea of the incomparable Charlotte was ever present to my mind. I consulted my friend: I described her as she was, and received his approbation. Every circumstance proved favorable to my purpose; and we set out together for her father's house, where we were received with every mark of cordial friendship and respect.

“ I now became more enamoured of the internal qualifications of my charmer, than I had before at the infatuating prospect of an immense fortune, about which, I can truly say, I found myself totally indifferent.

“ The man who cannot willingly relinquish every mercenary idea, and content himself with the possession of worth and beauty, divested of every other worldly attraction, is unworthy the sacred appellation of a lover.

“ I found little difficulty in convincing my fair one, and her worthy parents, of the sincerity of my passion; and every necessary preparation being made, in a few weeks our hands and hearts were joined in the indissoluble bands of wedlock, which ceremony was performed in private by my worthy and reverend friend.

“ Near a month after the consummation of the nuptials, we staid at her father's house, and then, at her particular request, took leave of him. When about to depart, the poor inhabitants of the village

flocked around their benefactress, with every attestation of gratitude and sorrow. Her sympathetic and charitable disposition had no less endeared her to the children of affliction, than her polite and amiable deportment to the sons of affluence: every one we passed preferred some ejaculation, and invoked a blessing on our heads. I do not pretend to describe my feelings in those sacred moments: suffice it to say, we soon arrived at this place, with the romantic situation of which I was happy to find my Charlotte highly delighted. Though blest with every accomplishment which might adorn a court, and do honor to the most exalted station, yet her supreme ambition was to exercise those domestic virtues which she possessed in the peaceful shades of innocent retirement.

“United with a mind so congenial to my own, you may picture to yourself some faint idea of my happiness. From the time my reverend companion first resided at my house, our religious exercises had regularly been performed in this parlour; on the enlargement of our family, Charlotte desired to have yonder apartment.” Here Sir Hubert threw up the sash, and pointed to a detached building, which seemed to have been formerly a part of the mansion itself. Please to cast your eyes to the right: she desired that apartment to be fitted up, and appropriated to sacerdotal duties. Her request was, indeed, a kind of tacit rebuke on my own negligence; every thing was executed conformable to her wishes; and will stand, perhaps, a monument of her piety, when every branch of our family shall be mouldered into dust!”

—A starting tear trembled in either eye—he wiped them away, and proceeded.—

“Within the course of seven years she blessed me with those invaluable pledges of our loves. If ever happiness was ordained for mortal men, I was one of those who now enjoyed a share of it; but, alas! it kept pace with the fleeting moments, and the wing of time bore it with unremitting rapidity to the destined period.

“Charlotte had caught a cold by walking in a damp evening, which terminated in a fever so violent, that it baffled the powers of medicine, and in a few days dissolved those mortal bonds which held her soul to earth and me, and sent her to the regions of eternal felicity.

“Oh! had you seen her in her last moments! when she took a long farewell of her distressed partner—her weeping infants—her sympathizing domestics!—All resignation to the will of heaven; confiding in the merits of him who died for the sins of men, while she partook of his symbolical institution, in faith and joyful expectation of meeting again, her dearest connections in that state of glory, where sin and sorrow are no more.”

Here every one present mutually dissolved into tears.—After a short space, Sir Hubert recovered his speech, and went on.

“These are now all I have to live for,”—pointing to his two daughters; “the dear, dear copies of an incomparable original! In them their mother’s virtues survive: from them I receive comfort; to them I owe protection.

“Oh! thou who hast guided me thus far through the intricate labyrinth of life, and hath set bounds to the extravagancy of those headstrong passions which were hurrying me downward to temporal ruin, perhaps, eternal perdition, spare me, to behold them so situated in life, that they may have nothing to fear from the temptations of a treacherous world!

“You see, Sir,” rejoined he, laying his hand on his breast, “how precarious are all human enjoyments; how evil is sometimes productive of good, and good is often attended by evil; such are the decrees of heaven, and its ways are past finding out. The best must not look for felicity here below; and the greatest punishment of vice, in the midst of worldly pleasures, is to wait in terrible expectation of a dreadful hereafter.

“You are just advancing on the stage of life—I am approaching my journey’s end—Hope yet is yours—may resignation be ever mine.—I trust in heaven; de-

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spair is the offspring of infidelity, and the mother of perdition. Providence, by some mysterious procedure, may yet restore you soon to all you now lament as lost; and give you cause to rejoice that ever you felt the rod of affliction! Adversity acts upon the mind, as thunder storms and hurricanes act upon the atmosphere, dispelling the noxious fumes and vapours that infest it, and restoring it to its original purity, and genuine elasticity."

Edwin's heart struggled with indescribable emotions as his eyes wandered alternately from the rural philosopher to his incomparable daughters; and the thoughts of his own and their preservation, recurred again more forcibly to his mind. Having poured forth his grateful acknowledgments for that kind advice, which he vowed to make the invariable rule of his conduct through life, he begged permission to depart; and Sir Hubert as earnestly urged his longer stay, promising to secrete him in case of danger, should he hazard his own welfare in the attempt. Edwin shuddered at the proposal, and absolutely refused to accept it. Long lasted the affectionate contest, in which each, neglectful of his own happiness, considered only that of his friend! Sir Hubert, unable to prevail on his inflexible guest, gave up the idea of detaining him.

Emma's heart was full: an oblique, though expressive glance from her sparkling eyes, seemed to bid him a tender adieu! She made a kind of confused courtesy, and withdrew: 'twas too much for her delicate feelings. She now drew near the window, and placing herself in an oblique direction, to avoid being seen, and looking through the little shrubbery of laburnum, lilac, and laurel, beheld her father conversing with Edwin just at the opening of the avenue that led out of the wood. She tottered back, and threw herself into a chair in all the agony of heart-felt distress. Meanwhile Sir Hubert delivered his purse into the hand of Edwin, at the same time giving him a warm invitation to renew his visit, should fortune ever call him that way again. Overcome with such

repeated acts of goodness, Edwin was unable to express his gratitude: both stood fixed in distressful silence; and they parted at last without bidding each other adieu.

Ye ignoble beings! who feel only for yourselves; who, meanly happy in your own gratifications, look with an eye of unconcern on the distresses of others; you, who are strangers to the sublime satisfaction which flows from sympathetic sorrow, hence learn to know, that the highest enjoyments of vice and folly are

Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears!

Sir Hubert now being out of sight, Edwin turned himself round, to take a last look of that happy mansion, where he had met with such liberal entertainment, and which held a treasure dearer to him than all the wealth of the Peruvian mines! He wandered a few steps farther, and turned again; but the path winding in a serpentine direction, the tangling branches had quite shut up the enchanting prospect.

The thoughts of his desperate and unhappy condition, which for a moment had been absorbed in the visions of love, rushed afresh on his mind: his beating heart felt the sudden shock! "Where next," said he, "shall an exiled wretch find an asylum? Heaven and earth are ye both in league against me. Oh, thou great Disposer of our fate! help me to sustain the uncertain weight of life; or rid me of the uneasy burden. Dear, fatal spot, for ever adieu! Adieu, ye blest inhabitants of this solitary recess! Never! ah! never must those eyes behold you more."

He turned about; his heart was full, and with hasty and disordered steps went on. He had not gone far, when, arriving where his road was intersected by another, with terror and astonishment, he saw an horseman armed, whom he discovered to be an enemy, advancing to meet him. At first he had thoughts of flight; then of resistance. While he stood thus undetermined, the stranger's eyes seemed to brighten

Tale 80. OR THE WANDERING FUGITIVE. 17
with a kind of brutal triumph, as he rode up, and drawing from the holsters a loaded pistol, with an authoritative voice, bade him prepare to follow him !

Nothing now but the intervention of Providence could have rescued him. That very moment a large deer, that had been disturbed in his solitude, burst through the crashing thicket, and almost brushed against the horseman's foot, as he shot across the road : the startled steed made a furious bound, by which he had well nigh thrown his rider, and, swift as lightning, darted down the avenue. Edwin in a moment lost sight of him ; and, once more inspired with the hope of saving himself, rushed into the thickest part of the wood, and forced his way through the most intricate labyrinths human feet had ever trodden.

After being in some measure recovered from his perturbation, it occurred to his mind, that he had been guilty of much imprudence in wearing his sword, which in his circumstances was more likely to betray than protect him, and but for which, he might have passed unnoticed by the enemy he had just so providentially escaped ; he therefore immediately unbuckled it from his side, and threw it into a neighbouring brake.

His bosom still glowed with ardent gratitude to heaven for his late miraculous preservation ; he pushed forward with fresh courage and alacrity, resolving for the future, firmly to confide in, and entirely to resign himself to, the will of Providence.

He now got into a narrow unfrequented foot-path, which lay straight through the forest, and opened into a fine fertile valley, almost surrounded by a range of hills, forming a most extensive prospect, which was bounded on one part by the great deep.

By this time the western sun was just verging on the horizon, and darted his yellow rays over the extensive landscape ; yet in all this beautiful track of country, what particularly raised Edwin's attention, was, that not one rural villa, nor even so much as a shepherd's hut, appeared ; no trace of human art presented itself, save the tottering ruins of an ancient castle, fixed from

time immemorial on a distant eminence, which cast its lengthened shade across the unruffled stream, that flowed in the vale beneath; but for which, he would have deemed it some sacred spot, where Nature had determined to fix her residence, in undisturbed tranquillity, far from the guilty haunts of human-kind.

Totally unacquainted with this part of the country, and cautious of hazarding himself in the scenes of popularity, he turned aside, to view this antiquated building, if fortunately he might find safety there till the morning.

As he drew near, his astonishment increased at the amazing magnitude of the lofty arches, and broken walls, which seemed suspended by some magnetic power from tumbling on his head as he passed beneath them.

Edwin passed the grand entrance, and viewed with the minutest attention every part of it, while his mind was diverted from the irksome task of brooding over its misfortunes by a number of curiosities, which on every side presented themselves; and the many reflections which engaged his thoughts in this solemn interval of retirement.

Though the day had been remarkably fine, and the evening was no less serene, Edwin thought it best to look for some shelter from the dews of night.

The roof of the castle had long been fallen in, and the stone converted to private purposes by the proprietor of the land; but, on a survey of the inside, he discovered a narrow door-way in the wall, and, descending a few stone steps, found himself in a close cell, which had, perhaps, in days of old, been used as a repository for warlike stores; here he resolved to wait the return of morning.

After recommending himself to the protection of heaven, with the utmost fervency and devotion, he laid him down on a whisp of straw, and, lulled by the gentle whispers of the evening breeze over the ruined battlements above, and the continual murmur of the waves beneath, he soon sunk into a profound repose, which

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he enjoyed without disturbance till the rays of morning revisited his gloomy lodgings, and called him forth to a further experience of the caprices of Fortune.

Once more committing himself to the care of Providence, he left his solitary retreat, and wandering, with pensive step, along a narrow track, which ran in various windings on the edge of a declivity, skirted with bramble and flowering furze, a thousand wild sensations agitated his bosom: grief, horror, and despair, alternately prevailed! Yet, amidst the confusion of promiscuous ideas, that of Emma was still uppermost in his mind.

'Twas now high noon, and our traveller had taken no refreshment for the day, when, casting round his eyes, he beheld a smoke arise out of the midst of a grove of trees, which graced the side of a hill at a little distance on the left. His apprehensions had not yet forsaken him, and he felt half-disconcerted at the discovery, for he imagined the country on every side to be alarmed! He, however, made up his mind on the occasion, and soon resolved to trust to the hospitality of the unknown inhabitants of this sequestered retreat.

A level lawn, of the deepest verdure, led directly to an antiquated thatched building, the outward appearance of which announced it to be the residence of some industrious farmer. The repeated strokes of the flail, the lowing of kine, and clamor of domestic poultry, now saluted his ear.

At a little distance from the door, under the shade of an extensive oak, planted by his fore-fathers, perhaps a century before, the venerable master of the house had assembled his family to their well-earned dinner.

As Edwin drew near, the honest rustics fixed their eyes most attentively upon him, and the whisper of curiosity ran through the group, till, coming up to the father of the family, he inquired his way to the next village. The dejection of his countenance, and tremulous accent of his voice, (for he had not yet shook

off his fears,) did not escape the notice of the cottager, who kindly invited him to a share of their repast. The invitation was not unseasonable, and he accepted it with thankfulness.

Every individual seemed happy in shewing him some token of respect; for they concluded he must be a person of superior station in life: they were all attention to every word that fell from his lips; but he thought it prudent to conceal the late unfortunate adventure which had thrown him on the mercies of the world. His future safety depended on his cautious conduct; but his heart smote him whilst he fabricated a tale of deception for his unsuspecting host.

He feigned, that, being the son of a gentleman in a remote part of the kingdom, he sat out, on horseback, attended by one servant only, on a visit to the country seat of a nobleman, an intimate acquaintance, near the Land's End, in Cornwall; but his servant being suddenly taken ill, at the end of their first day's journey, he was obliged to leave him on the road at the inn where they slept, and proceed by himself; that having been persuaded to take the nearest way, by striking across the country, he had the preceding evening been attacked by an highwayman; and making some resistance, had his horse shot under him, and was at last forced to surrender his purse: mistaking his road, he had been under the necessity of taking up his lodging at the place before described.

Those simple sons of nature listened with credulity to the well-dissembled tale of woe; the drop of pity stood ready in every eye; and homely consolation flowed from every tongue. What would their feelings have been, could they have known his real situation! but he did not think it proper to undeceive them.

After dinner, his generous host, unlike the pompous pretenders to sensibility abounding in our day, was philosopher enough to know that pity alone profits but little the victims of misfortune: he therefore, frankly and cheerfully, made him a tender of his services, by telling him, that he was ready to supply him with

every necessary accommodation for the prosecution of his intended journey. Edwin returned his thanks in the warmest terms that a grateful heart could suggest.

He said, he had taken the precaution, previous to his leaving home, to secure the greatest part of his money in a private pocket, by which means he had been fortunate enough to save it from the hands of the ruffian who attacked him; and only requested the favor of them to direct him to the next town or village: nevertheless, he said, a sense of their exemplary kindness should never be eradicated from his breast.

They then pressed him earnestly to stay with them till the morning; this he likewise declined; and having received the requested information, took his leave of them.

He pursued his way till the western sun, hovering on the horizon, skirted the crimson clouds with burnished gold; when a sign, that hung over the road, in front of a petty ale-house, drew his attention: he turned into the kitchen, which was extremely neat and clean, and sat down, till a decent-looking woman appeared, of whom he inquired if he could be accommodated with a bed; and being answered in the affirmative, in order to avoid company and conversation, after taking some refreshment, he retired to his chamber.

'Twas near the hour of midnight when he betook himself to rest, and he had not slept long, before he was alarmed by a cry of fire! He leaped from his bed, and running towards the window, beheld a little thatched hovél on the opposite side in flames; and he scarce had time to hurry on his cloaths, before the house in which he slept was kindled. A number of peasants were presently assembled, with whom he joined his utmost exertions; in consequence of which, the devouring element was soon got under; but not before much damage was done to the unfortunate hostess, who lost the principal part of her effects.

She was a woman that had seen better days. Her father had been a man of fortune and respectability in

the neighbourhood; but, by an unforeseen series of misfortunes, the family had been so reduced, that his daughter, now a widow, had been placed in this humble situation in order to procure a scanty maintenance: this Edwin learnt from her own mouth, and her assertion was corroborated by a spontaneous flood of tears.

The mournful narrative easily found a passage to his heart; and, though himself a pensioner on the bounty of charity, he not only shed the unavailing drop of sympathy, but contributed freely to her necessities, from what the benevolent Sir Hubert had kindly bestowed upon him; though he knew not how soon he himself might be obliged to supplicate the bounty of others! But humanity forgets its own pangs, when it has an opportunity of alleviating the sufferings of others.

The rising sun had just began to gleam across the vale, when he prepared to depart. The honest hostess took leave of her benefactor with those unutterable emotions which gratitude alone can inspire.

The road he took lay through the most delightful part of the country, on the banks of a shallow rivulet, winding through meads, adorned with the gayest robe of nature; the hills on either side were cloathed with hanging woods, and echoed with vocal melody. Here and there, through the opening scene, appeared the "straw-crowned cots" of shepherds and woodmen, antiquated farm-houses, and elegant villas.

Near two months he continued his solitary ramble, cautiously avoiding society, and taking up his lodgings in the most sequestered and unfrequented parts of the country, during which nothing worthy of notice occurred.

He at length began to fear that the singularity of his appearance might render him obnoxious to suspicion, by which means he might yet fall into the hands of his adversaries, by whom he understood great rewards were offered for the discovery of rebels; and exemplary punishments inflicted on those who, prompted by humanity, countenanced or concealed them.

Wandering, disconsolate and solitary, he arrived at a lonely village, where, to prevent detection, he engaged with a farmer to assist in the management of his flock. Here he thought himself buried in that obscurity which the eye of vigilant revenge could never penetrate.

Many a tedious summer's day did he sustain the parching heat of the sun on the sides of the auburn hills; or mourn his unpropitious fate by the sedgy rivulets, among the bending willows, waiting for the hand of time to obliterate his woes.

His employer was one of those whose niggard soul, immersed in dirt and gain, despised every acquirement which fits man for society, and raises him above a level with the brute creation. His wife had long been dead; but he had two daughters, who were not deficient in rustic charms, whose mental accomplishments, had they been equal to their personal, had not been despicable. Nature seemed to have formed them for a better station in life than that in which Fortune had placed them: true it is, they were not destitute of some intrinsic merit, but it had never been polished by education, proved by exercise, or drawn out by emulation.

The old farmer would not scruple occasionally to deride him for his plodding disposition, as he called it, and his attentions to learning; nay, would sometimes go so far as to say, he wondered how people of common sense, who had children whose only dependance must be on their labour, could check the spirit of industry, by breeding them to books, which were only proper for those who had nothing else to mind. In short, the insolence of his master at last became insupportable, and, be the event what it would, he resolved to quit his service.

It was not without manifest regret that he parted from his young mistresses, whose kindness had administered much consolation to him in the bitter moments of affliction; and he had some reason to conclude, that a part of the ill usage he had experienced

from the father, was on account of the attentions shewn him by his daughters. Be this as it may, he bade adieu to his rural occupation, and again sat out in quest of better fortune.

He had still enough of his little stock of cash left, with good economy, to support him for some months; and he hoped before it should be exhausted, that Providence would provide for his future subsistence.

He feared to visit the metropolis, and therefore took one of the great cross roads which led to a small seaport town, a few miles distant.

During his journey, he formed, and rejected, in his mind, a thousand schemes of acquiring a livelihood. He could write the law hands well, understood the classics, and was perfectly master of those branches of learning which are requisite for business; he therefore flattered himself, that he might yet have the good fortune to procure some inferior place in the commercial or learned world, and be able to acquire a comfortable subsistence.

Irresolute and undetermined with regard to his future proceedings, he reached the end of his journey, and hired lodgings at an obscure inn in a retired part of the town.

Here week after week passed away, and he had still no prospect of obtaining any employment.

Edwin's finances were now reduced to a low ebb, by his profuse generosity to every object of pity that fell in his way. Many tedious days did he spend in doleful solitude; and often, as from his window he looked down into the street, how did he envy the meanest wretch that passed by!

As thus his time past away in melancholy cogitations, he found himself in danger of being reduced to exigence; and had no other prospect before his eyes, but of being turned out of his lodgings, and forced to become a vagrant, or take unlawful measures to support a miserable existence.

What was now to be done? He had no resource left, but once more opened his eyes on the disenchanted

prospect, and saw himself, as before, friendless, hopeless, and disappointed. In this situation he resolved to try his fortune on a foreign shore; and accordingly, in the course of a few weeks, embarked in a vessel bound for Bengal. After a very favourable passage, they reached their port in safety; and Edwin, on the recommendation of the captain, who, during the voyage, had paid him peculiar deference, on account of his excellent behaviour and abilities, had the good fortune to obtain a profitable and genteel employment at an English settlement in the country, where he resided some years.

Owing to the intense heat of the climate, and the delicacy of Edwin's constitution, he now found his health on the decline; and having accumulated much wealth, determined to return to England.

He could not be ignorant that his royal enemy had abdicated the throne; and that William, Prince of Orange, had assumed the British sceptre; consequently, there was no danger from that quarter to deter him. He, therefore, embarked, in the first vessel ready for his native country. The beginning of the voyage was prosperous and flattering; but as they arrived near the Cape, the scene was changed; the crew began to be alarmed by every presage of an approaching storm, and prepared for it accordingly. The skies were soon involved in clouds: the winds rose, and the conflicting billows rolled mountains high! To augment their fears, night began to advance, and the seamen, by their reckoning, knew themselves to be near a dangerous shore. Every moment the rage of the warring elements increased, blotting out the faint remains of day, by mixing seas and skies in one universal scene of anarchy and confusion! Their sails and rigging were shattered in pieces, and their main-mast came by the board: every effort to keep to windward proved ineffectual. Horror and despair were written in every countenance; and even presumption itself stood aghast! There were many passengers aboard, amongst whom were several English ladies and

children, to describe whose situation, words are inadequate ! The mighty seas they shipped, swept the men, with every moveable thing, from the deck into the horrid abyss ; the rapid lightning blazed with almost unintermitted flashes ; and the successive thunder seemed to shake the steadfast frame of nature ; every momentary interval being filled up by repeated shrieks of inexpressible distress !

To a heart like that of our adventurers', exquisitely susceptible of the tenderest emotions, ever ready to melt at the woes of others, how afflicting must be such a situation ! In the midst of this consternation, the vessel struck on a rock on the coast of Africa. The sudden shock started many of her planks, and the sea rushed in at every quarter like a deluge ! All hands were now obliged to hasten upon deck ; and the approaching morn, by presenting to their eyes the insurmountable dangers by which they were surrounded, heightened fear to distraction, and terror to despair.

Their vessel was embayed in the rugged bed of a dangerous rock, against which the furious billows dashed her with unremitting violence. The wild echoes of the winds and waves howled hideously in the dreary caverns of the stupendous cliffs, which overhung the deep, and seemed inaccessible to human feet !

In fearful expectation of seeing the ship part, and of being instantaneously swallowed up by the relentless deep, they flew to take their last farewell of their companions, friends, or relatives. The trembling infant clung to its mother's heaving breast, who, as she poured over it the spontaneous flood of maternal affection, almost suffocated it in her agonizing embrace ! Locked in each others arms, the fair unfortunate adventurers, with dishevelled hair, and pallid lips, mixed in one common stream their unavailing tears. If any thing is adapted to excite pity and affection in the human breast, it is the sight of youth and beauty in the bitter moment of hopeless distress ! Every heart melted,

Tale 80. OR THE WANDERING FUGITIVE. 27
and strove to tender that consolation which it needed itself.

Soon as it was broad day, they discovered at a little distance, the wreck of a large vessel, a melancholy prelude to their own approaching fate; for ere long, their own ship, unable to withstand the violence of the surge, began to part. Self-preservation now became predominant, and numbers of the crew plunging from the decks, attempted to gain the shore on floating pieces of wreck: several were drowned in the attempt; and others, in climbing up the tremendous precipice, missed their hold, and falling thence, were dashed in pieces!

The ship now separated; and those who remained on board, amongst whom was Edwin, were swept away by a mountainous wave.

He was, however, fortunate enough to secure a large piece of plank to support himself; and being besides a good swimmer, soon got within his depth; and with the greatest difficulty, after having been several times dashed violently against the rocks by the waves, scrambled up a narrow and almost perpendicular track, to the top of the cliff, where he fell on his knees, and poured forth the warmest effusions of gratitude to that Omnipotent Being who had thus singled out, and miraculously snatched him from the jaws of destruction.

The storm now, as if it had accomplished the purpose for which it was commissioned from above, gradually subsided into a dead calm; a calm, if possible, more awful to Edwin than even the tempest itself! 'Twas all silent solemnity! Many of the dead bodies the retreating waves had lodged in the cavities of the inaccessible rocks, and the whole coast was strewn with wrecks.

As he walked on the the top of the cliffs, contemplating this mournful scene, with a mind tortured by a thousand gloomy reflections, he observed that the shore became more level; till at last, without difficulty, he could descend to the water's edge. Here he found the body of one of the young ladies, whom he

knew to have been an unfortunate fellow passenger with him ! He used every exertion to restore her to existence ; but alas ! the springs of life were stopt for ever ! The robe of spotless white, in which he had often seen her so charming, now served her for a winding-sheet to wrap her gelid limbs, which, with the most religious care, he conveyed beyond high-water mark ; and, with a heart dissolved in affectionate sorrow, deposited in a grave which he dug with his own hands. A severe trial this to his feelings ! While he performed the last sad office of humanity, nature broke forth into this pathetic exclamation.

“ Oh ! were I, like thee, eased of the burden of life ! Would that some charitable hand might lay my weary bones by thine, and dropping one tender tear upon my grave, leave me to enjoy the long, long sabbath of death ! ”

Having thus indulged the effusions of woe, he walked along the beach, and had not proceeded far, before he discovered a small, but strong box, which had been thrown up by the surge, and seemed, by its great weight, to conceal a considerable treasure. Gold was to him a useless acquisition ; therefore, without opening it, he removed it to a little distance into the cavity of a rock, considering that it might one day fall into the hands of some more fortunate adventurer.

Some barrels of provision had likewise been thrown ashore, which he also took care to hide in the cliffs ; not without returning thanks to heaven for this providential supply, without which he must have been in imminent danger of perishing with hunger ; for the country near the coast exhibited a scene of barrenness and desolation ! a rude, uncultivated, inhospitable desert, on which the power of vegetation never smiled ! a sandy and trackless waste, ever exposed to the scorching beams of a vertical sun ; infested by beasts of prey, venomous serpents, and noisome insects.

At about half a mile from the spot where he had taken up the box and provisions, the prospect before him was bounded by a chain of rugged rocks, which

ran in an irregular line up the country, and terminated in a right angle on the beach, leaving, at high-water mark, but a narrow passage between it and the sea. He had no sooner turned this point, than he was surprised by the appearance of two of the natives, forcing away with them a beautiful young lady, in an English dress. They were of a savage and hideous aspect, and armed with lances.

Fortunately he had the precaution to take with him a cutlass, which, among other articles, he had found upon the shore. Fired with indignation at the violence offered to the lady, he resolved to release her, or perish in the attempt. He was forced to use his utmost speed to come up with them, which he had no sooner done, than they brandished furiously their lances, quitted their trembling prize, and began to attack him.

In this skirmish, Edwin behaved so gallantly, as to lay one of them dead on the spot, and wound the other, who nevertheless fled with incredible swiftness over the most dangerous precipices, and in a few minutes disappeared.

He turned to the assistance of the contested fair, who lay on the burning soil, during the combat, in a state of insensibility. A deadly paleness overspread her cheek; her half-closed eyes had lost their lustre; and scarce could he feel the gentle palpitations of life, as he raised her hand to bathe it with his tears.

While he was thus tenderly engaged, casting round his eyes, he saw a small rivulet of fresh water, which he had not before observed, winding down the rock, in glittering meanders to the sandy plain below, where it was swallowed up and lost: then taking up a large shell that lay near him, he ran, and filling it with the refreshing element, gently sprinkled it on her face. It produced the desired effect, and he soon observed symptoms of returning animation. Gradually the flush of life re-visited her delicate frame: she once more opened her eyes, wild with excessive woe, and truly expressive of the perturbation of her mind! She made

several ineffectual efforts to speak; but at last, in broken and confused accents, she thus addressed him.

“ Brave and generous stranger ! to whom I owe my protection from the brutality of the most savage of the human species, it is far beyond my power to make you any acknowledgment adequate to the service you have done me ; nevertheless, I hope you will do me the honor to accept this small token of my gratitude, (giving him a diamond ring from her finger ;) and should Providence ever direct you to your native shore, (for I deem you are an Englishman,) if you will yet farther serve me, in delivering this little packet to a distressed father, you may depend upon being more liberally rewarded.”

What must have been the feelings of Edwin, when, looking on the superscription of his charge, he read the name of Sir Hubert ?—

He stood motionless as a statue ; and fixing his astonished eyes on the disconsolate fair one, traced, in her’s, the features of the lovely Emma !

Scarcely able to support himself, and incapable of uttering a word, he snatched her hand in transport, and clasped it to his heart ! Startled at his conduct, and uncommon agitation of spirits, she gently withdrew it, renewing her former request, that he would permit her to close her eyes in peace.

No longer able to conceal his passion, he caught her in his arms, and confusedly articulated the word—“ Emma ! ” She gazed on him for a moment, recollected his person, and fainted in his embrace !

Soon reviving, she blest him with a look of tenderness which could not be mistaken. A sudden blush diffused itself over her cheeks. Words were inadequate to their feelings ! In silent sympathy they grasped each other’s hand, and on each other’s bosom poured a flood of tears. The heart of sensibility alone can form a faint idea of the various emotions of their souls !

The first moments of surprise and extacy past, parched with extreme thirst, and faint with long fast-

ing, she readily shared with him the plain repast which he presented, and drank of the crystal beverage which he fetched from the spring. 'Twas to them a luxurious banquet ; during which she gave him an account of the most extraordinary occurrences of her life from their first interview at her father's house, nearly to the following effect.

His engaging deportment and address, at first glance, had highly interested her in his favor ; and the story of his misfortunes had entirely completed the conquest of her heart. The deep melancholy which took place of that cheerfulness which used to enliven her countenance, could not escape the observation of her father. He guessed the cause, and on any honorable terms, if possible, would have made her happy.

Soon after the departure of Edwin, a circumstance transpired, which solved his doubts. News was brought to his house, that a sword had been found in the wood, which was supposed to have been the property of some person who had been murdered near that place. The sword was produced, and he knew it to be Edwin's. He shed tears on the occasion ; but Emma's sorrow was insupportable ; she fainted at the sight, and revived to agonies little short of distraction ! For some weeks she continued in this situation ; after which she again relapsed into a deep and dangerous melancholy.

Her father, who was a pattern of parental affection, shared deeply in her distress ; and made every possible inquiry, consistent with that secrecy which the nature of the business required, for the object of her affections and anxieties ; but from no quarter could any satisfactory account of him be obtained.

After some months, an intimate friend of Sir Hubert's recommended to his house, as a temporary asylum, an elderly gentleman and his lady, who, he said, were in great danger, in consequence of the late rebellion. Sir Hubert, with that hospitable tenderness which ever marked his character, accordingly welcomed them to his recluse mansion till the national disquietudes should be adjusted or forgotten.

Now were the woes of Emma again renewed by an extraordinary discovery. Their guests mourned the loss of an only son: that son was no other than Edwin! Unable to sustain the weight of her sorrows, she left her house in despair, and, in a state bordering on insanity, embarked in a vessel bound for India, where a very wealthy relation of hers had settled a few years before.

Thus far removed from every scene which could remind her of the object of her passion, she gradually grew more composed; and wrote to her father, begging his pardon for the rash step she had taken.

He returned a most affectionate epistle, in which he expressed the utmost joy at this discovery, without once upbraiding her for the anxiety she had occasioned him.

Here she resided till time had somewhat blunted the keen edge of anguish, and meliorated distress into resignation; she then thought of returning to bless the eyes of the best of parents with her presence, and smooth his passage to a better world.

With this pious intent she re-embarked in an English vessel, which had been unfortunately wrecked on this savage coast a few hours before that in which was her lover, and where every soul, except herself, perished.

Struck with astonishment, in a transport of gratitude, Edwin fell on his knees, and exclaimed, "Thou all-wise Disposer of human events! for this, thy goodness, in sparing those whose welfare is far dearer to me than my own, accept the humble tribute of my warmest praise! O! if, to the number of thy undeserved mercies, thou wilt permit me to implore the addition of another, restore!—O! restore this dear maid to the expectant arms of her mourning relatives. Then, whether I become the prey of prowling beasts, or savage men; whether I find a tomb in the burning desert, or am whelmed beneath the stormy ocean; my last breath shall be employed in thankfulness and adoration!"

The lovely Emma's tears flowed afresh, and her admirer appeared in her eyes still more amiable. Did she now wish to live, 'twas with a view to complete his happiness.

Soon as night began to close, he conducted her to where a huge rock formed a vast and intricate cavern; at the entrance of which, on a rugged stone, they sat down; and Edwin administered every consolation that tenderness and affection could suggest, to calm her fears, till the return of morning. She reposed her drooping head on his bosom, as the vine rests her glowing clusters on the protecting elm. Not without apprehensions of an attack from the inhabitants of the inland country, or wild beasts in their midnight round, he kept his sword drawn in his hand, nor suffered sleep to take possession of his eyes.

The wished-for morn at last appeared, when, to their inexpressible joy, they discovered a sail at a distance, and a boat coming ashore in search of fresh water: they ran down to the beach as the crew landed, and had the happiness to find they were Englishmen, who received them with the greatest humanity.

Edwin now recollected the treasure he had left behind on the rock, and the officers very kindly ordered some of the crew to assist him in fetching it.

Emma could not be prevailed upon to stay behind, but likewise accompanied him thither. On opening the box, he found it contained a sum considerably larger than what he had lost of his own.

After bestowing a handsome gratuity on the boat's crew, they embarked; and joyfully bidding adieu to the inhospitable coast, soon reached the ship, on board which they met with the most civil reception.

But how was the beauteous Emma overjoyed and surprised, when, in the captain's wife, a charming young lady, she discovered an intimate friend, and the companion of her happier days!

Suffice it to say, that our adventurers were treated with the utmost tenderness and respect during the

whole voyage, which proved exceedingly favorable. Immediately on their landing on the English shore, they set off, impatient to see their long-lamented friends; nor did they intermit their speed till they arrived at the house of Sir Hubert, the sight of which filled their eyes with joy, and their beating hearts with congenial raptures; for they had learnt, upon the road, that Edwin's parents were then on a visit at Sir Hubert's, where they frequently spent a few days, and the similarity of their distresses highly endeared their company to each other.

As they entered the court, by the gravel walk which ran by the little arbor, where Emma, with her sister, used to spend many of the sweet hours of childhood, and drove up to the door, the owner and visitors were assembled at the window, amusing themselves with various conjectures about them. They now stopt short; and Edwin, alighting, handed down the charming Emma. They both caught a glance of their beloved parents! Instantly the door was thrown open, and the lovely Maria appeared. Her charms, unequalled but by those of her charming sister, who now rushed forward to embrace her. Edwin entered! His mother, unequal to this sudden excess of joy, fainted in the arms of her venerable spouse. Speechless for a moment, Sir Hubert gazed on his daughter, almost doubting the evidence of his own eyes, till he clasped to his throbbing breast the dear, long-lost fugitive! Overwhelmed in the tumult of contending passions, for a considerable time every one remained silent.

During this pathetic scene, the good old clergyman, whom we have before mentioned, returned from his morning walk. He was a person somewhat above the middle stature, of a fair and open countenance, in which seemed happily united the easy cheerfulness of the well-bred gentleman, with the unaffected goodness of the sincere Christian. The hand of time had crowned his head with hoary honors, and meliorated the more robust features into a pleasing gracefulness.

No sooner did the venerable man cast his eyes on the lovely wanderer, than the tears of joy started, and trickled gently down the furrows of his reverend cheek.

"Thanks to the Almighty Ruler of human affairs!" cried he, "I have lived to see happiness restored to this house of mourning! Welcome! thrice welcome, thou darling of heaven, to the spot where first thy eyes beheld the light, and rejoiced thy indulgent parents' heart! Henceforth mayest thou enjoy as great a portion of felicity as can possibly be enjoyed in this state of imperfection!

The first paroxysms of joy and surprise subsided, the adventures of Edwin now engaged their attention: and at the request of Emma, for whom the task would have been too severe, with his own, he interwove the story of her misfortunes; during the recital of which, their ardent eyes reciprocally exchanged many an expressive glance.

Scarcely giving him time to conclude, Sir Hubert eagerly seized his hand, and thus addressed him: "Generous and noble youth, to whom I owe the preservation of my dear Emma, and my own present happiness, say, what acknowledgment can I make equal to your services?"

Edwin embraced the golden opportunity, and frankly declared, that, could he be thought worthy the distinguished favor of becoming her future protector through life, he should attain the end of all earthly happiness; but if such a presumption was inconsistent with the peace of either family, he would give up the idea for ever, and, retiring to some sequestered part of the world, leave them to the enjoyment of that felicity, to which he must ever be a stranger.

Such a proposition failed not of being highly agreeable to the parents of both; and they expressed their approbation of it with mutual satisfaction.

"My Emma!" cried Sir Hubert, taking her by the trembling hand, "I am not ignorant of your attachment to this gentleman; nor do I doubt the sincerity

of his passion. I can truly say, that I should be proud to be allied to a family with whose acquaintance I have for some years been honored, and for whose character I have the profoundest respect."

With a smile of unaffected gratitude, she raised her eyes to meet those of her father's; and though a sudden repudiation restrained her tongue, her rising blushes evidenced the passion in her heart, more forcibly than the most copious language.

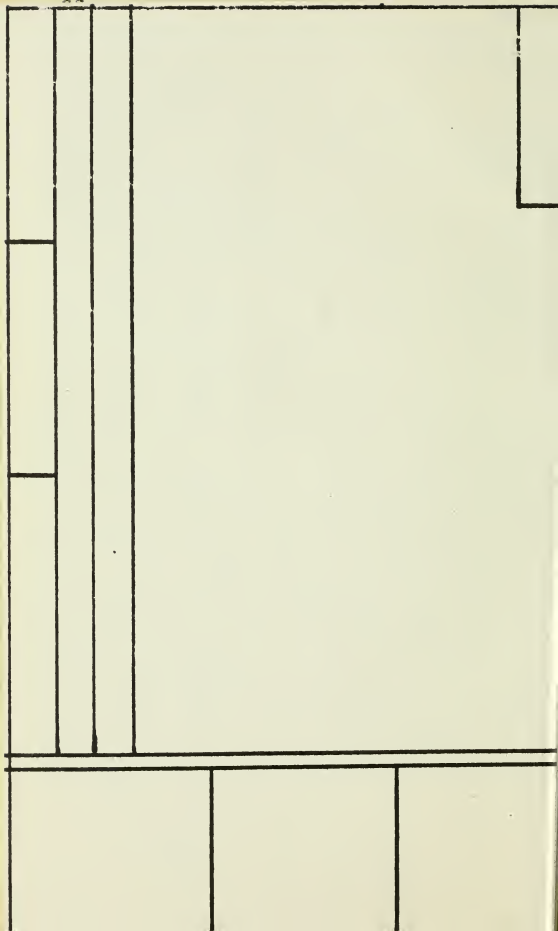
The venerable father of Edwin, not behind-hand in point of gratitude, thus addressed his son: "In the trying season of adversity, after having escaped, by a fortunate stratagem, from the tyrannic hand of power, this worthy gentleman, at the hazard of his life and fortune, secured your mother and myself from the rage of our enemies; for such signal services we are still under obligations inexpressible. What then can be more consonant to our wishes, what can more enhance the value of those tender offices, than the union proposed? To be allied to a family, to which, next heaven, we are indebted for every thing dear to us, will fill the measure of our earthly happiness! We have lived to see the mysterious conduct of Providence justified towards us, and we are more than satisfied with its dispensations. The time is now advancing apace, when all our worldly possessions will be yours, and long may you both live to enjoy them! Long may you be a blessing to all around you; and teach your offspring, by your example, to learn that virtue and religion are the only sources of permanent felicity."

The preliminary articles being settled to the mutual satisfaction of either party, the marriage was consummated the next day by the reverend clergyman, who, many years before, joined the hands of Emma's beloved parents.

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THE
VILLAGE MAID;

OR,

THE INTERESTING ADVENTURES

OF

MONT SIRANT.



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THE VILLAGE MAID.

A YOUNG gentleman of the city of Rennes, in Bretagne, of the name of Merville, having lost, at the age of fifteen, those to whom he owed his birth, was left under the conduct of a guardian, who, by his sense, his manners, and his prudence, had acquired the confidence of his parents; though he was not more than thirty when they left him guardian to their son. He was a man of condition, learned, and of an agreeable humour. His fortune was not one of the most shining in the province, but he had enough to be happy and easy. As Lucidor had had the most tender friendship for the father of Merville, he made him inherit it; and bent his whole application to shew himself worthy of the choice which was made of him for his education, and the direction of his fortune, which was considerable; and acquitted himself of both with so much honour, and in so noble a manner towards his pupil, that Merville, who every day increased in perfection, as well as in age, throwing off that fear with which the name of father or guardian generally inspires young people, soon looked upon him as his best friend.

Lucidor, charmed that he so thoroughly answered his sentiments, attached himself so strongly to him, that he made no party of pleasure without him, nor could he taste any if he was not there. Merville was the same. And as there is nothing more uncommon than to see such an intelligence reign between a guardian and his ward, this union was the general discourse of Rennes. In the mean time, Merville became the most accomplished Chevalier of the Province; and Lucidor had the satisfaction to see him attract the general esteem. Sense,

learning, and courage, of which he had given proofs in some particular affairs, being joined to the personal perfections he had received from Nature, rendered him the ornament of Rennes, and desired in all companies. The prudence of his conduct, and the solidity of his judgment, having assured Lucidor that he run no risk by delivering his fortune up into his own hands, he would not wait for the term of his majority to make him master of it; and though Merville would have seriously excused himself from receiving the account of it, Lucidor did every thing according to rules, and put him in full possession of his inheritance. This manner of behaviour on both sides having still more strongly augmented their friendship, Merville would not quit him; and not being able to persuade him to leave his own house, to inhabit with him in one of his, he remained with him, that they might not be parted.

Things were in this condition, when two of Merville's friends proposed to him to see a country-house some leagues from Rennes, which was esteemed beautiful, and was then upon sale. As he had a desire for one, he accepted the party, and desired Lucidor to be one of them; but his studious humour being stronger than ordinary that day, he excused himself; and begged so earnestly he would dispense with him, that he would not constrain him, but departed with his company, and left him. The house belonged to the nephew of a gentleman, deceased, without issue, called the Count de Rivals; and as the nephew was generally in the army, and could not enjoy the pleasures of this inheritance, he had left a power in writing with the gardener to sell it, if he found a purchaser, upon condition that the buyer would keep him, his wife, and a daughter, which was his whole family: This man being an ancient domestic of his uncle's, to whom at his death he had left an apartment for him and his wife for their lives, and some acres of land for their subsistence.

It was then to this house of the Count de Rivals that Merville went with his friends. The gardener received them like a peasant accustomed to see people of

distinction, shewed them the apartments, and having conducted them into the gardens, left them at liberty to walk where they pleased. Merville was enchanted with them; and separating from his company to view every part of it, he entered into a little wood of firs surrounded with thick espaliers. He was examining it, that he might forget nothing in the description he proposed to make to Lucidor; but he had not gone many steps, before his eyes were struck by an object that banished from his memory at once, all that till then had occupied it. Two female peasants, one elderly, the other young, who were gathering up the wood that was cut and fallen into the walks, had in that moment the power to fix those looks which the most shining beauties of Rennes had not been able to catch one minute.

It is true, the young peasant possessed such charms, that it was impossible to see her without surprize and admiration. Merville felt their whole force; he ceased to walk, fixed his eyes upon her, and was not able to pronounce one word. Though his presence did not produce the same effect, yet it surprized those two persons. The eldest advanced towards him, and asked him, with much respect, what brought him to that place, and if her husband had had the honour to receive him there. This discourse making Merville suppose that it was the wife and daughter of the gardener, he told her, that he came with an intention to view the house, in order to buy it; that he had spoke to the gardener; and that it was him who had conducted him and his company into the garden. But (continued he, looking upon the youngest) I did not expect to find such beauties here.

These words, which they perfectly apprehended, made the beautiful peasant blush: but her mother feigning to give them another sense, " 'Tis true (replied she) the entrance into this house does not seem to promise any thing so agreeable as it is; and it was the design of the late Count, when he died, to have given it a more advantageous appearance." " How charming!

(returned Merville, still occupied with the same object;) I am enchanted with it; I never saw any thing so perfect; and if I thought I might be the possessor—" My husband (replied she) has a writing from the young Count, by which he gives him power to sell it; therefore it will not be difficult for you to have it, if you desire it. I shall go and tell him to bring it, that you may peruse it." At these words, making him a low curtsy, she went up another walk with her daughter, and returned to the house.

As to Merville, he remained upon the spot like a man that was-senseless, and had not recovered from his extacy without the arrival of his friends, who joined him at that moment. Their presence having drawn him out of his reverie, he used all his efforts to hide from them the trouble of his heart; but, in spite of all his attention, the passion which began to seize upon him, had caused such an alteration in his face, that they perceived it. As they had not seen the fair maid, they were ignorant of the cause of so great a change: they thought he was indisposed, and enquired with earnestness if he was ill. Merville, who felt that he could not long constrain himself, and who wanted to be alone, told them he was not well; that he must return to Rennes, and come there again some other time. They consented to it, and went back to their equipage. Whilst they were busy in giving some orders to their people, Merville, perceiving the gardener coming towards him with a paper in his hand, went to meet him: and drawing him aside, " Friend, (said he,) secret reasons oblige me to conceal from these gentlemen the desire I have for this house. I will return alone to-morrow, and we will confer about it at our ease." The good old man, who was charmed with the noble and affable behaviour of Merville, and who was not ignorant either of his name or his birth, answered, that he should be proud for him to have it; and that he might be assured he should have the preference. He thanked him, and told him to expect him the day fol-

lowing; and having quitted him, he went into the coach with his friends.

They returned to Rennes; it was late, and Merville, who wished to converse with his own thoughts, having parted from them, shut himself up in his apartment, where recalling to his *mémoire* all the charms of the young fair one, he found that love had wounded him with a stroke that never could be cured; but that knowledge, far from making him combat his passion, served only to fortify it; and the idea he had formed to himself upon the choice of a wife, making him look upon her as the only object capable of rendering it real, he thought only of the method to obtain her. The consent of the father and mother gave him no uneasiness, easily judging that people in that rank would not refuse such an advantage. Lucidor was what embarrassed him most: though he loved him tenderly, though he was assured of his friendship, and had never apprehended his remonstrances, yet he could not hinder himself from fearing that he would act contrary to his wishes on account of the inequality of such an alliance; and saying to himself all that his friend might alledge to persuade him from it, he found such strong reason in it, that, to avoid them, he resolved to make a mystery of his adventure and his designs to him; and the more, because, notwithstanding the ardour of his growing love, he was not yet prejudiced enough to terminate an affair of this importance, without informing himself of the manners and conduct of this rural family; and finding out, by his own experience, whether so many charms might not hide some defect capable of giving him distaste. This resolution having made him calmer, he passed into Lucidor's apartment. He knew he was returned; but as they lived in entire liberty, and would never constrain each other, he waited to see him till she should come, or send to desire him to visit his apartment.

They embraced, according to their custom; and Lucidor having questioned him upon his party of pleasure, Merville told him that he did not find any thing

extraordinary in this house of the Count de Rivars; but, however, he would consider of it, and they would return thither together to see it thoroughly, which he could not do, the gardener not being there. "I believe (replied Lucidor) it will be no bad acquisition, as I have been informed. As to myself, I never saw it but once, now near twenty years ago; and though I had often opportunities to have gone there in the lifetime of the late Count, the loss of a friend extremely dear to me, of which he was the only cause, made me take such an aversion to him, that I never could resolve to go there."

Merville, who only wished to form a conversation to hinder Lucidor from perceiving what passed in his heart, and who desired nothing more than to keep silence, lest some word should escape him that might discover his secret, begged him to relate to him the motive of his hatred, and the occasion of this friend's loss. Lucidor needed no pressing to begin his discourse.

"About twenty years ago (said he) I was inseparable from the Marquis Montsirant, a young man extremely amiable. We had made our studies together; and as our fathers were intimate, and their friendship gave us daily opportunities of seeing each other, ours were daily confirmed by it. The Marquis was not rich; and his father not being in a condition to give him enough to support his rank, nor to raise him in the army, had destined him to the church, having friends and protection enough to procure him some handsome benefice: but, for Montsirant's misfortune, love put an invincible obstacle to his obedience. The Count de Rivars had a daughter of surprising beauty, sole heiress to a considerable fortune: my friend became distractedly in love with her; and, in spite of the little hopes there was from the inequality of their fortune, his whole aim was to make himself beloved by her.

"Incessantly attached to her steps, he was in all places where Isabella was to be: at the churches, public walks, and in all companies, Montsirant was

ready to give her his hand. I know not whether his vows were listened to, his friendship to me never going so far as to confide in me upon that article. He had owned his love to me; and gave me an account of all his thoughts; but he never discovered to me what he knew of those of the fair Isabella. In the mean time, his passion became so public, that the Count was alarmed at it; and sent word to the Marquis Montsirant, that the pursuits of his son would oblige him to take disagreeable methods, if he did not hinder them. The father of my friend was of a haughty nature: irritated at the complaint of the Count de Rivars, he made answer, that if he suspected his son of loving his daughter, he should die by his own hand; for his sole intention, in devoting him to the church, was to hinder him from an alliance beneath him; and gave the Marquis immediate orders never to look upon Isabella, and to put on the little band without delay. The Count, on his side, either suspecting an intelligence between the two lovers, or being willing to let the noise subside which this adventure began to make in Rennes, carried his daughter to the country seat that you have just seen, and left her there under the care of people in whom he could confide. Montsirant, distracted at the persecution of his father to make him an Abbe, resolved to dissemble with him; and, by a thousand reiterated promises of forgetting the object of his flame, he obtained from his father, that he should wait a year longer before he embraced that condition. Though I was as young as him, my heart, disengaged from the usual passions of that age, leaving my reason at full liberty, gave me a kind of superiority over him, which not agreeing with his love, obliged him to act with me as with his father, and to persuade me that he thought no more of Isabella. Some months after the retreat of this beautiful maid, the Count having made a journey to Paris, I perceived that Montsirant was never almost at home, and that, under different pretexts, sometimes of parties of pleasure, sometimes of solitary walks, he very seldom was at Rennes: this gave me

uneasiness: I did not doubt but his conduct hid some intrigue which he was unwilling I should know; and I was the more alarmed for him, because I saw the old Marquis Montsirant in a perpetual rage at his procedure. I resolved to inform him of it, and to employ all the power my friendship gave me over him, to persuade him to change his behaviour; but he avoided me so carefully, that the blow which was preparing, was given him before I could ever meet him. The Count de Rivals returned after a month's absence; and, some days after his return, we were extremely surprised (my father and I) to see the father of Montsirant enter with a most terrible air. "What do you say of my misfortune, (said he, addressing himself to my father,) to have but one son, and see him the cause of my death?" Montsirant (continued he) did not one moment cease his pursuit of Isabella; and she, as senseless as her lover, and no doubt struck with the same passion, having refused one of the best offers in the Province, has obliged her father to have recourse to force, in order to deprive her of what rendered her disobedient to his will. He repaired to court, and, by his solicitations, procured a *lettre de cachet* to send Montsirant to the Isles of America; and this night they came and forced him away, by the King's command, in order to his embarkation. He was in bed; they seized him without resistance; and whilst they dressed him, the exempt gave me a second order from his Majesty, by which he forbids me, under pain of his indignation, to rebel against his commands, or to have any dispute with the Count de Rivals.

"I was forced then to submit to all, and see the Marquis depart without complaint. That ungrateful son shewed, upon this occasion, a firmness I did not think him capable of; and perceiving he could not defend himself, he delivered himself up with courage to his fate. He threw himself at my feet, and begged me to pardon the uneasiness he had given me, but that he had rather go in search of death, than cease to adore Isabella; and that, in whatever place they

banished him, he would preserve an inviolable fidelity to her. These words having provoked me, I saw him depart with dry eyes; they conducted him to St. Malo, from whence he embarked for Canada, and I shall hear of him no more."

"My dear Merville, (continued Lucidor,) judge of my astonishment and my sorrow at this news. I did not hide it from the Marquis; and my father, joining himself to me, we did all that was possible to persuade him to go and throw himself at the King's feet to beg his son's return: but, far from letting himself be moved by our earnest intreaties, he assured us he would not take the least step upon that account; that he was obliged to the Count for ridding him of a disobedient son; that he had no estate to leave him; that this adventure putting him under a necessity of gaining a fortune by his own industry, he did not think proper to hinder him, and would not so much as enquire after him for the future. The barbarity of this man shocked my father, and from that day he lived very coolly with him. As to me, distracted at the fate of my friend, I departed the next day for St. Malo, hoping to arrive before his embarkation: but I missed him by one day, and returned to Rennes as dissatisfied as I went from thence. The Count de Rivars did not long enjoy the fruits of this unworthy action; his daughter fell ill, and died six weeks after the departure of Montsirant. The evening before her death, as I was returning home about ten at night, a woman came up to me, and presenting two letters to me; Lucidor, said she to me, one is for you; the other for a friend of your's: read that which is wrote to you, it will inform you what you are to-do; but, above all, be secret. Quitting me at these words, she left me a good deal surprized at her message. I went up to my apartment, and seeing the direction addressed to me, I opened the letter, and read in it these words.

"The friendship which unites you to the unfortunate Marquis Montsirant, makes me believe I cannot address myself better than to you, to get this packet,

which I send to you, conveyed to him. It encloses a thing of the greatest importance in the world, but which must not be known to any but himself: therefore I conjure you, by all that is most dear to you, not to unseal it; and to keep it carefully by you, in case you have no safe method of conveying it to him, till his return, or till you hear of him either from himself, or some other way."

"This billet was not signed; and I imagined it could come from none but Isabella; but having little curiosity in my nature, and, besides, making it a point of honour to answer the confidence that was reposed in me, I locked up carefully the packet which was addressed to the Marquis, proposing to myself to send it as soon as I could learn the place of his habitation. I did not speak of it so much as to my father, and was a most religious observer of the secrecy that was imposed upon me. In the mean time, the next day, or the day after, I learned the death of Isabella; and though I only knew her by my friend's love, and accused her as the cause of his misfortune, yet I could not forbear being sensible of her death. She was but nineteen, and the Marquis not twenty-two, no more than myself, at the time of his departure.

"It was then that, seeing no obstacle to his recall, since the motive of his exile existed no longer, I solicited his father so strongly to have the *Lettre de Cachet* annulled, that he consented to it, and easily obtained it, the Count de Rivars having no pretext to oppose it; and having made the greatest enquiries to know what became of my friend, I heard at last, that they carried him to Canada; and that they had publicly forbid, upon severe penalties, all men of war, merchant-ships, or others, to bring him over into France, under any pretext whatsoever; but they had left him at liberty to go to whatsoever place he pleased in the West-Indies; that he had made use of that permission, and that he had quitted Canada; but they were ignorant what route he had taken; and after that he was never heard of.

“ I have missed no opportunity of enquiring for these twenty years, without being able to hear of him. His father is dead ; and the Count de Rivaïs died about two years ago. I have let no vessel depart without a copy of the repeal of Montsirant’s banishment, and all my cares have been in vain. As I lost my father much about that time, and attached myself to your’s, who was then just married, the care of his affairs, which he trusted to me, and my own private business, by degrees, took away the chagrin which I felt at this cruel adventure. Afterwards the care of your education, your guardianship, and the friendship you inspired me with, made me totally forget it. This, my dear Merville, is what always kept me from the Count de Rivaïs. I still, however, keep this letter of Montsirant’s, hoping some time to hear what is become of him. If he is alive, I will find out some method to convey it to him ; and if I am informed of his death, I will burn it without reading it, having no desire to enter into the affairs of others !”

Merville, who had only desired this recital, that he might have the pleasure to muse upon his village maid, and who imagined he should give little attention to it, took so much interest in it, that he did not lose a single circumstance, and could not forbear being strongly touched with the misfortunes of the two lovers. He gave a thousand praises to the discretion of Lucidor ; assuring him, that he felt himself capable of doing the same ; and looking upon him with some concern, “ Alas ! (said he to him,) these unfortunate creatures might have been still alive if their felicity had not been opposed ; for there is no doubt but Isabella loved Montsirant enough to prefer him to all others, and that her design was to make him share her fortune ; and I own I cannot bear the rigor of those, who, like the Count, and the father of the Marquis will constrain the inclinations of their children, when they are not prejudicial to their honour.”

Lucidor did not contradict this sentiment ; and the conversation leading them on to the time of their supper,

they eat together. Their time of rest forcing them to part, they retired each to his apartment. Lucidor, who had no uneasiness either in his mind or body, passed the night in quietness; but the passionate Merville could not do the same. The history of Montsiran, and the image of the beautiful peasant, did not abandon him one moment; and rising at day-break, he caused a horse to be saddled, that he might be alone in his journey, and took the road to the Count de Rivars' house: but as it was very early, he entered into the village, and, under pretext of seeing other houses that were to be sold there, he enquired into the manners and conduct of the gardener, his wife, and his daughter. The first whom he questioned upon that article was an old farmer, born in the village, who knew all that inhabited it. This man answered very sensibly to all his interrogations. He asked him the name of this gardener, and if the obligation there was to keep him upon buying the Count's estate might not hinder the sale of it.

"It ought rather to contribute to it, (replied the old man;) for they cannot trust it to the care of an honest man. Sebaste (continued he) is the oracle of our village, and universally esteemed for his wisdom and integrity, which have been a kind of inheritance in his family, that has never been spotted with any dishonour. His wife is an example to our's, and his daughter is virtue itself. They are reproached with nothing but keeping her too strictly; but I must own Silvia deserves it; and we all agree, though she is a country girl, none of our young fellows are worthy of her. She seems to be persuaded of it; for I do not believe she has ever lift her eyes upon any of them, or that any one of them has dared to speak a word to her."

They must have been in Merville's situation, that can conceive the pleasure this discourse of the farmer's gave him, who continuing in the same tone, made him a long eulogy of the whole family. Charmed at having placed his heart so worthily, he repaired to the house. Sebaste seeing him come unattended, desired him to enter into his apartment, where his wife and the fair

Silvia helped him to receive him. The sight of this charming peasant transported him with joy ; and perceiving that she blushed when he came in, he flattered himself that the first sight of him had not been forgot ; but desiring to have time to converse with her, “Sebaste, (said he to her father,) I have formed a design of dining here, that I may examine every thing without precipitation. Besides, I have several bargains to conclude with you ; and, that I may do it at leisure, I will eat with you and your family : get what you think proper, (added he,) throwing two louis d’ors upon the table ; I leave your housekeeper here mistress of the entertainment.”

The gardener, surprised at this liberality for a repast that was only to be amongst them, and prejudiced by his wife of what had passed the evening before, giving him again the two louis d’ors respectfully, “I do not refuse, Sir, (said he to him,) the honour you are willing to do us ; but you must, if you please, grant it us entirely, by contenting yourself with what I take the liberty to offer you without employing your gold ; or else permit me to conduct you to a man in the village, where you may have an entertainment at what expence you think proper, without my wife or daughter’s being there.” “You put too hard a condition into your proposal (returned Merville, smiling) for me to accept it. I did not intend to offend you, and still less to deprive myself of company that pleases me ; and I will do what you like, provided I do not stir from hence.”

Sebaste made no reply, but by ordering his wife to prepare what was necessary. During that time, Merville and the gardener began to confer about the house, and the price that was to be given for it. The gardener shewed him his master’s order ; and coming to the clause where it was expressed that he must be kept, and his wife and him lodged there for their lives, “As to that article, Sir, (said he,) do not let that hinder you ; we have enough of the lands which the Count left us to live upon, and shall easily find a dwelling.” “No, no, (returned Merville immediately,) I will not have you

leave it; and if I buy it, it will be that single condition that determines me to do it." Sebaste smiled, and made no reply; and his wife having informed him all was ready, they sat down to table. Never repast appeared so agreeable to Merville. He placed himself near Silvia; and, notwithstanding the ardour with which he burnt, behaved so as neither to intimidate her, nor make her blush. He let her apprehend part of his sentiments; and that beauteous maid preserving, with an amiable gaiety, the modesty, prudence and innocence suitable to her condition, answered all his attacks with so much sense, that she finished her victory over his heart, and over the reasons with which he still combated his passion.

He remained till evening with this rural company, and then parting from them, he told Sebaste, that he would return the next day with his notary, to which he might join the notary of the village, and they would sign the contract of sale; after which he mounted his horse, and did not arrive at Rennes till it was late. Lucidor was in bed: Merville was rejoiced at it, being resolved not to see him till after he had executed his projects. The night seemed of an extreme length to him, burning with impatience to see Silvia again. At length the day appeared; and, as soon as he thought he could with decency, he went to his notary's; and recommending secrecy to him, informed him of his intentions, and desired him to accompany him. This man, who thought it not his business to give lessons to those who made use of him, though very much surprised at Merville's design, yet made no objections to it; and, according to his instructions, drew up a contract of sale for the house, and another for Silvia's marriage with him. As soon as he had finished them, they got into the coach, and went to the village; Merville having that day took his equipage. They found Sebaste, who waited for them with the same old man to whom Merville had addressed himself the day before. He said a thousand kind things to them; and desiring the notary to stay a moment with the farmer, he carried

Sebaste into the garden; and when they were alone there, "My dear Sebaste, (said he to him,) I am glad that you took this venerable old man for a witness. He has told you, doubtless, the questions I asked him yesterday concerning your family; and as they may have surprized you, in the idea you have that I only want the house, I am desirous to let you know the real cause of them. I love Silvia, my dear Sebaste; and your seeing me again now is to demand her in marriage. Her beauty has enchanted me; her sense and her prudence have determined me to make her my wife. Thus I buy the house; and I marry your daughter, if you consent to it, and her heart seems not contrary to my wishes." The surprize of the gardener at this discourse cannot be described: whilst Merville spoke, he seemed to strive to read in his eyes if he was sincere; which he did not do for a trial; but at last recovering himself, "I own (says he to him) that I am in the greatest astonishment, and cannot forbear taking what I have heard for a dream. I can easily apprehend you may be in love with my daughter; and I must tell you, my wife and myself both perceived it, and we have resolved to convey her out of your sight, if you buy the house; for I can never imagine that a man of your birth will condescend to stoop so low as to become the husband of a peasant: and you will pardon me if I declare frankly to you, that I fear some stratagem, under this, dangerous to her reputation!" "I am a man of honour, (interrupted Merville :) if I had designed to attack the virtue of Silvia, I should not have addressed myself to you. Nothing can be more seriously true than what I tell you: the contract is ready, and nothing wanting but the consent of your charming daughter."

"Silvia (replied the gardener) is too submissive to me, to oppose my will: and, notwithstanding her rustic education, has too much good sense not to be touched with the honour you do her." Merville was so transported with joy at these words, that he had almost thrown himself at the gardener's feet: he embraced him; called him a hundred times his father; and proved

so strongly the excess of his love, and the sincerity of his heart, that the good old man shed tears at it: and calling for his daughter and his wife, told them directly the intentions of Merville. The gardener's wife was distracted; and not being able to find words to express herself, she embraced the knees of this tender lover, and let her joy burst forth in so touching a manner, that it was easy to remark how dear Silvia was to her. That beauteous maid too, ignorant of the art of dissimulation, discovered in her eyes a satisfaction mixed with fear, modesty, and tenderness, that persuaded Merville more thoroughly of his happiness, than the most eloquent words. At length, after all of them had shewn the different emotions that this happy adventure caused, they returned into the house, where Merville ordered the two contracts to be openly read, in which, besides several other advantages that were made to Silvia, he gave her the property of this estate which he bought.

The farmer, who was informed by these contracts of the marriage, was not less astonished than Sebaste had been, and thought the thing too important to pretend to give his advice in it. The two acts were signed immediately; and Merville beginning from that day to take possession of the house, regaled splendidly the notary and the family of his future spouse, who, by a sincere confession of the secret of her heart, compleated his felicity, by telling him he was beloved with the utmost tenderness. In the mean time Merville, who could not still forbear dreading the philosophic Lucidor, engaged them all to secrecy till the intire conclusion of the marriage; for which they only took the necessary time for the forms that are used on such occasions.

The day run on in this manner. Merville wished not to quit Silvia; but the apprehension lest his absence should trouble his friend, and excite his curiosity, forced him to return home. It was again so late, that he did not see Lucidor; and his design being to avoid him, he returned the next day before he was awake, forbidding his people to say any thing of what he did. This conduct, which lasted seven or eight days, at length gave

Lucidor uneasiness. For ten or twelve years they had been together, it had never happened that Merville had been so long without seeing his friend, or letting him know what hindered him. Truly alarmed at such a procedure, he resolved, at all hazards, to find out the meaning of it. But, as he was a man of prudence, he would not inform himself abroad of what Merville had done these eight days, nor give reason to think there was a misintelligence between them, nor question his domestics; his maxim being, that it was opening the way to all indiscretions, to ask any account from them of their master's actions; therefore, trusting wholly to himself, he testified no uneasiness, but, attentive to the hour of his friend's departure, he was as vigilant as him, and met him just as he came out of his apartment to mount his horse.

“Where are you going, Merville? (said he to him.) What can oblige you to go out every morning so early? What are the important affairs that occupy you? and for what reason do they deprive me of the pleasure of seeing you?” Merville was so surprized at the presence of Lucidor, and at his words, and his friendship gave him in secret such strong reproaches for his manner of behaviour, that it was impossible for him to answer. He went into his apartment again, threw himself into a chair, and kept silence. Lucidor followed him, took a seat close to him, and was for some moments examining him; but seeing nothing in the trouble which agitated him that seemed to shew any fatal event, he guessed at a part of the truth; and beginning his discourse again, “My dear Merville, (continued he,) you know, during your pupilage, I pretended only to the direction of your estate, and not your conduct; and that, without being a troublesome and a rigid censor of your actions, I attached myself only to inspire you with a love of virtue, a hatred of vice, and the general rules that all men of honour ought to follow. I saw you approved my lessons and my advice: by that prudence, which in you much outstript your age, you put in practice all our conversations upon that subject; and finding

you highly capable of guiding yourself, you must have perceived I never constrained you in any thing. What have I done then, my dear Merville, to deserve the manner in which you act to me? Eight days ago you owed me no more account of your actions than you do now; yet your friendship, and the confidence you had in me, obliged you before then to inform me of your affairs, your thoughts, and your actions. By what misfortune have I lost those sensible testimonies of your esteem? You go out at day-break; you do not return till late in the night; you never see me; you avoid me; and do not so much as enquire after me. I own to you, Merville, this procedure surprizes me, alarms me, and afflicts me to the very bottom of my soul. You know my character too well to imagine that a mean curiosity makes me speak in this manner. A man who for twenty years has kept a letter without reading it, cannot be suspected of a desire of prying into the secrets of another: but as this interests my friendship, and shews a disengagement on your side that pierces me to the heart, I must absolutely beg you would discover the cause of it."

Merville loved Lucidor too tenderly not to be touched at this discourse: he was penetrated with it, and looking upon him with a sort of confusion, "I should have profited little by your instructions, (said he,) if I was ungrateful enough to disengage myself from such a friend. No, (continued he, sighing,) Lucidor was never more dear to me: but it is that very friendship which makes me dread to unveil a mystery which will banish me from his heart as soon as it is known." "I know nothing in the world (interrupted he) that can make such a change. Speak, my dear Merville, and I will prove to you that you have no better friend than I am." "I am in love," (replied he.) "Well, (said Lucidor to him,) and is that a crime? I have always wished it; and you know your indifférence caused our only disputes." "I am going to marry what I love, (added Merville :) I have resolved it, and will die sooner than change my resolution." "I am charmed at it, (re-

turned Lucidor;) and I cannot comprehend why you should imagine your love and your marriage should make us differ."

"I fear it but too much, (added Merville, resolving within himself to speak;) for, in short, my dear Lucidor, I marry a woman without estate, and without birth; but who possesses riches that in my opinion surpass all those that men are now ambitious of." Then, without giving him time to reply, he informed him punctually of his adventure, and the condition things were in; described to him, with the most lively colours, the beauty of Silvia, her sense, her discretion, the innocence of her manners, and the purity of her soul. The excess of his passion was so strongly shewn in all his recital, that Lucidor was easily convinced it would be in vain to combat it; and though he was extremely mortified in his heart at such a choice, as he saw there was no remedy to the evil, he resolved to submit to it. "I am surprised (answered he) at what you tell me; but I am truly concerned that you should hide this affair from me for fear of my remonstrances: they would never have gone farther than the advice of a friend who loves your honour; and I should not have been more difficult to be persuaded eight days ago, than I am now. Master of a considerable estate, you are at liberty to share it with whom you please, without my disapproving it, or ceasing to love you; and, to give you an essential proof of it, I desire I may be the first of your friends that pays homage to the object of your love, and strive to assure myself, by her friendship, of the continuation of yours."

All that Merville had felt when Sebaste granted Silvia to him, did not come near what passed in his heart at that moment; he almost expired with joy in the arms of Lucidor, into which he had thrown himself the moment he ceased to speak; and this tender friend found it as difficult to calm his transports, as it would have been to draw him out of the most frightful despair; and judging by that of what importance it was to manage properly so sensible a heart, he forti-

fied himself in his resolution not to oppose any thing he designed to do ; and when he had made him something calmer, he himself pressed him to depart ; and the coach being ordered, they went in it together to the country-seat. Upon the road, Merville never ceased thanking Lucidor, and asking his pardon for his want of confidence ; and both of them being restored to their native agreeable humour, they entered Sebaste's apartment more satisfied with each other than ever.

But Lucidor had soon reason to be still more so, by the admiration with which he was struck at the sight of Silvia, whose extreme beauty made him at that moment excuse the effect she had produced upon his friend's heart. Merville presented him to her, and with pleasure perceived his astonishment. The charming Silvia, who had been instructed before of his tender consideration for him, gave him a reception full of grace ; and as modesty and timidity hindered her sometimes from speaking with freedom to her happy lover, and the same emotions did not agitate her to another, she entertained Lucidor with her gratitude and tenderness for Merville with so much sense and modesty, and such uncommon delicacy, that he could not forbear wishing him joy of having made such a choice. The joy that his approbation gave to all hearts, made them pass a most agreeable day.

The contracts were presented to Lucidor, where a blank was left him to sign his name, which he did, without letting them be read to him ; and as Merville was provided with all the necessary permissions, and the ceremony of the marriage was to be performed the next day in the parish-church of the village, they remained there that night, and the next morning were united with an eternal tie in the presence of Lucidor, Sebaste, and two of Merville's friends, whom he had sent for with that design.

Never was husband more satisfied than he, nor had more reason to be so. The new-married pair remained in the country ; and Lucidor returned to Rennes, to

send from thence furniture, and elegant habits for Silvia. He acquitted himself of this commission with equal taste and judgment; the house was soon adorned with whatever could render its habitation agreeable, and Silvia dressed like a woman of condition. Her air was naturally so noble, that those ornaments gave her less lustre than they borrowed from her. All the ladies of the city, animated with envy and curiosity, came to visit her, hoping to find matter of criticism, but they were constrained to own she exceeded the beauties of the city; and that, however happy her fate was, she merited still more. Merville, who wished she should join to her natural perfection those which a rural life had deprived her of, gave her masters of all kinds; and as she was animated with a desire of pleasing him, she applied herself so ardently to render herself worthy of his care, that in eight months she excelled in the arts of music and dancing, and adorned her mind with several accomplishments proper to her sex. Merville then brought her to Rennes, and left at her estate Sebaste and his wife, whom he had forbid to labour, and left domestics to attend upon them. Lucidor, as charmed as Merville with the beauteous Silvia, blessed each day the moment that made her mistress of the heart of his friend; and as, by his experience, and the wisdom of his instructions, he served him as a guide, and almost as a father, Merville pressed him so strongly to be with him, that at length he was persuaded, not being able to resolve upon living separate from this amiable pair.

They were universally esteemed and respected in Rennes, and every one thought it an honour to be their friend. They had already been married near a year, when one day, as Merville, his wife, and Lucidor, were conversing together after dinner, they brought Lucidor word, that a gentleman, magnificently dressed, desired to speak to him. Merville having desired Lucidor to receive him in his apartment, he ordered they should introduce him: he appeared, and they beheld a man of a noble air, but entirely unknown to them.

Lucidor advanced towards him, and having saluted him, begged him to say what he might do to serve him. "What! my dear Lucidor, (said the stranger,) do not you know Montsirant?" The sound of the voice having directly struck Lucidor, "Ah! Heaven, (cried he, throwing himself into his arms,) is it you, my dear Marquis! Shall I believe my eyes?" "Yes, (replied Montsirant, embracing him;) it is a friend who never forgot you, and who comes back to his country only in hopes of finding you there." Then renewing their caresses, they for some moments spoke only broken and interrupted words. But when the first heat was a little allayed, Merville approaching them, and addressing himself to Lucidor, "I took too great a share (said he) in the misfortunes of the Marquis Montsirant, for you to neglect presenting me to him, and demanding the honour of his friendship for me."

Merville was so uncommonly graceful, and the air with which he pronounced these words was so prejudicing in his favour, that the Marquis saluting him with consideration, "There is no occasion (replied he) to have recourse to Lucidor, in order to engage me to court your esteem; the sight of you produces too speedy an effect upon my heart not to assure you of mine; and the remembrance of the misfortunes you speak of, will be much softened, if the recital that has been made of them to you, has acquired me such a friend." "I own to you, (resumed Lucidor,) that, being the two dearest friends I have upon earth, your union would complete my felicity." Then making Merville known to him, by the praises which his amiable qualities deserved, he augmented in such a manner the inclination he already felt for him, that he conjured them they would permit him to be the third in their society.

"Say the fourth, (interrupted Lucidor, conducting him to the closet of Madam Merville, into which she had retired when the Marquis entered :) this admirable person has ravished from me the greatest share of Merville's heart, and I have no design that you shall be better used than me." Montsirant was dazzled with the

beauty of Silvia ; all his blood moved when he saluted her ; he changed colour, and seemed in extreme surprise : but he recovered himself so soon, that, though Lucidor remarked his confusion, he had not leisure to reflect upon it. The beauteous Madam Merville was not less agitated at the sight of the Marquis ; a secret inquietude seized her ; and not knowing the cause of these emotions in her heart, she was extremely serious. In the mean time, Merville and Lucidor giving no attention to it, but curious to hear by what happy accident Montsirant was at length returned, after twenty years absence, pressed him to inform them ; and to oblige him to use no reserve with them, Lucidor told him, that he had related to his friend all that he knew of his adventures, and that the interest he had taken in them deserved his disclosing the rest to him.

“ It is not my intention to conceal them (replied Montsirant ; and I feel myself too strongly inclined to give him my confidence, to refuse him any thing that can testify it. I will not make a long discourse to you, since you know my love for Isabella, the effects of her father’s hatred to me, and his persecutions of me, to force me into a condition entirely opposite to my inclinations. But as you are ignorant of the principal things that passed between that charming person and me, I shall begin my recital something earlier than my departure, that you may be more sensible of my misfortune. I loved Isabella, from the first moment I saw her ; and by a sympathy, the movements of which are impenetrable to us, I made the same impression upon her that she had upon me. For a considerable time we discovered only by our looks the secret of our hearts ; but at last the ardour we were consumed with became so lively, that we broke silence almost at once to swear an eternal love. This confession on both sides was no sooner pronounced, than we thought of methods to repeat it every day. Though my birth gave me a right to pretend to Isabella, she knew too well the avarice of her father, to flatter herself he would consent to take a son-in-law without estate ; but as he was old

and infirm, she thought she might expect from time what she could not hope for from his generosity. Our passion deprived us of our reason in such a manner, that, taking no care to hide our soft intelligence, it soon came to the knowledge of the Count. Enraged at the choice of his daughter, he commanded her not to see me, and forbad me entrance into his house. This command, far from allaying our flames, only lighted them with more violence. Isabella took one of her women into her confidence; and by her address we atoned in secret interviews for the loss of those moments the Count deprived us of.

“ My fear of losing Isabella, which all her promises could not dissipate, beginning to be uneasy to her, she resolved to tear them from me, by tying herself to me in such a manner, as to make it impossible for me to doubt her constancy.

“ I cannot express to you, (continued Montsirant) the excess of my satisfaction at this favourable promise. I thanked her a thousand times, and, without delay, considered to whom I should address myself to complete my felicity.

“ At length, after many disquiets, I cast my eyes upon the chaplain of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who consented to do what I desired, and married us, with the usual ceremonies; making us both sign an acknowledgment that we would ratify the marriage when we were of age. We each of us took an extract from the original, which we left in the hands of the chaplain. I reconducted my wife home; and as her confidant was the directress of the whole family, she introduced me without the other domestics perceiving it, and I remained there till the next night.

“ I continued to see Isabella all the time of her father's illness: but the return of his health soon disturbed our felicity. We began to see each other again at the house of our confidant's husband; and we hoped we had nothing more to fear, when the Count watched us so carefully, that he discovered our secret interviews, and the place of our rendezvous. His fury was exces-

sive ; he menaced his daughter with putting her into a convent ; and sent a message to my father in the manner you have heard. The Marquis Montsirant, who had no more tenderness than the Count, made me the cruellest reproaches, and pressed me so strongly to take the habit, that I could find no better expedient than an appearance of submission to his will.

“ I feigned to own my fault ; protested I would forget Isabella, and dedicate myself to the service of the church, upon condition he would grant me a year to make myself more worthy of it ; but, in effect, with the hopes that some change might happen in my fate during that interval of time. I obtained that grace. In the mean time the Count discarded our confident ; sent away Isabella to be confined at an estate he had near a day’s journey from Rennes, and put her under the guard of the gardener and his wife, commanding them to fire at me if I durst offer to enter the house. Sebaste, which was the name of this man, knew too well the violence of his master’s nature, not to promise to obey him ; but his wife and he looking upon the Count as a man on the brink of the grave, and his daughter as their sole mistress, they informed her in private of the order they had received, and conjured her to trust in them, offering her all the services they were capable of.

“ Isabella was so nearly touched at our separation, that she could not think proper to refuse a succour of that importance to our love : she thanked them ; accepted their offers ; assured them of her gratitude ; and having writ to me by their means, instructed me of their kindness, desiring me to make use of it. It was not necessary to press me to it ; I gave myself up to the directions of Sebaste, who introduced me into the house with all the precautions that could preserve me from being surprized.

“ My frequent visits had soon consequences which informed my wife that I should shortly be a father. I was enchanted at it ; and, certain of the fidelity of our confidants, we waited without fear for the birth of this

pledge of our mutual love, when the Count resolved to marry Isabella to the Marquis de T'iburre, and commanded her to receive him as a husband. Isabella, thoroughly persuaded that prayers and tears would have no effect upon her father, resolved to behave with firmness, and declared to him, that she would never engage herself to any one but me; that, notwithstanding the obstacles he put to our happiness, she would preserve an inviolable fidelity to me; that time, absence, and solitude, should never make her change her sentiments; and that, if he presented T'iburre to her, she would inform him so herself, and refuse him even at the foot of the altar. This resistance seemed to surprise him; but concealing his fury, he spoke to her with moderation, and told her coldly, that he hoped reason would bring her back to obedience; that he would wait till then, to shew her the husband that was designed for her; and quitted her thus without saying any more. She told me of this conversation; and, more sensible of her generous firmness than of the consequences it might have, I felt my joy and love renewed by it. Some days after the Count departed for Paris, recommending to Sebaste to be watchful over his daughter's conduct.

“ But all his care terminated in giving us means of making use of so favourable an absence, during which we took proper measures to hide from him the condition and delivery of my dear Isabella. The wife of Sebaste was then nursing a daughter which she had lain in of some months before; she was to give it to another, and take in its place the child that was to be born, taking upon herself to nurse it without any person's perceiving the exchange. In fine, we regulated all things so as to have reason to hope they would succeed. The Count returned; and as we had agreed that Isabella should keep her bed, and feign sickness, to avoid the penetrating eyes of her father, I was some days without seeing her; and as I was preparing to renew our interviews, the thunder burst over my head by the *lettre de cachet*, which the Count had obtained for my banishment into Canada.

“ You have heard how they came to seize me, and in what manner my father received this news, so of that I shall say nothing. As to myself, seeing it was impossible to parry the blow, I received it without murmuring, and even with less sorrow than my enemy expected; because it delivered me from the Marquis’s persecutions to be of the church. They gave me time to get every thing that was necessary; and as the house was surrounded with guards, and they were not afraid I should escape, they gave me liberty to put my affairs in order. I wrote three lines to Sebaste for my dear Isabella, which I gave in charge to a domestic that was attached to me. They made me depart: I was conducted to St. Malo; they made me embark in a vessel ready to set sail. I was no sooner at sea, than, representing to myself that I was going, perhaps, for ever, from all that was dear to me, despair seized upon my soul, and I repented a thousand times I had not opened my heart to Lucidor.

“ In the mean time, notwithstanding the mortal sorrow with which I was loaded, I arrived without any accident at Quebec, where I was recommended to the Governor. He conceived a friendship for me. I told him my misfortunes; he pitied me; but advised me at the same time to strive to comfort myself for the misfortunes I had felt in love by the favours of fortune. I could not taste this advice; I had an extreme indifference for life, and could not bear the thoughts of what renders it agreeable to other men, when I thought I had found an occasion of losing it speedily, and with honour. Some Spanish officers, who came to Quebec upon business, proposed to me to go with them into Mexico, that I should have employment there, and opportunities of signalizing and enriching myself. The first motive pleased me, and inclined me to desire the Governor to give me his permission: he easily granted it, thinking me punished enough by being at such a distance from my country, without detaining me in a place where I had no business.

“ When my Spaniards had terminated the affairs which brought them there, I departed with them, and went to Mexico. The Vice-Roy there received me in a most generous manner; and some cantons having revolted, I was of the number of those that departed to punish them for their rebellion. I did not find the death I sought for there; and I performed several actions which drew upon me the esteem of the Spaniards, and the confidence of the natives of the country; and it is to that confidence I owe the highest fortune a private man could arrive to. A Mexican Cacique, whose predecessors had favoured the conquest of their country by the Spaniards, and who seemed to enjoy only a very small revenue, produced by some lands which were left to him for his subsistence, took a strong inclination to me; and having several times conversed with me on the miseries of his country, testified a most ardent desire to me that the two sons whom he had should leave it, and settle in those parts of America subject to the French. As I did not foresee that it was possible for me to help him in his design, my answer wholly turned upon the difficulties I found in it; and for some years he spoke of it no more.

“ In the mean time the Vice-Roy had trusted to my charge the work of a mine of rubies in the canton of this Indian. I lodged in his house; and this intimacy, which lasted several years, having augmented his friendship, “ Frenchman, (says he to me one day,) I pity thy fate; it is with regret I see thee lose thy youth in labouring at the mines for the profit of others, and receiving a very trifling one for thyself. I will enrich thee in a moment, and give thee my sons to conduct them into thy country. My course is almost run; I have no need of any thing, therefore I will trust to thee a treasure which my ancestors hid from the insatiableness of the conquerors, and which, like them, I have always concealed.” After these words, having conducted me some leagues from his canton, into a desert full of rocks and precipices, he made me descend into a subterranean cave, where I saw three heaps of emeralds

and rubies of an immense value. "Here is one of them for thee, (said he to me, shewing me the largest;) and the two others are for my sons. Manage so as to leave Mexico with them, and I will make thee master of their fate, and of these riches."

"I own the sight of this treasure reanimated my hopes; and as all my ideas regarded only my love, I thought that possessing such a fortune, it might be possible to obtain Isabella with her father's consent; my heart assuring me that I should find her as faithful as myself. I embraced the generous Indian, and promised to use my utmost efforts to satisfy him. I let some time pass on, after which I feigned a continued illness, and that the air was contrary to my health, and desired the Vice-Roy to permit me to return to Quebec. As he had no right to detain me, he consented to it. I had been ten years in Mexico; and I told him, that, having amassed some money, my design was to buy a vessel, in order to traffic to all the islands which belong to the French nation. As it was not surprizing that in ten years, in the employment I had been in, I should have gained enough to be at that expence, there seemed nothing extraordinary in it. In fine, without tiring you with a long detail, all things were favourable to me; I bought the vessel, and laded it with several curiosities of the country. The Cacique gave his two sons to my charge, who for three nights went and came continually, in order to transport their riches; and, notwithstanding the vessel was searched, I had concealed them so carefully, that they were not discovered; and when all was ready, I embarked with my two young Indians; the one nineteen, and the other twenty years old.

"I shall not entertain you with my navigation; I shall abridge that, to tell you that I returned to Canada, after many pains and perils; and going directly to Quebec, I established myself there with my Indians in order to dispose of our emeralds and rubies. The Governor was charmed to see me again: he informed me that a repeal of my banishment was obtained, and that I might when I pleased return into France. The

news surprized, and, instead of pleasure, gave me sorrow. I pressed the Governor so much to tell me what had occasioned this kindness, that he could not excuse himself from making known to me the death of my dear Isabella. It was so dreadful a blow to me, that I stood in need of all my religion, and all the reason that my misfortunes had acquired me, not to make an attempt upon my life. I fell dangerously ill; but Heaven, who punished me, by that loss, for the faults of my own youth, and those I had made Isabella guilty of, would not take me in so unworthy a condition; and, by an effect of mercy, recalled me to life, to give me time to make a sincere sacrifice of my sorrow. My health was re-established; but not being able to resolve upon seeing my country again, I remained at Quebec, where I went into commerce with the sons of my Cacique; and from the day of my resignation to the orders of Providence, to this moment, the Supreme Being has blessed my labours in such a manner, that I believe few private men are richer than I am. At length the love of my country having returned upon me after ten years habitation in Canada, and my heart being filled with a desire of seeing Lucidor again, I have left my two Indians at Quebec, extremely rich, handsomely established, and much esteemed, and embarked with all my treasure to return to France. My voyage was performed without the least accident. My vessel is at St. Malo, from whence I arrived but yesterday; nobody recollected me at Rennes; and I would not make myself known till I had seen you. My dear Lucidor, my first care was to inform myself of you; and as it was then too late to surprize you, I moderated my impatience till this moment." The Marquis having finished his recital, Merville and Lucidor renewed their caresses of him; and not judging it proper that he should learn from others the alliance that Merville had contracted with Sebaste, they were the first to inform him of it.

This news surprized Montsiran extremely; not being able to imagine that Madam Merville was the daughter of that man. However, he applauded his

choice ; and desired Lucidor to tell him if Sebaste had never acquainted him with the circumstances of Isabella's death, and of the child's. Merville and Lucidor assured him that he had never spoke to them of it : and Lucidor imagining that the letter deposited with him might perhaps give him some light, he told him in what manner it had been delivered to him. Montsirant conjured him to let him have it without delay. He fetched it immediately, and put it into his hands. Montsirant opened the packet with precipitation, in which he found his picture, that of Isabella, all the letters he had wrote to her, the extract of their marriage, and this note in the hand of that charming woman, which he read to himself.

“ I die, my dear Montsirant ; and I die after having brought into the world the only fruit of our love. Sebaste will take care of it ; his wife nurses it ; it is a daughter. If ever you see your country again, it will be easy to know her ; nature having had the precaution to put a cherry under her breast, on the left side. Adieu, dearest of husbands ; I love you to the grave. If you live, remember that I leave you a daughter, that you are her father, and that I was your wife.

“ ISABELLA DE RIVARS.”

The face of Montsirant, at the reading of this, was covered with such a flood of tears, that Merville and Lucidor were distracted at having occasioned them. They conjured him to calm himself, and to burn this fatal paper, since it was so strong a renewal of his sorrow. “ Burn it ! (cried he,) Ah ! my friends, it is too necessary to me to deprive myself of it ! On the contrary, (added he eagerly,) I must go this instant to the house of Merville, to speak to Sebaste ; and he must either save my life, or pierce my heart !” Madam Merville, whose tears, in spite of her, flowed with the Marquis's, and who interested herself in all that regarded Sebaste, spoke that moment, and looking upon her husband, “ If the sight of my father (said she) can

be of any consolation to the Marquis, do not let us defer it; let us depart, and pass some days there.” “Yes, Madam, (returned Montsirant, taking her hand with an air of confusion,) let us depart; it will be the greatest of blessings to me, if your presence is necessary there.”

This discourse, which Merville and Lucidor could not comprehend, made them in pain for the reason of their friend. They immediately ordered horses to be put to the coach, went into it all four, and took the road to Merville's, without Montsirant pronouncing one word by the way, or ever taking his eyes off Madame Merville, who blushed, and turned pale alternately, without knowing why. Lucidor and his friend, who remarked all these emotions, were in such an astonishment, as made them also keep a profound silence till their arrival. Montsirant, the moment he was in the avenue that led to the castle, would alight. Merville and Lucidor followed him, and went before the coach, in which they left Madame Merville. They entered into the castle, and going to Sebaste's apartment, they found him there alone with his wife. At first he looked only upon Merville, and saluting him respectfully, “What, (says he to him,) do you come without advertising me of it?” “My father, (replied he,) I will help you to do the honours of your house to this gentleman, who burnt to see you.”

These words obliging the old man to lift his eyes up to him, he recollected him immediately; and, transported with joy, “Good Heaven! (cried he,) it is the Marquis Montsirant!” and throwing himself at his feet, embraced his knees with an ardour he could not moderate. His wife did the same. Moved to his soul at this touching spectacle, he held out his arms to them, and it was some time before he could express himself. However, struggling with himself, “My friends, (says he to them,) I come to demand an account of the precious trust my dear Isabella confided in you. Speak, have I lost the daughter with the mother; and must I flatter myself no more with seeing the dear remains of

her whom I loved more than my life!" "Yes, Sir, (replied they both at once.) She is living, (added Sebastie,) as beautiful as her mother, and the happiest of women. But it is not in our power to deliver her to you; another is the master of her." Silvia entered as he pronounced these words, and not giving Montsirant time to answer him, "It is to Monsieur Merville (continued he) that you must address yourself to have her again." "To me!" (cried Merville.) "To you yourself, (retured Sebastie;) since that Silvia, who is so dear to you, and whom you honoured with your name when you thought her mine, is daughter to the Marquis Montsirant." The surprize, the joy, the cries, and tears which this news excited, cannot be expressed. But Montsirant, whom Nature had informed from the first moment he saw Silvia, not in the least doubting of it from what passed in his heart, took her in his arms, and held her so a quarter of an hour, not being able to be satisfied with giving her the most touching caresses. Madam Merville used her utmost efforts to throw herself at his feet; and seeing that he opposed it, "It is so perfect a happiness to me (says she to him) that you think me worthy of being your daughter, that I cannot be too grateful for it; but it raises in my heart so lively a fear that you should be mistaken, that I must conjure you to demand a more certain knowledge of it." "No, my child, (said the gardener's wife,) be persuaded of the truth; and, to prove it more fully, this gentleman here, (said she, pointing to Lucidor,) must have in his custody a letter from M. de Rivars to be delivered to the Marquis, in which she informs him how he might know his daughter. I gave it him myself the evening before the death of my dear mistress."

Montsirant then read it aloud; and the fair Silvia knowing herself by the mark of the cherry, set no longer bounds to the movements of nature, but run and embraced the knees of her father; whilst Merville and Lucidor pressed him alternately in their arms. Never joy was celebrated with more transports on all sides. They at length gave a truce to them, to return

Sebaste and his wife the thanks and praises their discretion and fidelity deserved.

“My dear Sebaste, (said Montsirant to him,) I am penetrated with the most lively gratitude for what you have done; but I protest to you, that, of all the obligations I have to you, the union of my daughter with the generous Merville is the most sensible to me.” He embraced him as he spoke these words; and taking Silvia by the hand, “Suffer me (says he) to ratify this day the gift that Sebaste has made of her, and to join too a hundred thousand crowns for her dower.” Merville, who thought himself too happy in the possession of this beautiful woman, had some trouble to consent to this augmentation of wealth, which he received only upon condition that she should dispose of it alone, as she thought proper. He afterwards made considerable presents to Sebaste, as well as to his wife. And as the philosopher Lucidor would have no other share in this shining fortune, but the joy he felt at it, he was forced to set bounds to his friendship, and content himself with the assurances he gave him to share his opulence with him, by never parting from him and Merville. These four persons, enchanted at their fate, remained some days with Sebaste and his wife, whom they constrained to live upon a level with them; Monsieur and Madam Merville looking upon them as the source of their felicity, which was solid and durable. Montsirant caused all his riches to be brought to Rennes, and settling himself with his son-in-law, passed the remainder of his life there; as did Lucidor, who, reflecting upon the events with which the life of mankind is filled, could not be tired of admiring the wonderful springs of Providence, which seemed to have chose him to bring up a son-in-law for his friend, at the very time when he most opposed his love to M. de Rivars, and was so uneasy in his heart at the knowledge of the love of Merville and Silvia, which now he thought his greatest happiness.

[T. Maiden, Sherbourne-Lane.





JULIA;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF THE DAUGHTER

OF A

Village Curate;

DESCRIBING HER JOURNEY

FROM

ELMWOOD TO LONDON,

TO OBTAIN THE

LIVING FOR HER FATHER;

WITH THE

Perilous Events attending her Arrival;

AND THEIR

HAPPY CONCLUSION.

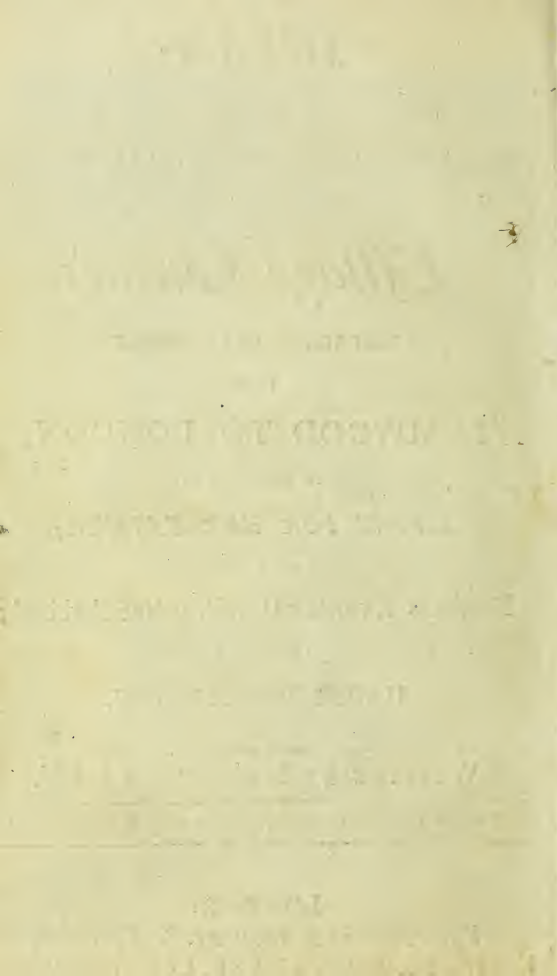
WRITTEN BY MR. M'MILLAN.

"When Virtue is rewarded, all that think should rejoice."

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THE VILLAGE CURATE.

IF thou art a curate, O reader! and hast already one parish in thy possession, be contented, and seek not to have two. Contentment is better than to have two livings.

Many good people beside *Shakespeare* have been born upon the *Avon*; and one of them was the curate of the parish of *Elmwood*. Of a family of nine people, parents and children, only he and his daughter *Julia* remained. This old parson could do many things beside eat his pudding, drink his October (both which he loved affectionately), and collect his tithes—those important qualifications which have been, from time immemorial, annexed to the office of a country curate. He carried the sciences in his head, and morality in his heart—I mean so far as they are connected with manner and sentiment. Beside all this, he preached an excellent sermon, wore his own grey hairs, and had the gout; but above all, he dearly loved his beautiful daughter *Julia*.

And well did she deserve his love.—Sweet maid! If ever I forget thee, may my fancy lose her flights, and my pen its movements! If ever I forget the majestic elegance of thy form, or the liquid blue swimming in thy eye, or the half-rose half-lily colors glowing in thy cheek, like the streaks of the West in a *July* evening—Oh! if I remember not the lovely confusion o'er all thy features, when I first beheld thee in the arms of thy ravisher, may I cease to dream of thee. If I do not, *Julia*, mayest thou never think of me!

Such was the daughter of the curate of *Elmwood*—a fair form and a pure heart. It was nourished in the pure bosom of an indulgent and affectionate father.

Though the mansion of these contented relatives rose in the centre of the parish, it was neither stately nor proud; like its inhabitants, it was modest, and seemed to retire into an obscure and silent glade, formed between various clumps of shrubbery, and a ridge of rising ground. At a small distance rolled the silver *Avon*, ever musical, now mantling over a rocky channel, and now gliding through green plains and fields covered with wild flowers. Through these fields, and along these skirted banks, often did the curate and his

ening when the sun seems dropping behind the hills, and throws a feeble but pleasing beam over the landscape, then might you see them walking arm in arm, and slowly, on the *con-side*. "*Julia*," he would say to his daughter, "my dear *Julia*, you and my parish are the comforts of my life. We are all my children; but you, *Julia*, you are my friend. The thirsty love not to drink, nor the weary to rest, more than I love to look upon you. What would become of me, *Julia*, wert thou gone? and when I am gone, my daughter, what will become of thee?"—"I hope, father, we shall die both together."—"God grant it!" answered the old man.

Thus peaceably glided on their lives, till an unlucky accident in the neighboring parish disturbed their tranquillity. The vicar of that parish died. The moment our curate was informed of this, it roused one of his worst passions; he had now but *one* wish to be gratified in this world; and that was, to have the neighboring vicarage in his possession. "My dear father," said the unambitious *Julia*, "have we not competence? Does not this competence afford us felicity? and is not this sufficient?" Aye, all that was very true; but then the vicarage lay so snug, just at his own door; he wanted to have it in his power to leave something to his *Julia*; and, now that he was so very old, and so very gouty, what a comfortable thing it would be to have a curate under him, to perform service when he was confined at home! The thing was evidently a snug thing, and would be very convenient; besides, he knew the patron of the living; he had been his schoolfellow—as good a nobleman as ever was born. He was certain of success; it was impossible that he could not succeed; he had set his heart upon the thing; and *Julia*, his child, could not oppose it.—Here he was right. *Julia* would sooner have expired at his feet. She yielded with a smile.

But much remained yet to be done. The curate had talked like a man unacquainted with calculations, and his fancy (old as it was) had got the start of his judgment. He did not consider that lord C—, the patron of the living, resided in London, and that his own limbs were too gouty to carry him thither; for personal application is absolutely necessary in these cases. Besides, the clergy, though they are continually advising their flocks to keep their eyes fixed upon the good things of heaven only, have an irresistible propensity to keep their own constantly fixed upon the good things of this earth. Every moment, therefore, was important. To

OF A CURATE'S DAUGHTER.

talking, some other reverend brother, who had no gout in his toes, no daughter to provide for, no want of an assistant curate, might be posting to his lordship in *Berkeley-square*.

The old man became now greatly agitated, and that bosom which ought to have been the mansion of resignation and peace, was disturbed by restless wishes and ill-timed despair. The sympathetic soul of *Julia* was tumultuous; her heart throbbed with guiltless pangs for the griefs of her father. She tried to sooth him, but tried in vain. She argued against his wishes; but she was arguing against the follies of old age, which are incurable. The evening came, but came not as usual; this man of despair was unconscious of its charms. His soul was deaf to the voice of nature, even when her notes were sweetest—at the close of the day. He listened not to the carols of the hinds, nor to the rustic music of the fields; the flocks clustered in the meadows unnoticed, and the sun poured his evening glories over the landscape unregarded. Even *Julia* did not charm him; he saw her kneel by his side without emotion, and heard her sighs in silence.

Here a father and a friend was lost to happiness—the only friend too she had in the world; and sorrows much less than these would have murdered the peace of *Julia*. She had already knelt by the side of her father; she now clasped his hand closely in her own; and, fixing her blue eyes pathetically on his countenance, begged that he would not refuse her one request. “What was that?”—To permit *her* to go to *London*, to solicit for the curacy. Electricity could not touch him quicker. The voice of *Julia* was pathetic, and awakened him. His affections returned in an instant; he leaned over his daughter, and gave her to understand that it was impossible to grant her request; that he would not part with her for a bishopric, and that she must not think to part with him. She replied, he answered, and she re-answered. The contest was long, stubborn, and eloquent; and though there was not much learning in it, it abounded with nature and a richer quality. Suffice it to say, that *Julia* conquered, and she obtained with great difficulty what she called the honorable office of being her father's messenger.

It has been observed already, that dispatch is one of the few roads to preferment. As no time was therefore to be lost, it was agreed that she should set off the next morning. The *Warwick* stage passed through the neighboring market town, and she might walk thither to meet it. The old man

JULIA; OR THE ADVENTURES

r little preparations for her journey. How they slept, them-
 ves know best; but when the morning came, the curate's
 opinions were entirely changed. He had thought better upon
 e subject, and he had resolved not to let her go. The roads
 ere dangerous, and *London* was still more so; besides, she
 ight turn sick, or the coach might be overturned; she might
 e killed, and he would never see her more. *Julia* knew
 at these fears were only the tender workings of timid na-
 re, and she opposed them. In short, the contest was re-
 ewed with its former warmth, and the affection of the
 aughter once more triumphed over the tenderness of the
 ther. He consented again to let her go, on condition that
 e (his laborer, his gardener, his footman, his hostler, his
 very-thing) should attend her with his friendly care, should
 e the companion of her journey.

Now this Joe was the awkwardest mortal. Never, sure, did more simple squire page it at the heels of a fair lady. Neither the *Sancho* of don *Quixote*, nor the *Pedrillo* of *Rosalva*, were more arrant children of nature—more guided by native simplicity. He and his occupations seemed made for each other, so exactly were they respectively fitted. He was never amorous but for two things, *viz.* for whistling after his team the loudest and most musical notes of any in the whole village, and for knitting stockings. This was all the reputation he had in the world; and he was now going to set out for London (where he had never been) in high expectation of seeing fine things and fine folks, but without any idea of receiving treatment different from what he had met with in the parish of *Elmwood*.

Now, reader, stop a moment, and bethink thee of this plan and of this journey; and then confess that they were highly worthy of the politic heads which gave them birth. A village virgin, pure as the snow-drop in the valley, attended by a village boor; both equally accustomed to travelling, and the bustle of an *English* turnpike-road; both equally skilled in the knowledge of men, and of their characters, are setting out for *London*—for *London*, I say, in quest of a curacy! The thing was worthy of a village curate.

Our travellers were now ready to begin their walk to the market-town, which was but four miles distant. Without halffry, armor, or other retinue than the children of the neighborhood (who regarded *Julia* as the good and fair genius of the village) the cavalcade set out. *Julia* and her

scious that he was entering upon a service of danger, assumed a statelier port and a more august visage; and, with a clear shirt in his left pocket, much good bacon and cheese, and a lusty sapling in his hand, he towered majestically forward in the midst of the children, with stern aspect and long strides.

The company had now walked a mile, and were to part. On this trying occasion I could say much, but will not. To describe the glances of affection and the looks of love which glistened in every eye, which played in every feature, would be tedious to many of my gentle readers. I shall therefore content myself with informing them, that in this difficult scene the simple heart of the curate failed him; his eyes confessed it, and he played the woman. The tender *Julia* caught the soft contagion; and from her it passed to the little villagers who composed her train. *Joe*, who now saw what was passing all around him, was not willing to be singular; his eye forgot its haughtiness for a moment, and he mixed his plaintive notes in the concert of woe. But these lamentations were soon over. The curate, taking his daughter by the hand, showered blessings and advice upon her in great plenty, and bade her adieu. He then marched back at the head of his young flock; and our travellers set forward to the market-town with hasty pace and high expectations.

Having arrived there, they met the stage-coach, and took their respective stations; *Julia* in the inside, and *Joe*, like her guardian angel, perched above her on the top. The coach contained several passengers; among whom was a foolish officer of the guards, who pestered the lovely girl with a deal of idle small talk, impudent regard, and uncourteous gallantry. Nothing remarkable happened, till they arrived at the lane which is three miles on the west side of *Uxbridge*; when a very civil gentleman came to the window and desired them to give him all the money they had. He bespoke them very gently, beginning at the right hand, man by man, and woman by woman, till he went round to the left side. The officer was unhappily first, and he gave his purse with a fullen silence. *Julia* was next, and held her little money in her hand, but durst not look toward the window. A meagre cockney gave all, but begged a few shillings back, to carry him to *St. Paul's*. A little fat woman surrendered her purse, with a threat; and a plain dressed man regretted he had not more for so civil a gentleman.

When they arrived at the inn at the next stage, every one

now to enter upon their last stage, and none had such weighty cause to be aggrieved as *Julia*, who had not a friend before her. To go forward was madness, and to go back was impossible. What was she to do? She called in *Joe*, and asked if he had provided himself with any money, in case of an emergency. "Yes, that I have; and there it is at your service;" throwing down his entire stock upon the table, which in the whole amounted to the sum of three shillings and nine-pence. This was her first misfortune; and she thought it but a rough entrance into the world for one who never deserved it. The officer now entered the room; and seeing *Joe* there, began to upbraid him for suffering the highwayman to escape, when he was seated so advantageously at the top, with an oaken sapling in his hand. "You stupid ass!" said this military hero, "why did not you attack him?"—"Case I had not a sword by my side, like you," replied *Joe*, with the greatest frankness; "he—he—he!—cod, every man to his trait, measter!" These arguments were unanswerable.

The officer now walked up to *Julia*, whose embarrassment he perceived; and, taking her aside, told her that he guessed the cause of her sorrow, and that he was happy he had it in his power to remove it; "for," continued he, "I know the road too well to venture my all upon it, and to leave myself unprovided with resources. Here," says he, untying his stock, and shaking out of it a slender green purse, "here is my *corps de reserve*. I gave the robber a few shillings, and I secured this for your use." Now *Julia* examined the face of this affair simply as it stood. It was a case of necessity; and she thought it ridiculous for one who was many, many miles from *Elmwood*, and who had not two-pence in her pocket, to refuse the loan of a few guineas, which would remove all her sorrows. She might probably have an opportunity of hinting the matter to lord C. when he saw him, who would no doubt advance the money upon her curacy, and thus all would be right again. She therefore thanked him politely, and told him that when she saw her noble friend, lord C. she hoped to be able to repay him. "Lord C.!" says he, "what—you are going to visit him!" "Yes, sir."—"A relation, I presume, madam."—"No, sir, only a friend; his lordship and my father were great friends when they were young, and at school."—"Ay, ay! your father, I presume, madam, lives in the country."—"Yes,

“Your visit, ma’am—is it a visit of pleasure or business?”
 “Business, sir. I am only come to town with a letter of my father to lord C. to solicit the curacy of —.”—“O! I understand you, ma’am, lord C. is my particular acquaintance, and it will give me pleasure to be your protector and your guide, till I deliver you safe and honorably to his lordship. Would you chuse to alight, ma’am, at any particular place in *London*?”—“No,” said the simple *Julia*, “I intend to stay at the inn all night, and to wait upon his lordship in the morning.”—“Ah! madam,” replied the officer, “you do not know the confusion, the disgust, and danger which you will meet with at the inn. I have a mother in town, who lives elegantly. Be prevailed upon to be lodged this night at her house. She will receive you with cheerfulness, and treat you with tenderness. May I perish, madam! May I beg the honor to know your name, madam?”—“*Julia*.”—“May I perish, miss *Julia*, but I am interested in your case, as sincerely as if you was my own sister!” This last proposal was better and better. To meet so good a friend! She was certain her father’s prayers for her were heard; and she thought she could not be too thankful to heaven, nor to the gentleman. She accepted his offer; and they entered the stage-coach.

As the coachman was at this place paid his full demand there was nothing to be done but to roll into town, and go where they pleased. The fat woman lived in *Holborn*, and the coach stopped to set her down. “Here too, madam,” said the officer to *Julia*, “we may get out, for we are near home.” The artful abruptness and hurry of the summons, the consciousness of finding herself suddenly in the midst of the immense metropolis, where she already saw strange things, and expected to see still stranger; her total ignorance of every thing around her; her hopes, her expectations, her simplicity, all contributed to throw her mind into confusion, her spirits, into a flutter. She forgot every thing; even *Joe*—and *Joe*, alas! forgot her; for he was exactly in the same predicament. He was astonished; he was in a new world; his recollection forsook him, and a mist wandered over his eyes. He sat nailed to the top of the coach, with his mouth open, looking at every thing, and seeing nothing. In this cloud *Julia* escaped; and she neither spoke nor looked around her till her gallant commander led her into *Lincoln’s-inn-fields*. Now when a young gentleman, with a young lady by his

un-fields, the road to *Covent Garden* lies direct; 'tis only going up *Queen-street*, crossing the *Lane* and the *Acre*, and there you are. He conducted her into that well-known house situated between the Theatre and the *Piazza* coffee-house. The polite inhabitants of this house received the young gentleman with all the freedom and civility of an acquaintance, which convinced *Julia* that he was quite at home.

Now, gentle reader, while our heroine and her friend are seated at a bottle of *Madeira*, recollect, and confess whether we have not travelled to good purpose.—And now thou wretched old man, thou ambitious curate of *Elmwood*, rekindle your piety, and redouble your prayers; for your laughter is in a bagnio, and without a fear.

Every thing that passed around the lovely girl in this house appeared too plausible for her eyes to be opened, or her suspicion to be roused, for she had never been in a tavern before; and as to the incessant tinkling of bells, and continual running of waiters, why, bells and servants must be in all great families, and, no doubt, must be constantly employed. The deception I say was good, and every thing appeared extremely well, except one thing; it puzzled her to conceive why they should be conducted into a bed-chamber. But perhaps, she thought, it was the fashion in *London*; and fashion was irresistible. He philtered the beverage, and *Julia* drank sparingly; but not so her companion. He was to attempt the gaining a difficult post, and the coward wanted spirits. The second bottle began to tune the spirits of our hero; his veins swelled, his pulse quickened, his eyes glistered, and his cheeks glowed; he snatched the hand of *Julia*, fed upon it with fury, and devoured it with a tumult of unholy love; if indeed he loved *Julia*, it was with the sensations of a tiger. She started from his embraces, and retreated some paces from her chair. He followed, and renewed the attack, and she her resistance. He grew stronger, he grew wilder; his hand was wandering over her charms (where hand never wandered before), and he became furious. *Julia* became faint; she was yielding; her tender frame was exhausted, and she could now only shriek. A shriek was a new thing in these apartments, and it alarmed a gentleman in the adjoining room, who, with his coat off, a dirty boot on one leg, and his face glowing and besmeared with sweat, kicked open the door, and rushed violently into the room with all the zeal of a man eager to assist the distress-

herself breathless upon a chair. The man in *dishabille* stared at them both alternately, now at *Julia*, and now at the officer, and at length broke silence:—"What, force! Why, thou damnable and silly animal, what a dirty business is this you are engaged in—forcing a woman to your wishes! To force a woman in any place, is a meanness that no man of honor will stoop to; but to force one here, in this house—d-m--nation, you scoundrel! get out, walk out, or I'll kick you." We need not be surprised that the officer was mean enough to take his advice. He looked at the man in *dishabille* as if he recollected something, and left the room.

"And now, my angel," said the gentleman in the boot to *Julia*, taking her by the hand, "let us drink a glass or two, and I dare say *we* shall agree better."—"Oh! sir," she replied, clasping her hands, and falling on her knees before him, "have mercy on me, pity me, or you will kill me."—"Pshaw, my dear girl, I never kill *quite* upon these occasions; you will but *die* at the most. But, child, you look damned serious upon this business. Is any thing the matter with you?"—"Oh, sir" answered she, in the midst of many tears, "I do not know where I am, and I do not know where to go. I am just come to town in the *Warwick* stage."—"In the *Warwick* stage! What, through *Uxbridge*?"—"Yes."—"And was that fellow one of the company?"—"Yes."—"Whe—w. And you met a highwayman, didn't you?"—"Yes."—"That was me, by G-d." Here *Julia* shrieked, terrified at the sound of the name; but he stopped her in good time, "You must not be afraid," said he, "for I'll not hurt you. Tell me honestly, are you virtuous or not?—that is, are you a maid?"—"Oh! upon my honor, sir."—"How came you here then, in company with that fellow?"—"When you took—when I *lost* all my money, he advanced some for me; and, as I had no friends in *London*, he promised to take care of me, and bring me to his mother's till to-morrow, when I could finish all my business."—"You are *really* honest then."—"As I love heaven and my father, sir, I am."—"Then thou art a lovely girl, and 'tis pity so fine a woman should be honest. But I believe you, and will be your friend—nay, I will guard you from harm; for, by G-d, I am a man of honor; and though misfortunes, and my evil spirit, force me sometimes to the highway, I scorn to do a mean thing, by G-d. In the first place, as you have lost your money, you shall divide this purse with me. In

scoundrels. I must leave it myself in a minute, in case that fellow should have *twigg'd* me, and I fancy you had better leave it too. Trust yourself with me, and I will take care of you till morning." She told him, he could not serve her more agreeably than by taking her to the inn where the stage and *Joe* were. That, he said, was more than he durst do; but he would conduct her to a place equally or more secure. So saying, he returned to his room, to throw off part of his road-dress, and adjust the rest.

If the reader has any imagination, he will conceive how our heroine's thoughts were employed in this interval, till they were interrupted by the re-entrance of the highwayman, who now appeared to be a handsome genteel young fellow. He paid the reckoning, and they departed. It was then between nine and ten in the evening.

They had not quitted the Piazza, when four of sir *John Fielding's* men rushed forward, and seized the highwayman with the most incredible activity. They swept him away, as the whirlwind sweeps away the leaves in autumn, and whirls them the lord knows where. *Julia* ran rapidly away, nor cast one look behind. She continued to go forward, as she thought, till she had ran a great way; and then stopping for breath, she was exactly on the spot from whence she set out; she had only run round the garden, not suspecting but she was going forward in a straight line. "Madam, madam," said an *Irish* chairman to her, "do you want a chair?"—"I do not know", said she, "what I want."—"My fait, but I do; you want to be carried to mother *H's*, which I and *Conner* yonder can do in five minutes."—"My good friend, if you can carry me to any honest place, I shall bless you for ever."—"Honest *plase*! Devil burn me, my honey, an if I know one honest *plase* in the whole town. Ha, ha ha! honest *plase*. Ah, you cunning devil, you! To be sure, you want to go to an honest *plase*! Ha, ha, ha! Here you, Mr. Watchman, this lady wants to go to an honest *plase*. Can't you show her the way?"—"Aye, that I can," replied the watchman. "Ah! madam, is it you? I know you of old. Come along, come with me; you shall go to the honestest place in all king *George's* dominions—the *Round-house*." The watchman happened just at that time to want a pot of beer; but *Julia* not understanding his meaning, to the round-house he immediately led her in triumph.

She had been hitherto overwhelmed in a kind of insensi-

too much for her; her faculties lost their power, and her collection was suspended; she was led by the watchman without seeing whither she was going, and she was dragged along without seeing that he held her by the arm. But she had not been long seated at the top of the bench, when they placed her near the fire, before she awakened from her stupor. She tremulously looked around, and saw herself in the midst of a horrible assembly, whose miscreant visages would make angels weep, and demons tremble. High above the rest, like the evil spirit in *Pandemonium*, sat the constable of the night, a beef-headed knave, with a pipe in his mouth, and a tankard on a stool before him. "Here," said this man in office, "you, *Snoring Dick*, reach this here tankard to that there lady. Oh! she won't drink. Well, well, that's all one; if she does not drink, she'll pay; so bring her forward here."

Julia now advanced; her cheeks were suffused with tears, her breath quickened, and her whole frame trembled.

"Ay, ay," says the constable, "you may well shake when you look at me. Hem! what account can you give of yourself, miss? No, that's not it neither. I'll begin with you, I think, mister Watchman. Where did you find this here lady here, *Snoring Dick*?"—"Found her!" replies *Dick*.—"why, please your worship, I found her picking a *gemmun's* pockets."—"Picking a *gemmun's* pockets! Mercy on us! Oh ho, miss! you may well shake when you look at me. Well, *Dick*, go on."—"And so, sir, as she was a picking the *gemmun's* pockets, as I was a saying, I comes close behind her, and lays hold of her hand in the fact."—"In the fact?"—"In the fact."—"Transportation, most certainly by the lord *Harry*. Well, go on, *Snoring Dick*."—"And so, sir, as I catches her hand, she turns about, stoops down for one of her pattens, and before you could say *cavy*, hits me the nastiest blow in the skull I had in my life since the great riot. You please to feel, mister constable, the lump it has raised on my skull, as big as a quart basin."—"Ay, God bless me! so it is; it's a thumper, i'faith!"—"A thumper it will stand damages. I never had such a blow in my life. I wa'ant ye it bleeds under my hair. It *floundered* me like stock-fish."—"Ay, it's a clear case, she wanted to murder you."—"Yes."—"Oh, the horrid monster! Well, madam, have you nothing to say for yourself? Ah, you impudent—*Dick*, take off her patten, that we may carry it as a witness."

after constable; the patten will speak for itself, and a damned heavy patten it is."

Dick stooped for it, but *Julia* wore no pattens.

"Ah, the cunning devil!" continued *Dick*, "she has thrown them away. I thought I heard her throw something away as we came along."—"Oh! let her alone," said the constable, "she's a knowing one; but she shall *doll* it in *riderswell* to-morrow, for all that. Ay, you may well shake when you look at me, you bloody-minded—You may now turn to your seat."

As *Julia* was returning to her bench, she trembled incessantly, but never uttered a syllable.

"Oh!" says *Dick*, "she's dumb-founded with the *highness* of her crime."—"No," replies a second, "she's drunk."—"Not so far gone, neither," echoes a third, "but a quarten of gin would recover her."—"Ay, ay," says the constable, "there's no doubt but she'll drink; and its her turn to send out now. Please, madam, to give this *gemmun* money for a gallon of *Trueman's* best, and for half a gallon of hot, and for four papers of tobacco, and for a loaf, and for three pound of Cheshire. Here, *Scout*; walk over, firrah, to the lady, and make her your Sunday's bow. Bring everything of the best, and then we'll drink to the lady's health, and to poor *Snoring Dick's* head; and old Ugly-face in the corner yonder will sing us the comical song about the 'Cat and the Taylor', and make his wry faces, and we'll be as happy as princes."

When this oration was finished, *Scout* made his obeisance to our heroine. She was just able to ask him what he wanted. "Money, madam."—"How much must you have?"—"Oh, you may let me have five or six shillings, and I'll make the best market I can, and return you the rest faithfully, madam, upon my honor. And if that won't be enough, I'll return more."

Julia felt in her pocket for her purse (which the highwayman had given her), but she could not find it. It was gone.

On seeing this, the president bawled out immediately, that it was a sham, and she protested in vain. The company around heard this with an arch smile; the watchmen shook their heads, and the constable grew noisy; which awakened an old gentleman, who had hitherto slept very soundly in a corner. Estimating the thing as favorably as possible, he had not above half the appearance of a gentleman. The truth is,

three thousand a year, though he had not now sixty; but being a man of plain manners and a generous disposition, still well received among his relations, and those who knew him. He had been lounging, as usual, for eight or nine hours in a coffee-house in the Garden, and then withdrawn, as he frequently does, to the watch-house, either to sleep or drink. On this last account, he was regarded there with some degree of respect.

He naturally inquired the cause of the noise; and the majority informed him, that it was only a madam there, who pretended that she had lost her purse. The lovely girl now appealed to him in her turn; and, with that unaffected simplicity which ever clothes the words of innocence and truth, informed him, that a watchman had taken hold of her unexpectedly in the street; that she was positive she had her purse at that time, because a gentleman had given it to her but two minutes before; that from that time she had only walked thither with the watchman, and now she missed her money.

"Which watchman was it?" said the gentleman. "Me," answered *Snoring Dick*, boldly. "Was it you?" said Mr. B. "Ah, *Dick*, you and I, you know, are old acquaintance, and it is long since I have known you to be a scoundrel. Therefore, firrah, deliver the purse."—"Me!" answered *Dick*. "Have I the purse? I'll be damned if I have any part about me."—"You have not?"—"No."—"And you will not deliver?"—"No."—"Why then, Mr. Constable, charge you with—"—"Except, indeed," interrupts *Dick* eagerly, "something that I picked up in the street, as I was coming along with that there lady."—"Ah! you old fox," said the gentleman, "I thought that I should unkennel you. Where is this something which you picked up from the street?"—"Here it is; but it does not belong to her."—"Pray, madam," said Mr. B., addressing *Julia*, "is this your purse?"—"If it has a gold tassel at either end," answered she, "it is mine, sir, upon my honor."

It had so, was delivered to her, and Mr. B. immediately retired back into his corner to resume his nap.

She now willingly paid all the demands made upon her, and the president observed to her, that as to be sure as how she was a good-natured lady, and civil, and all them other things, and had given a good account of herself, why, to be sure, she might now go about her business. She thanked

JULIA; OR THE ADVENTURES

orning. "Not know!" said the constable; "why, there are five hundred beds around you, where you may sleep for half-a-crown." But she was a stranger in town, and did not use to venture into strange houses.

"Lord, ma'am," observed *Snoring Dick*, "for six-pence I'll conduct you to a bagnio where you will be as safe as if you was in the Tower." She started at hearing a bagnio mentioned. "Why then, ma'am, if so be you are shy, and not proud, hire me well, and I'll let you sleep in my house. There's nobody there but my wife. I'll seek but five shillings, and your purse can well spare that."

This proposal did not require to be repeated. She took him at his word. Even though he took her purse, as he was a poor man, she thought she might be safe in his house for a night. Besides, she was pleased with the thoughts of being in company with a woman once more. With *Dick*, therefore, she went into one of the little streets behind *Long Acre*, and followed him to a three-pair-of-stairs room, humble enough, indeed, but where all was silence. *Dick* awakened his wife, told her the story, whispered her to look sharp after her lodger, and then left them. *Julia* chatted a little while with her landlady, and found her to be civil enough for a watchman's wife. The first thing she begged of her, was to be favored with pen, ink, and paper. She readily got these; the landlady retired to bed; and *Julia* wrote the following letter:—

"Ah! my dear father, shall we ever meet again? When shall we meet? Are you well? Shall I ever see you? and, ah! shall you ever see me? I am now—Alas! I do not know where I am, nor where I have been, nor where I shall be to-morrow. I seem an outcast from society. I have not met one friend since I left you; every one deceives me; every one insults me; they have treated me cruelly, they have broke my heart. Even Joe has forsaken me; he has deserted me, or he is lost, for I know not what is become of him. Ah! my father, my dear father, that heaven which we both serve, let that heaven bear witness, that one wish alone fills my whole soul—the wish to see you once more, to walk with you, to gaze upon you, to sit once more by your knee. I would rush into your bosom. I would wet it with my tears, but I would never forsake it—never, never. They are not mankind who surround me. I do not live among human race: these are the habitations of the furies! When

OF A CURATE'S DAUGHTER.

I now write? I tremble. Shall I never more see Elmwood? Shall I never fly into the bosom of my father? And, oh! if it is possible, as my father hath told me, that dreams have a meaning, and that the soul is most susceptible of these visionary impressions when it is most o'ercharged with woe; most surely this night I shall converse with my father."

She sealed these hopes with a shower of tears.

Now, gentle reader, if it has been at any time your fate (as it has been mine, and is at this moment many a noble fellow's), to be sitting in that lofty habitation called a garret, plunged in deep distress, no pence in your purse, no mirth in your heart, and no beef in your belly; when throwing your eyes around the rayless walls, you are conscious that sighs and tears are the only plentiful commodities about you. If this has been your case, you must well know the comfort that arises from shedding your sorrows in secret, and the relief that flows from a shower of solitary tears. In such a situation, next to instantaneous and absolute relief, it is the first of blessings; and our lovely girl now felt it all its force. Her heart was eased, and she hoped for a night of rest, and for better days. Having then sealed up her letter, she retired to a bed so humble that it kissed the ground.

Watching and grieving had given her too good an appetite for sleep, not to enjoy it. Whether or not she dreamt, I cannot really inform my reader, because she never acquainted me with that circumstance. This I know, that she slept many hours incessantly, and, when she awoke, found her head resting upon the partition-wall which rose at the back of her bed. It consisted only of a single file of boards, and was full of crevices. Her ear lay upon one of them, and it conveyed to her the most doleful accents that ever struggled from the human breast. She started, and applied her eye to the crevice, but every thing was solitary. She saw no one. The voice ceased. It ceased only for a moment. Again murmurs, weeps, laments, sobs; and again it ceases. Her sympathising soul followed it through all its variations; and led by a soft humanity, she mourned with the mourner through every change of his woe. She applied her eye a second time, but could see nothing. A moment after, the voice was renewed. It was now more querulous, then more plaintive, and at length died away upon her ear, as if it had expired for want of strength. She heard it no more. For

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Snoring Dick had retired for an hour, to sleep away the rigours of the night, and of the beer-pot. His wife was at breakfast, and invited *Julia* to partake of her bohea. She assented willingly; and the woman, who had but one cup, politely offered it to her guest, and took for her own use a nut-pot, from which her husband had been drinking beer.

This repast over, *Dick* awakened; and *Julia*, who during breakfast-time was devising what measures to follow, pressed at first to engage him to go along with her to the inn where *Joe* and the stage-coach were; but on recollecting the dangers she had already experienced in the streets, she resolved not to venture upon it again, without a better guide than her friend the watchman. She therefore judged it more prudent to hire him to go to the inn, and to bring *Joe* along with him to the place where she was. *Dick* readily assented to this proposal, for the hire of a half-crown; which he stipulated should be paid him before he set off, as well as the down for the bed. All this he received on the spot, with a letter for her father, to be put into the post-office. He then departed, assuring her, that though she had not the key of the inn to give him, he could discover it.

This business happily adjusted, the groans in the adjoining apartment rose upon her mind. She had purposely delayed her inquiries till *Dick's* departure, whom she knew to be possessed with humanity. His wife, by a softer temper and more complacent behavior, had recommended herself to the observation of her guest, and she reserved her sympathies for her ear. Assuming, therefore, that serious and sober aspect which the face wears when we are in earnest, she inquired who were the inhabitants of the neighboring mansion. "An old man," answered the woman, "who I say is sometimes in distress; but we have too many wants of our own to mind any others." Indifferent as the woman was when she said this, our lovely girl felt herself interested, and conceived much more than was expressed. Seeing her steps not very fond of social woe, she suppressed her emotions, and in a short time after stole out into the stair-case. The door of the man in distress was exactly opposite to the watchman's, and she gently knocked at it. There was no answer. She knocked more loudly, but all was silence.—"Alas!" said she to herself, "if your grief is past utterance, must enter without leave." She raised the latch, and entered. It was a piteous sight, and worthy of the tears of

in your mind, this lovely girl bending over a bed, which contained in it, stretched along under a tattered rug, a man upon whose features heaven seemed to have poured its bitterest pangs. He was alive, but had ceased to groan, because he could groan no longer. In his arms were two children. His left was circled round one who was asleep; his right round one who was dead. He gazed upon *Julia* without any emotion, and made not an effort even to raise his head. He looked as if he was Resignation itself.

Here was that feast of exquisite grief, that luxury of sensibility, which is fit only for those exalted souls who move in the higher departments of humanity. It was fit for *Julia*.

At length she spoke. "Poor, poor man, what can relieve you?" He shook his head.—"Nothing." Here her sympathy once more broke loose; her tears poured down incessantly. Tears are infectious. Two or three trickled down from the poor man's eyes. "May God bless you!" said he; "you have shed the first tears that have been shed for me these ten years. The fountain of my sorrows is almost exhausted, but I have still a drop to mix with yours."—"Poor, poor man," said she, "what shall I do to serve you?"—"O! nothing," he replied, "nothing. One of my children is dead, and the other will be so in half an hour. I am waiting for its death, and I shall very soon follow it."—"Alas!" said she, sitting upon the bed-side, "would you not have it live? Is it impossible to recover it?" He answered, "I hope it is." She then attempted to take hold of it, but he pressed it closer to his side, and would not let go. "I pity you," said she, "and wish to relieve you; you and your child may still live. Suffer me to be your friend. At this he only shook his head, and attempted to smile, as if to tell her it was impossible. However, not to be guided longer by a man who was in despair, she was resolved to administer to the woes of the wretched. She left the room and returned to the watchman's wife. She slightly mentioned to her where she had been, told her there was great distress, and begged of her to go out for a little wine, to be warmed for the use of the sick. The woman, who was not totally destitute of good-nature, (though it was strongly seasoned with that vice so peculiar to good-natured people, indifference) readily obeyed. The wine which she brought was warmed, and carried in by *Julia* herself to the solitary father. She insisted that her landlady should not accompan

was too sacred for the profane eye of the vulgar. The man of despair (naturally enough, in his situation) refused relief; but she insisted on the thing, and she had shed too many tears to be refused. He desired, however, that since they must be relieved, the child should be relieved first. "As for you," said he, withdrawing his arm from the child which he was taking hold of, and turning to the one that was dead, "as to you, my dear and lamented girl, my last and best beloved, you have closed your eyes upon me, and you are smiling at life in the bosom of your mother. You were weary of hearing your father's groans. You fled to invite him to follow." He now kissed it, gazed upon it, hugged it, and wept over it; and then dried the tears off its face, as if it could be conscious of the favor.

In the mean time *Julia* was very busy about *her* child, but her assiduities were almost baffled. The child had opened its eyes, but it refused to open its mouth. In short, she was obliged to call to her assistance her hostess, who readily came; and between them they poured some warm wine mixed with water down its throat. Still it was insensible; and at length it was thought prudent to carry it to the next room, to be nursed before the fire; which the hostess did.

Julia now administered to the father, and he was revived. The balmy strength of the wine recalled his expiring spirits, and warmed a heart which was almost cold. The first use he made of his new acquired strength was to thank his benefactress, and to inquire for his child. Being informed where it was, he seemed to be satisfied. Our amiable girl soon after prepared for him a bit of bread, thin and toasted, which he ate with some difficulty. This, however, prepared the way for his recovery; and in about two hours he was tolerably easy and strong. The child in the other room made a slower progress back to life, but they did not despair.

The child (a boy) having been put to bed again, the watchman's wife resumed her usual occupations; while *Julia*, whose gentle faculties were still attuned to softness and distress, waited upon the father, and warmly pressed him to reveal the origin and cause of his misfortunes. He shook his head at this request, and told her it would be a hard task; beside that, she had already shed tears enough that day upon his account. However, he complied; and his benefactress, sitting upon his bed-side, her cheek leaning upon her left hand, listened to a tale of deep and desperate distress.

vered with rags, a man who has long fought for his king, spilt for him his dearest blood; whose body is covered with wounds, in defence of that country which now leaves him as you see him. Such is the balm they have applied to my wounds." Though his notes were querulous, they were eloquent. But truth is always eloquent. At present I am neither at leisure, nor in the humor to repeat them; and in all probability, perhaps I never shall.

When he had finished his melancholy tale, he caught hold of the hand of *Julia*, and pressed it to his bosom. "This bosom was once warm," said he; "but though it is cold, you are welcome in it. I cannot thank you; but my boy will live and do it, when I am crumbling in that grave from which you have drawn me for a moment." She, with that true politeness which is natural to virtuous minds, begged him to accept some money for his present necessities, and promised to visit him till it could be no longer in her power.

It was now rather more than dinner-time, but neither *Dick* nor *Joe* appeared. *Julia* was growing uneasy. Four o'clock struck, but brought no comfort with it. It was five, but nobody arrived—six—seven—eight—nobody. During these intervals she had paid frequent visits to the man in distress, and applied every lenitive she could invent to his affliction; and she charged her hostess with great sincerity, at whatever time she went away, to be attentive to his necessities till her return, which would be both certain and quick. So he was for the present pretty well provided for.

I have said it was now eight o'clock, and nobody appeared. She became very, very uneasy. It was now half past eight. "Still nobody! Good heaven! are my misfortunes never to end?" It seems not, *Julia*; for about a quarter before nine, two of sir *John Fielding's* men entered the room, with *Dick*, drunk, very drunk, at their head.

Alas! 'tis as I always thought it. This dirty world has but few good persons in it, and those few it is continually harrassing and pestering with its evils; nor does it often cease till it breaks their hearts. Shame on it, that a curate's innocent beautiful daughter, who never prayed for the good things of this world, nor for the evil upon its inhabitants, should not be suffered to go upon an errand for her father without molestations and misfortunes! I repeat it—shame upon so dirty a world!

Now, gentle reader, whatever your thoughts upon this

come in quest of *Julia*; and I'll lay you plums to pippins that you cannot conjecture their business with her.

To understand it, then, your memory must recur to the adventures of *Julia* with the highwayman. He had met with her in the bagnio, and given her a purse with money in it, and in their departure from thence the highwayman was apprehended. The affrighted girl fled, and was afterwards conducted by chance to the round-house, as we have before related at large. Now the highwayman was apprehended upon the information of the courageous officer of the guards, of whose heroic and military virtues we have already spoke so fully. Just when this coxcomb arrived at the office, the fat woman of *Holborn* had alighted there upon the same business. When the highwayman therefore was apprehended, the first business thought necessary was to search him; and all the different purses of the company were found upon him, except that of the fat woman. It was agreed that he could not have spent it in so short a time—therefore, he must have given it away. To corroborate this suspicion, the men recollected that a woman was along with him when he was apprehended, and the perfumed officer confirmed it. The case was therefore plain. *Julia* must have the purse in her possession. Away they sally, with the officer at their head, through streets, taverns, bagnios, and night-houses, but in vain; she was no where to be found. The next night, between eight and nine, one of them met *Dick* the watchman. (*Dick* was at this time returning home to *Julia* without any answer or information; for, instead of going on her errand, he went to get drunk with her money.) The thief-taker inquired of him by chance, as the adventure happened within his circuit, if he had seen such a lady, after describing her very minutely. “Seen her!” says *Dick*, “why she is at my house.” This information was sufficient for the servant of justice; he took *Dick* by the arm, and summoning some of his companions, set off for her lodgings.

We have already seen them introduced where she was. They seized her without ceremony, and proceeded, as usual, to search her. The fatal purse, so remarkable for the golden tassel at either end, was in a moment found. This confirmed the suspicion, and she was carried away as an accomplice.—When will persecution cease to follow virtue?

Sir *John* was not that night at home, and they informed her that she must be imprisoned till morning. *Imprisoned!*

seeing her confusion, "you need not be terrified, I assure you, ma'am; we are not going to a common prison. I have a pretty, little, snug house, and as close as a cage, where you may sleep as safely and soundly as in your own bed-chamber. No difference in the world, I assure you, ma'am, only that every door and window in the house is inclosed with strong and triple iron bars. That's all, I assure you, ma'am; and, notwithstanding all these advantages, it will cost you only a guinea for your bed; not a farthing more, I assure you, ma'am. I keeps the best usage, the best *tendance*, and the best wines in the Garden, I assure you, ma'am. Lord, ma'am, then, what do you pout at? No cause to be terrified, I assure you, ma'am."

Eloquent and agreeable as this language certainly was, it did not greatly gladden the heart of the unfortunate girl. But there was no choice in the case, and she followed her guides. Arrived, they led her into an upper apartment, where was a fire, and good furniture. She was left alone for ten minutes; at the end of which the landlord waited upon her, and asked her what she chose for supper. "Nothing." What did she chuse to drink, then? "Nothing." "Oho," replied he, "an' if so be that you are so rusty, good night to you with all my heart." He then turned upon his heels; and pulling the door after him with fury, locked it with a key which grated as it turned, amid the rattling of chains and the clanking of iron bars.

Dreadful sounds to such an ear as *Julia's*! Her teeth gritted, and her joints trembled. This was the severest stroke of all. To be imprisoned! and as the accomplice of an highwayman too. But she submitted to heaven, where all her wishes rested; her hopes leaned upon that, and upon the prayers of her father. She retired to bed, but could not sleep; her misfortunes still interrupted, and occupied her whole soul. She tried again, but in vain.

Her mind recurred to the scenes that were past, and reluctantly brooded over the gloomy assemblage. And, in truth, when we reflect upon it, her case was rather hard. It was now only the third night since she had quitted the peaceful mansion-house of *Elmwood*, and the arms of her father. The first night she was somewhere upon the road; the second she was in a bagnio, in a round-house, and in a garret; and the third she was in prison. Each of these misfortunes was a mountain upon her mind, under which it strug-

At length the soul, by its powerful and violent workings, overcame the body. Wearied with affliction, her spirits languished, and nature sunk into slumber. Sleep of this kind, though not always the most placid, is the heaviest. She slept till eight in the morning, when she awoke. At nine they paid her a visit; and at ten she was carried, with a beating heart, in a coach to *Bow-street*.

Here she did not wait long for the appearance of the justice, as every thing was prepared; even the unhappy highwayman was in waiting, as necessary to the examination. Indeed, it was thought most proper to begin with questioning him apart upon the subject, and then with examining her; and by the comparison of their respective evidences the truth might be discovered.

When the highwayman had been examined upon his own account, an obstinacy natural to men in his desperate situation prevented him from giving any account of the purse which was missing. But now, when he was informed that *Julia* was really in custody, that honor, which was not yet entirely extinguished in his heart, was roused for her safety. He told sir *John* the history of the purse, with even its most minute circumstances; that he had robbed her among the rest; that he afterward met her accidentally in the bagnio, and gave her the money only with a view of restoring her own; that he had not been above ten minutes in her company, and that she was in every respect innocent of the crime for which she was charged.

Julia was next examined, and her evidence most exactly corresponded with the former. Ingenuous as usual, she took up the story at *Elmwood*, and carried it forward to the story of the purse; and she told her little tale with that truth and simplicity which can never be counterfeited. Yet frequent attempts are made to imitate these virtues; and the justice was sensible of this. He had heard her mention that she had letters for lord *C.*, and he desired to see them. These she instantly produced to vouch for her sincerity. She added too, that there was somewhere in town a person who could confirm her words beyond suspicion; but, alas! poor *Joe!* she knew not where to find him. "*Joe!*" said one of the justice's men, who stood behind her, "what, is your name *Julia*, madam?"—"Yes," replied she. The man immediately ran out, and brought back in his hand the *Daily Advertiser*, in which he read the following most curious

OF A CURATE'S DAUGHTER.

“ If a *sarten jung lady*, miss Jullia (whose name is nothin’ to nobody, and which I doan’t mention here, becaise I doan’t think it proper) sees this, this is to let you kno, miss Jullia that Joe dusn’t kno where you be, and that you dusn’t kno where Joe is, for he is is to be found at the fine of the Swain with Two Necks in Lad-lane, and no where else, as witness in hand, by me,
JOE ****.”

This very extraordinary advertisement is copied, *verbatim et literatim*, from the real paper, which I have now in my possession. *Julia* listened to it with attention, and confessed her feelings in her eyes, which glistened with expectation. Not contented with an aural information, she snatched the paper, and devoured the precious morsel with her own eyes. In short, the simplicity of the thing spoke for itself, and *Joe* it was most undoubtedly.

But it may be necessary to explain this affair. I again summon the memory of my readers back to that time of our history, when *Joe* and his mistress unluckily parted in *Horn*. He did not look for her till the coach stopped in the inn yard, and then he waited at the door of it for her appearance. He thought her long in coming, but his patience was not exhausted. The rest of the company had been out of the coach some minutes. At length, he ventured to thrust in his head; but she was not there. He started back on his heel, and gazed wildly round the yard, but in vain. Opposite to him he saw the door of a public room open, and he rushed in without ceremony. From thence he sallied into the kitchen, stole into the parlour, threw his eye into the bar, and peeped into the larder. Wounds! he looked furious, and almost breathless. He marched into the stable, and in short into every place where he saw a door open to receive him; but all would not do; she was not to be found. He returned to the coach, took one more peep into it, but all was solitary. “God bless my heart,” said he to himself, fidgetting, and scratching among his auburn hair, “protect me from all temptations and evil spirits! I wish that I could see miss *Julia* again.” Now, at last, he bethought him of what he ought to have done at first, *viz.* to ask the coachman concerning the affair, and the coachman informed him of the whole truth. This information in no degree abated his anxiety. “Didn’t she leave no word with y

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you know where she went?"—"No."—"Don't you think she'll come here this night?"—"I can't tell you, upon my word." With downcast looks and folded arms he measured the space across the yard with long and melancholy strides. He walked into the passage of the house, and marked the clock. He counted the hours, as they rolled slow and heavy, but he saw not his mistress. It was now ten o'clock; but no mistress came. Alas! alas!

They are not the severest, but they are the most anxious moments the mind knows, when the possessor of it, simple, timid, and honest, feels himself from home, and forsaken in the midst of strangers. These moments *Joe* now felt in all their bitterness. He went to bed without hope, and he awoke in despair. He grieved incessantly, and he wished for theansom of a friend to lean his griefs upon. At length, he disposed his mind to the hostler; and the hostler gave him his advice. It was this, to advertise. Every body did it, he said, upon every subject. Always when he lost a horse, he advertised for it; and why might not the other do the same for his mistress? It would certainly open the whole fair, for advertisements could do every thing.

At this time *Joe* stood too greatly in need of comfort, not to take any advice that was offered him. But he thought this most excellent. He accordingly wrote with great care the advertisement we have already repeated, and the hostler sent one of his boys with him to the Daily Advertiser. And this is the history of that extraordinary advertisement.

When the justice found so many circumstances spontaneously conspired to vindicate her innocence, that her amiable simplicity subjected her to so many dangers, and that she was the object rather of a polite humanity than of persecution, he resolved to interest himself in her safety. And in the first place, he ordered one of his men to go and conduct *Joe* to his mistress. As to the fat woman, the magistrate told her that her money should be taken care of; and the highwayman was immediately remanded to prison.

Joe arrives. I have not time to describe every thing; but my readers may be assured that the meeting between him and his mistress was truly affectionate. Suffice it to say, that she pressed him warmly by the hand, and half cried with joy; and that he took fast hold of the skirt of her robe, as he dreaded her running away from him once more.

The friends thus met, the justice politely asked her how

OF A CURATE'S DAUGHTER.

only business in town was to deliver her letters to lord C. and that if he would favor her with a guide thither, she would always remember him with most unfeigned gratitude. This she obtained; and once more acknowledging her obligations to the justice, they all set off for *Berkeley-square*.

Here they soon arrived. The guide leaving them at the door, *Joe* immediately took off his hat, for he thought high treason to be covered within six yards of a lord's door. They knocked, but were told by the porter, his lordship was not at home. *Julia* said, she was sorry for that, because she had letters of importance for him. "I can't help that," answered the porter, "he's not at home, and he'll not be home—I don't know when he'll be home."—"But could you not guess, sir? because a great deal depends upon it?" "Lord, ma'am!" replied the liveried *Cerberus*, "I tell you I know nothing about it." Sounds so ungentle, uttered in so rude a voice, frightened *Julia* effectually, and she hastened away from the door; and *Joe*, sorrowful enough, was preparing to follow; when the porter beckoned him back with a *hem!* and the motion of his finger. "Pray, my lady said this dog in office, 'who is that?'"—"My mistress answered *Joe*. 'Ay. From the country, I suppose.'" "Yes. I come from the country too."—"O! so I see. So I see. You are not acquainted, I find, with the ways in the town?"—"No, sir, not with all of them."—"Why then come hither, your ear a moment. I have the honor to be lord C.'s porter; and my master has ordered me—that is, my master and I have agreed, to receive no letter here, unless the bearer gives me a crown. However, as you and your mistress are strangers, and I am a man of honor, I'll be more merciful to you, and so consent to take only half-a-crown. But mum—fly; not a word for your life; for if my master was to hear I take so little, he'd turn me out of my place." "Sure I am master," answered *Joe*, "indeed we are both very much obliged to you for being so kind. But then, what can you do for us, if so be that my lord a'n't at home?" "Pshaw! man," said the porter, "run after your mistress and bring the money, and I'll satisfy you about that." "O! an' that be all," replied *Joe*, "I can pay the money myself." He drew out his last half-crown, and gave it. He then ran after his mistress; and as he went, he murmured himself, "Icod though, wern't that a lord's house, it lodges hugely like bribery and corruption."

the porter with a more courteous complaisance. He now informed them, that, though his lordship was out of town, he was only at his villa, and would certainly return back to-morrow; but that if they were in a hurry, the young lord was at home, and that he had leave to open his father's letters in his absence. She delivered her packet to the porter, and they were ordered to walk into the anti-chamber. The letters were sent up to the noble youth in his dressing-room.

Now, in order to prepare my readers for a very important part in the life of our heroine, it may be necessary to relate what this noble youth was. A foolish grandmother had left him three thousand a-year, independent of his father and his mother; all which, with three thousand more, he gallantly spent, like a man of spirit, before the year was expired. He asserted, that every kingdom in *Europe* contributed to furnish his seraglio; he only meant by this, that he kept in pay one *French*, one *Spanish*, one *Italian*, one *Scandinavian*, one *German*, one *Irish*, and one *British* nymph, all at one time; which he actually did. He was deep in the mysteries at hazard, and knew *Demoivre* better than the decalogue; he boasted (and he had a right to do it), that he had killed five waiters, and shot two clergymen, and seven hundred sheep; which last feat he performed as follows. He was a fowler when at his father's estate in the country; and when he had been unsuccessful in pursuit of game, he always discharged his piece into the body of a sheep. As this amusement exactly hit his taste, he would sometimes re-charge, and re-charge, till, perhaps, before his return home, he would have half a dozen dead upon the field. He frequently observed, that this was an amusement which ought to be practised by all noblemen, in order to fit them to command in the field in time of war, in the service of their country. He boasted too, that he had in his life killed fifteen women, by breaking their hearts with a hopeless passion. This, however, was (to use an old and honest *English* phrase) a *lie*; for he never killed but one woman; and that was by breaking—not her heart, but her *neck*, by throwing her into the horse-pond, where he swore she had drowned herself. But she was only a *dairy-maid*. He boasted also—but in short, we are tired with repeating his glories. Suffice it to say, that his manners were elegantly infamous.

Such was the youth to whom the letter of the father of *Julia* was carried. He opened it; and on reading the following paragraph

OF A CURATE'S DAUGHTER.

“ I have presumed, my lord, to send my daughter as bearer of this petition, &c.”

he rung his bell with great haste, and inquired if the bearer was below. Being informed that she was, he quickly flew down the stairs; and looking in *Julia's* face, with the most polite courtesy desired her to walk up stairs while he considered the tenor of her letter. The servants were ordered the same time to conduct *Joe* into the hall, and be civil to him. *Julia* ascended after her noble patron.

Hic pauca desunt.—We must pass over the history of half an hour, because it is not yet ripe for relation.

In the mean time, lord C.'s chaplain, who had been with his lordship in the country, arrived at the house. He came home before his lordship, to finish some business of importance to himself before dinner-time. When he entered, he observed *Joe* staring about in the hall; and perceiving him to be a stranger from the country, entered into conversation with him. He had not many questions to ask; for *Joe*, with his usual frankness, told him the whole history—about himself, about his mistress, and her business; where she was now, and with whom. Now this chaplain was plain in manners, and equally plain in his dress; so plain, that scarcely appeared to be of the cloth. Though an enemy to bloodshed, he was far from being a coward; and, though he would not subscribe to the thirty-nine articles, he was universally allowed to be a very honest man.

The chaplain, having finished his interview with *Joe*, was retiring to his own apartment. He had not opened his door when a loud shriek saluted his ear; then another, and another. He knew the young lady by report, and he knew the young lord by experience. There was no doubt of the business below. He hastened down the stairs, and listened a moment at the key-hole. He could only perceive that two persons were engaged in a violent struggle, and that chairs were knocked against each other. He tried to enter, but the door was locked. Placing his shoulder against it, therefore, he forced it forward with gentleness and success. He entered; and, lo! innocence was once more in distress. The hair of *Julia* was dishevelled, and a handkerchief was drawn close over her mouth, which prevented her cries. Her cloak and neck-handkerchief lay upon the floor.

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shoe had dropped from her foot, and many of the pins quitted her bosom. Unfortunate girl! continually destined to be the prey of cowards and scoundrels!

The noble youth quitted his hold when the chaplain appeared, and advancing to him, exclaimed, in a threatening tone, "how dare you, sir, force your impertinence upon me in my own dressing-room?"—"My lord," returned the young man, putting his left hand in his bosom, and giving him a full but indifferent look, "my lord, does it suit your high spirit to be told, that you are the meanest creature in your father's house? Noble, without worth; and proud, without dignity, you are beneath the miscreant who caters for your appetite. Poor, pitiful, wretched animal! I do not pull you by the nose; I do not kick you on the breech; I do not lash you round the room; I do not in any degree deign to chastise the wretch who has stooped to insult a beautiful, and unoffending woman. Go then, you boaster; retire into your closet, and blush in private; and remember that you have reduced yourself to be forced to hear these stinging truths even from so humble a man as your father's chaplain. Now, sir, to tell your father that you are a scoundrel; but do not forget, that for the future I consider you my inferior." He finished; and taking *Julia* by the hand, led her out of the room, and drew the door behind him; he conducted her to his own apartment, and sympathised with her in that strain of humane politeness which is ever inseparable from debauched minds. After she had composed herself, he instantly inquired (as if he had not known) into her business. This was exactly a repetition of *Joe's* narration. "I thank you, madam," said he, "for your politeness. You will see lord C. in about an hour; but previously I think it my duty to inform you of what ought not longer to be concealed from you. It is now one o'clock. Exactly at ten (about three hours ago) lord C. appointed me to the curacy you are come to solicit." This information in no degree startled her, nor disturbed her features. She observed, that since her father had not been fortunate enough to obtain the curacy, she was happy the appointment was bestowed upon a man who resembled him so much in his virtues.

At the time specified, lord C. arrived. *Julia* was introduced to him by the chaplain, and he sent to his son for her letters. On reading them, he confirmed what the chaplain had mentioned. He then turned to her, and saluted her

ble, and fondly conversed with her about the moments he had spent with her father near fifty years ago. He next insisted that she should stay with him two or three days; to which she with the utmost difficulty assented, of which she informed her parent by letter. When the young lord heard that *Julia* was to continue her visit, he assumed some pretence for retiring to his father's villa till her departure.

Need I mention, that the chaplain felt the force of the eyes of *Julia*? From the first moment he saw her in tears, his heart was wounded to the core; for the tears of a fine woman are irresistible.

It was during the space allotted for dinner, that the first mutual communication of tenderness took place between the chaplain and his adored *Julia*. I say the space *allotted* for dinner, as either party was too much absorbed in the interests of the heart, to fulfil the demands of hunger; he had scarcely performed the first ceremonies of the table, by invoking the blessing of omnipotence upon the repast, ere he riveted his eyes upon the harmonised visage of his beloved maid, who sat, unconscious of his adoration, in a state half tranquillised; her delicate system had not yet fully recovered the tone of calmness; she even yet fluttered at the remembrance of dangers she had passed, and would have been more than ordinarily depressed with awe, had not the gentle old peer ardently exercised the first principle of politeness, by reconciling her to her situation, through the medium of attention.

There are moments when it may be imagined that invisible sylphs are buoyant, to direct the struggles of the soul and cunningly to lay open the secrets of the heart by an apparent accident, when the powers of language are denied by discretion, or withheld by terror. It was in one of these important moments, when a recollection of the great services which had been rendered her by the young divine came full upon her mind; and as we are solicitous to contemplate what we esteem, she modestly lifted up her eye-lids to regard her preserver; who, perceiving her aim, collected such a portion of fire in his vision, that when the azure orbs of *Julia* came in a direct line with those of the chaplain, the lambent beam shot through her sweet frame, confounded the dominion of her senses, and enclosed her warm heart. She felt an unusual throbbing, and shrunk, like the sensitive plant, within herself, as wishing to hide what was unavoidable from the observation of her associates. This occurrence

affections, by making the following request: "Ma—Ma—Madam, will you do me the honor to take a glass of wine?" To this proposal the gladdening *Julia* assented, by an inclination of her fair body; and while she sipped the rosy liquid, her cheek was more highly suffused with red than the beverage she so sparingly imbibed; the trembling of her hand made the glass vibrate on her pearly teeth; she panted with apprehension, yet looked with celestial benignity.

For those coarse and unenviable persons, who have never known the bewitching influence of love, and its undescribable movements in the bosom, this recital can have no force; but with those whose organization is more delicate, it will have some interest; each will conceive, in the mysteries of feeling, what I am not able to delineate with my pen, and acquire a temporary gratification, by supposing all that *Julia* felt, in a novel embarrassment so luxuriantly painful. The chaplain was scarcely less confounded; he was agonized with the wish for an opportunity to be more explicit. The suppression of those declaratory sentiments to the object of his pure regard, that were to determine the tendencies of his future life, created a pain within his heart; and twice a sigh burst from its core, and would have issued from his lips, if his correct judgment had not whispered that it would be hazarding an emotion, in the presence of a third person, which was not strictly compatible with policy, and might be offending, if not injurious, to his delectable *Julia*.

It is on trials like these, that the accomplishments arising from a refined education can meliorate the powerful demands of inclination; and they are so highly profitable, that in proportion as we exercise self-denial, we are but preparing the senses for a richer banquet. It was not ordained that we should make the overtures of love with a bestial precipitation, and leap over the chain of progressive blisses which emanate from the soft administration of sympathy.

When the mere gross pleasures of the table had subsided, and the chaplain had fervently made his acknowledgments to the Almighty for his great bounty, the venerable nobleman turned toward his gentle guest, with a mien fraught with the sincerest respect; and looking with ineffable kindness, asked her how she approved of the metropolis, as he understood that she had never been in town before. *Julia* replied, with some hesitation, that her knowledge of *London*, and indeed of society in general, was so very limited, that she

common wrong, by venturing her ideas upon a theme she so ill understood; that she found some of the best axioms of theory overthrown by the practices of a busy world; and that before she presumed to draw a final opinion, she would endeavor to know more, as it were probable the baser part of human nature might be very inferior in number and influence to those who were exemplary; at least she would indulge that hope, until conviction denied her such a cheering privilege. At the conclusion of the well-managed festivities of the board, lord C. requested the chaplain to show his fair visitant the pictures in the gallery, which contained a superb collection of some of the most perfect performances of the ancient and modern masters.

As no unilluminated mind can conceive, nor pen express, the delightful perturbation of the young ecclesiastic's heart, on receiving this injunction, I shall imitate *Apelles*, and pass over what I cannot delineate. He modestly rose to convey his lovely charge to the promised scene of contemplation and had led her to the door, when the benevolent nobleman arrested their progress for a minute (and minutes in such circumstances are whole hours of delay), to exact a promise from *Julia*, that she would use his house as her peculiar home, until her business or wishes in the metropolis were fulfilled. She bowed assent to this hospitable desire, and the parties gracefully receded from each other.

When the reader recollects this was the first time that *Julia* had been alone with her young chaplain, since her deliverance from the licentious fury of an *honorable* ruffian, he cannot be amazed that she should feel the richest display of the best artists absorbed in the superior merit of her preserver, who was so nobly active in a situation where few would have ventured to offer an opinion in favor of distressed virtue. Suffice it to say, that the tender and unsophisticated heart of *Julia* was warmed in the survey of her gallant and moral companion. She heard his arguments with attention, and eagerly gave him credit, even for advantages he did not possess; her cheeks were flushed with crimson, whenever he pressed her lily hand between his own; and she stood confessedly the victim of her feeling, though her language was delicately chaste, and her ideas unfulfilled by a licentious wish.

Here I must necessarily abridge the history of three days during which the most unreserved communication of sentiment was indulged between the enamored couple. Yet was not the important event communicated to lord C. The only

motive to this forbearance originated in *Julia*, who would not consent to that particular measure, until her dear father had ratified the proposal with his consent. A special messenger was dispatched to *Elmwood*, and the answer was auspicious to their common desire.

How supremely happy is that state of truth, when mutual confidence is the result of mutual virtue! In what portion of his being, can the voluptuary derive an enjoyment equal to those sensations which arise when duty sanctifies passion? How weak are the arguments of the materialists! how futile the subtilities of *Epicurus* and *Spinoza*, when opposed to the force of those emotions which uplift the guileless, and assuredly demonstrate that we shall be rewarded in proportion as we are just; that our free agency is inseparably connected with responsibility; and that to pass through life safely, we must act wisely; and to be blessed, we must be innocent!

When, by the indirect movements of chance, it came to the knowledge of lord C., that his son had behaved with disrespect toward the pure daughter of his old friend, he manifested emotions of surprise and indignation; and ordered that he should be acquainted with the return of his son, in the instant that he arrived. Those orders had not been delivered many hours before his arrival was announced. He commanded him into his presence, and, with an air of parental dignity, addressed him thus:—"My son, for such I am *compelled* to believe you are, I require you to tell me, upon what principle you think our reciprocal duties are to be maintained toward each other?"—"This question, my lord, is so very singular and unexpected, that I scarcely know how to form an answer, adequate to your desires."—"Why then, sir, I will relieve you from this embarrassment, and inform you, it is *justice*."—"Certainly, my lord."—"Then, as you admit the principle, give me leave to ask you, if you hold it just, that the powerful should oppress the defenceless?"—"Assuredly not, my lord."—"Perhaps you will not consider it as reasonable, that the aggression should be expiated by punishment?"—"To what do all these unusual questions tend? You appear to me, my lord, to be drawing me into a state of responsibility in which I am not interested."—"Indeed you are, sir, and that in a very great degree."—"How, my lord?"—"I will tell you, sir. You have had the meanness and the audacity to insult an amiable young lady under my roof; and I insist that you immediately write her a letter of atonement, and ask her forgiveness."—"My lord, you may have been misinformed in this matter."

permission to explain the circumstances."—"I understand so much of the truth already, sir, that an explanation may increase, but cannot do away your dishonor; so, without any hesitation, take up the pen, and write to the lady what I shall dictate."—"You will recollect, my lord, that *Julia* is not my equal."—"According to the laws of politeness, sir, every woman is every man's superior; and agreeably to the laws of morality, she is an angel, and you are—but I will not be unnecessarily harsh in sentiment; so instantaneously write."

With a heart overflowing with mortification, almost to bursting, the *honorable* offender sat down, and with a trembling hand indicted the following epistle, from the words of lord G.

"*Madam,*

"*It duly becomes me, as the guardian of my own honor, to implore your forgiveness, for an error committed during the suspension of my reason. I vainly imagined that the advantages resulting from high birth, youth, and fortune, could compensate for want of virtue; but reflection has taught me otherwise. I am now so thoroughly convinced of my own unworthiness, that I cannot be happy if you withhold your pardon. The purity of your own nature, and the truth you have imbibed from the education of so good a man as your father, will suggest that all are not to be abandoned who are faulty, and that those who forgive most, the more nearly resemble heaven. With the deepest contrition, and the most ardent hope, I beg permission to subscribe myself, your most obedient humble servant,* CHARLES C."

While the venerable old peer was in the act of preparation to seal and superscribe this letter, in order that it might be sent to *Julia*, the chaplain entered; but, on seeing the object of his recent resentment, he was going to retire, under the apprehension that he might be transacting some private business with his father. "Stop, sir," said the old nobleman; "I want you to be witness to an act of retribution. Read this letter; and then inform me, if the apology is proportioned to the offence." The manly ecclesiastic perused it with a mixture of pleasure and astonishment; and when he had concluded, approached the young gentleman with an air of ineffable kindness; and taking him by the hand, exclaimed, "how happy would it be for human kind, if all transgressions were thus understood, and thus obliterated! You must not be amazed, my lord," added he, turning to his patron, "if I feel sensations nearly approaching to extacy on this theme, as the object of this letter has con-

same instant. "It is even so," rejoined the worthy curate, provided your lordship has no objection to the union."—"So far am I, sir, from disapproving your choice, that I must instantly go and give the bride elect joy; and you, my son, shall go too, and prove, by your present demeanor, that you are ashamed of the past; this is a duty that all will fulfil with cheerfulness. When virtue is rewarded, all that think should rejoice."

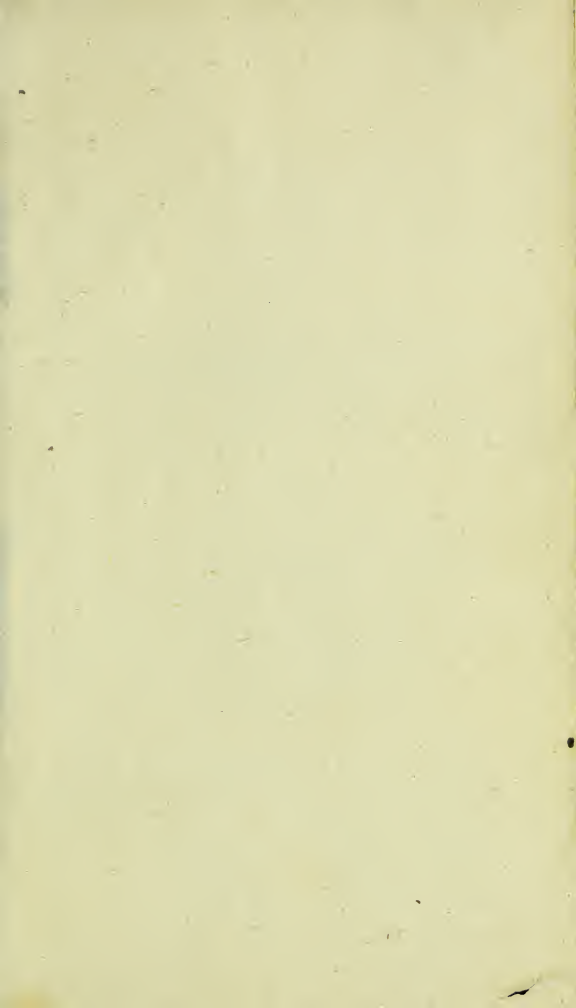
Here let the reader ponder upon the undescribable emotions which played about the susceptible heart of *Julia* from the momentous period that she was left with the curate, until she was congratulated on their return from the altar by the man who had attempted to destroy her dignity and peace; but it was a chain of events so diversified and so luxuriant, that no vulgar mind can accompany the progression.

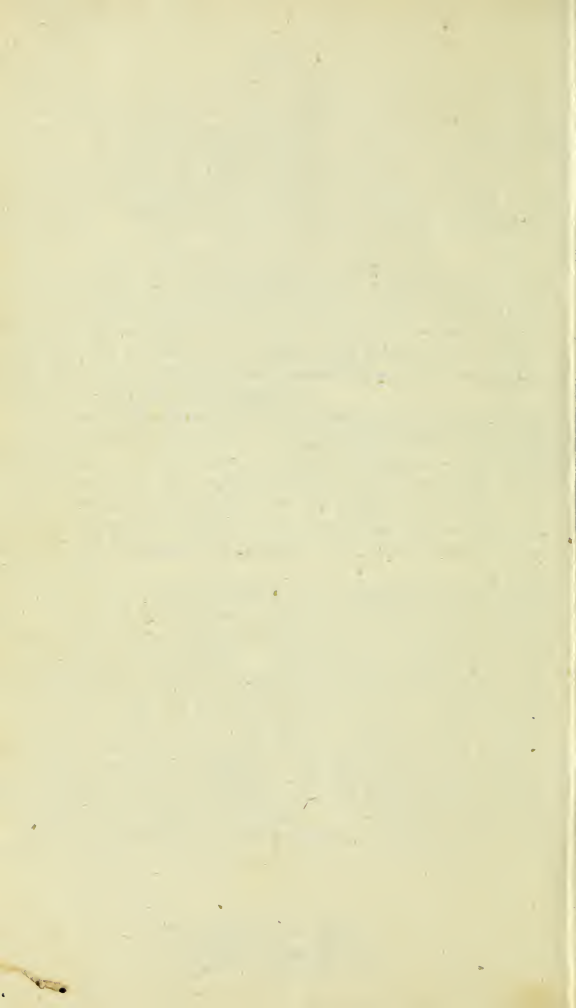
Julia, whose benevolence of mind was equal, if not superior, to every other female virtue, did not forget duly to visit the poor old man, the watchman's neighbor; but he died the third day after her first visit, and was buried by the parish; after which, this benevolent lady took the child with her into the country, where she and her husband not only maintained and protected it, but likewise instructed it in every moral and religious duty.

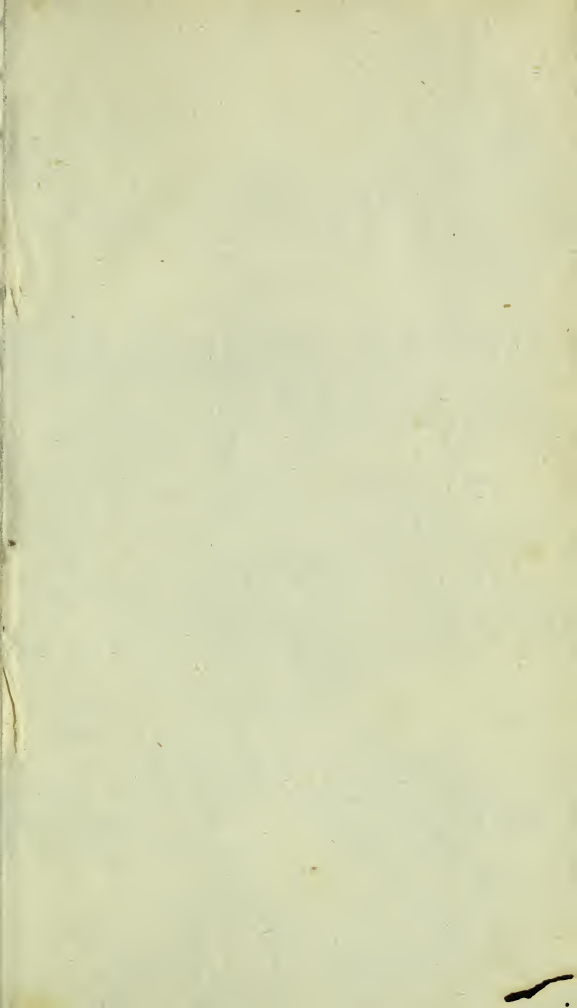
In short they set off on their journey, attended by the trusty *Joe*. Without any accident, they arrived in due time at *Elmwood*. The father, overpowered by love and tenderness, sunk at the side of his daughter. The daughter, agitated by affection and joy, filled the bosom of her father with sighs, and revived him with the plenty and warmth of her adventures; while *Joe*, in the centre of the green, had the whole village collected round him, and related to them the wonders of *London*.

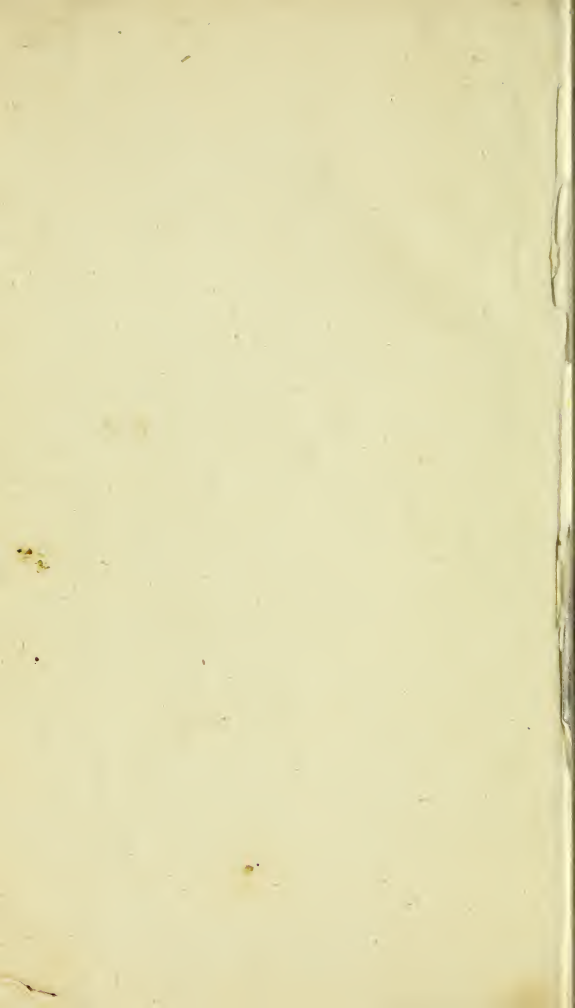
I must now close this history. Several months have elapsed since the above events happened, and the young curate is now happy in the possession of his *Julia*. *Julia* too is blessed, for the houses of her husband and her father are adjoining to each other.













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